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THE NEEDS OF OUR NAVY

BY

HENRY REUTERDAHL

ASSOCIATE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL INSTITUTE

AMERICAN EDITOR OF "FIGHTING-SHIPS" (JANE)

The best way to parry is to hit—and we can only hit by means of the Navy. . . . The Navy must be built and all its training given in time of peace. When once war has broken out, it is too late to do anything.—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

EVERY one knows now that if we have war it must come by sea. Every one knows that it will be decided, not by months or years of campaigning, but by one day's battle—a few hours of tremendous conflict between two fleets of fighting-ships. And every one who considers it at all must understand that for those few hours our fleet must be continually prepared. We are a great sea power now, and we have all the deep concern of a sea power in its navy. If war should ever come and find our navy unprepared, our losses would be incalculable.

The fleet of the United States, by mere statistics, is now the second strongest in the world. But mere statistics mean nothing by themselves. Three years ago Russia was a great sea power; in one afternoon of fighting she was obliterated by a nation statistically weaker than herself. Her fleet was unprepared.

This article will show some of the chief reasons why the American navy is unprepared for war. It will be a statement of facts, not of opinions. Most of these facts are unfamiliar to the general public; many of them may seem too extraordinary to be credible. I do not ask that my word be accepted for them; it is unnecessary that it should be. The various points which are stated here have all been published in technical journals; some of them have been embodied in presidential messages. They may all be verified from any sea-going officer of the navy, or, if the reader is sufficiently interested, by the testimony of his own eyes.

A Fleet with Main Armor under Water

A modern battle-ship is a simple thing in its big general principles. Two points are essential in its protection — a shell-proof armor, which guards its water-line; and high shell-proof turrets, which lift up its guns just above the wash and spray of the waves. An X-ray photograph of its heavy armor would show a monitor with high turrets. The lower part of the smoke-stacks, the minor gun positions, the conning- and signal-towers, are all protected; but these two major points are the essentials in the armor of a battle-ship.

Obviously, the most important feature of all must be the belt along the water-line. A wound upon a turret may silence that one turret's guns. A hole upon the water-line will cripple or sink the ship. Of all the Russian follies which came to light in the great battle of Tsoushima, that sealed the fate of the Russian-Japanese war, one stands out especially. The Russian battle-ships, when they went into that fight, were overloaded until the shell-proof armor of their water-line was underneath the water. They were not battle-ships at all. Within a year afterward, our navy awoke to the realization of a startling fact: The ships of the battle fleet of the United States are in exactly the same condition as the Russian ships at

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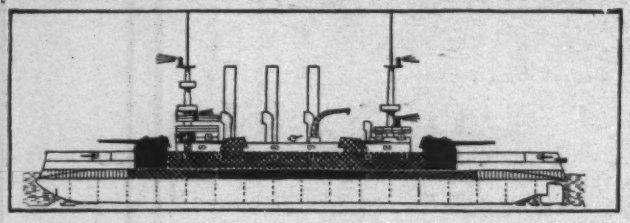
Tsoushima — not temporarily, but permanently.

Of all our battle-ships, not one shows its main armor-belt six inches above the water when fully equipped and ready for sea. There is a continuous belt of this main armor from seven and one half to nine feet wide around every ship. The constructors' plans were made to have from 12 to 30 inches of this out of water when each vessel makes her trial trip. But trial trips are made with something less than half the weight of actual service on board the ship. When fully loaded for sea, practically the whole of the ship's water-line belt is under water. Above this is a thinner armor, which can be pierced by heavy shells. The standard heavy gun of to-day throws a steel projectile 12 inches in diameter, 4 feet long, and weighing 850 pounds, charged with a high explosive. The bursting of one of these shells in this thinner secondary armor would tear a hole bigger than a door upon a ship's water-line. What would happen after this is best shown by what actually did happen to a Russian battle-ship, the *Osliabia*, as told by one of her officers on the evening of the battle of Tsoushima:



THE ARMOR-BELT OF THE "CONNECTICUT" CLASS

The black portion indicates the heavy armor-belt on which the ship's life depends. This belt is practically all under water.

"Three shells, one after another, almost in the same identical spot. Imagine it! All of them in the same place! All on the water-line under the forward turret! Not a hole, but a regular gateway! Three of them penetrated her together. She almost heeled over at once, then settled under the water. A tremendous rush of water, and the partitions were naturally useless. The devil himself couldn't have done anything."

The *Osliabia* sank one hour after firing began.

Our Investment in Ships with Submerged Armor

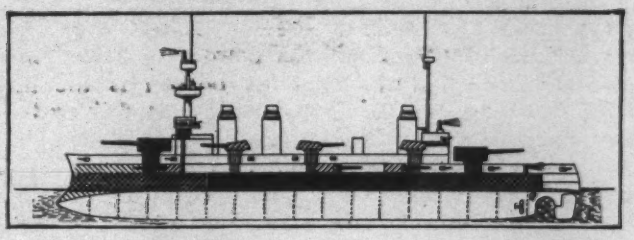
It is not necessary to dwell upon the fate of the eight or nine hundred men upon a battle-ship which is sunk like this. On the *Borodino*, another Russian ship destroyed in this battle of Tsoushima, one man was reported to have survived; on the *Alexander III.*, three. But it is worth while to recapitulate the investment of the United States in battle-ships which lack a first essential of a battle-ship — protection of the water-line. Without counting the earlier ships, this country in the past ten years has built twenty first-class battle-ships, costing over $100,000,000. Five more are building now, which will cost us $45,000,000. In all, our investment in battle-ships is over $145,000,000. No ship which this pays for has, or has yet been planned to have, a water-line protection reaching more than six inches above the water when she is ready to fight. The condition of our armored cruisers is almost the same. Of our last eight armored cruisers, which cost us more than $40,000,000, only two have a main armor-belt which extends above the water's edge.

No other nation of the world has ever made this fundamental mistake, except in the case of a few isolated ships. The French have always had a high, continuous belt which reaches from five to eight feet above the water-line. The British, for some time without the continuous belt encircling the entire ship, have always raised the armor they considered vital many feet above the water. The *Dreadnought* — their famous battle-ship, embodying the secret lessons of the Russian-Japanese war — represents the principle upon which all their ships are being built to-day. Her main water-line belt extends eight feet below the water and five above. This ship has now been finished and in commission for more than a year. Meanwhile, the United States makes no movement to raise its water-line armor to where it should be. There is no defense for placing this armor under water. It is kept there simply because it has been placed there in the past. The initial mistake might be understood, for the designing of a battle-ship is a most complex problem; but the continuation of the policy seems more incredible than its beginning.

The United States has five big battle-ships now building, not one of them, in spite of the continual protest of our sea-going officers, with its main belt above the water-line. Three of these are too far along toward completion to be changed. Two of them can be altered by the pressure of outside public opinion. But that pressure must be exerted soon, or it will be too late.

The Lowness of American Ships

A battle-ship must fight at sea — in heavy weather. To do this, she must have her gun-ports and her turrets well out of water. If this



THE ARMOR-BELT OF THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "LA PATRIE"
Showing the continuous high belt employed in foreign construction. The main belt is seven and one half feet above the water-line.

were not the case, the *Monitor* — long since discarded — would be the fighting-ship of the world. But the lowest of our battle-ships today are scarcely more than monitors. The three ships of the *Indiana* class have their bows but eleven feet above the water; the two ships in the *Kearsarge* class but thirteen. And in the very latest of our ships afloat, the *Connecticut*, the bows are only about eighteen feet above the water-line. The bows of our latest armored cruisers are only twenty feet above.

Now, all modern battle-ships in foreign navies have forward decks from about twenty-two to twenty-eight feet above the water; the armored cruisers have theirs from twenty-five to thirty-two feet high. And in the latest of the foreign ships, especially in the French and British navies, the high bow is universal. The *Dreadnought's* forward decks are twenty-eight feet high. Her forward turret is set far back — about one hundred and ten feet from the bow; and in front of it a breakwater is arranged to prevent the waves that come aboard from rolling back to this turret.

The result of this difference in construction would be disastrously apparent in any naval war. Fighting at sea takes place with ships under way and steaming at high speed. Our ships, when moving into any considerable heavy sea, take in over their low bows solid water, which slaps up over their forward turrets. What this means can be understood from a recent experience of one battle-ship in our navy. The *Virginia*, with all her ports closed by steel bucklers, shipped one hundred and twenty tons of water into her forward turret during a trip from Cuba to Hampton Roads a few months ago. With these ports open for action during bad weather, each wave would send through them tons of water. The electrical installations of the machinery which turns the turret, hoists the ammunition, and elevates the guns would be short-circuited and burnt out, and the turret and its guns would be rendered motionless. The water would pass down inside the turret to the handling-room, and from there directly to the magazines.

One Third of Guns Useless in a Seaway

In other words, it would be impossible in rough weather to aim and fire the forward turret guns, one half, that is, of our heaviest guns, which form the main reliance of the modern battle-ship. In the same weather, foreign battle-ships, with their high bows, could fire their forward turret guns with ease. The handicap is still worse for our armored cruisers, for these ships steam faster than the battle-ships, and, consequently, throw up more water at their bows; and, being longer than the battle-ships, they plunge their bows much deeper into the waves.

But the broadside guns on our ships are in an even worse position than those in the forward turrets. In the *Georgia*, *Idaho*, and *Connecticut* classes — containing the twelve latest battle-ships afloat — they are only about eleven feet above the water. In each of our new armored cruisers, ten of the fourteen medium guns are at the same height. None of these guns could be fired to windward while the ships were steaming at battle speed against even a moderate sea; that is, these guns could not be fought at all in the most advantageous positions; for the ship which fires to windward holds the great advantage of being free from the smoke of her funnels and guns. The broadside guns of foreign battle-ships and cruisers are, generally speaking, twice as high as ours, and many of them are three times as high.

The three or four best navies in the world have faster ships than ours; they could, in most cases, pick their time of fighting. If they chose to fight us in rough weather, their advantage would be enormous. In only fairly heavy seas, while the French and Japanese could be using their entire batteries, our forward turrets and three quarters of our windward broadside guns would be heavily handicapped, if not quite useless. These constitute more than one third of the guns upon a fighting-ship.

The Navy Department has long known this defect. It was called specifically to its attention by special reports at least as early as 1900. Repeated protests against it have been made ever since. In 1903, after our last type of battle-ship, the *Connecticut*, was well established, the *Idaho* and *Mississippi* were proposed, with forward decks sixteen feet high and after-decks only nine. The building of these ships, in face of the knowledge of what their lowering upon the water meant, was pre-

posterous. There was a bitter fight against them, but they were put through by the Congress of 1904. Our semi-dreadnoughts, which will not be launched for two years, will have bows only eighteen feet above the water. Not before our last two twenty-thousand-ton battle-ships are launched, three years from now, will we have one fighting-ship in the navy with bows of proper height. And these latest ships were given a proper freeboard only after special pressure from the President of the United States. On this point, again, the navy itself refused to change its policy.

The Open Shaft to the Magazine

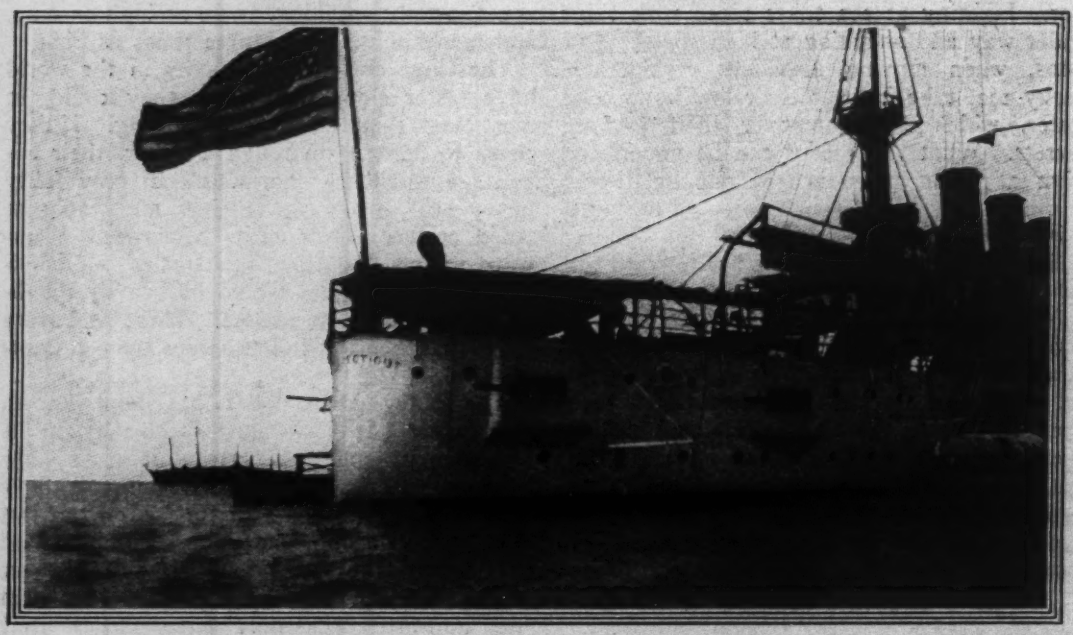
The most important protection of a battle-ship, outside of the hull itself, is that given to its magazines. Never, since the use of powder upon fighting-ships, has there been such danger to the magazines as exists in every battle-ship and armored cruiser in the American fleet. It is a first principle, recognized even in the days of wooden frigates, that powder must not be passed directly up to the gun-deck through a vertical shaft. Primitive common sense demands that there must be no passageway straight down from the fire of the guns on the fighting-deck to the magazine. The open turret of the United States battle-ship is the only violation of this principle in the practice of the world.

The open turret is a conical shaft leading straight down into the hull of the ship. At the top of this shaft, in the turret proper, the powder is loaded into the heavy guns; at its bottom is the handling-room, where the powder is delivered from the magazine; around this handling-room, and opening directly into it, are the magazines.

The guns in the turret proper are fired with charges of smokeless powder, put up in big bags of cloth holding several hundred pounds. This is not the ordinary black powder which we all know. It is a hard, round substance, of a composition which looks not unlike celluloid; its grains — in the charges for the heaviest gun — are cylinders about the size of a spool of thread. These grains of powder, when unconfined, do not explode if they are set on fire, but are consumed like fizzing fire-crackers. Now, under present conditions at least, a certain number of accidents in loading and firing guns can be counted on. When these occur, the burning powder grains in the charges will fall straight down into the handling-room. The charges in the handling-room will be set on fire, and the whole turret will be filled at once with a poisonous, flaming gas that destroys life immediately. Three times already, by a miracle, American ships have been saved from the explosion of their magazines because of this kind of accident.

The Danger from Exploding Shells

All this is in peace. In war there would be, in most of our turrets, the possibility of a



THE UNPROTECTED WATER-LINE

In this photograph, taken for *The Navy* last summer at Hampton Roads, the low water-line armor-belt of our battle-ships is clearly shown. The dark line just above the water indicates the actual height of the *Connecticut's* armor. All our ships suffer from this defect.

A WOUND IN THE JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "MIKASA"

This drawing was made by the author from a Japanese war photograph taken immediately after the battle of Round Island, August 10, 1904. The hole in the secondary armor of the ship was made by a ten-inch shell. The ship would have sunk had the sea been heavy.

shell entering through a port. This shell, bursting, would certainly ignite the powder being loaded into the gun, and set the handling-room ablaze. In at least a dozen of our earlier battle-ships shells would almost certainly enter the gun-ports, with an enemy who could shoot at all. The turret ports are so enormous in two ships, the *Kearsarge* and the *Kentucky*, that half a dozen twelve-inch shells could enter them at the same time. The openings above and below the guns in the turrets of these ships are ten feet square. The service journal, the *Navy*, speaking of this defect, says that these ships are not fit for service in battle-line against really modern vessels. "We cannot," it says, "afford to sink their trained crews."

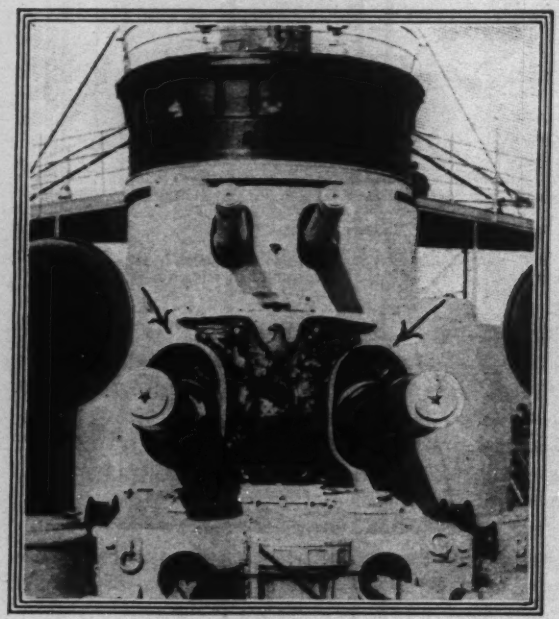
But the open turrets do not cause the only exposure of our magazines. In the twelve earliest battle-ships of the navy — a half of our battle-ships — there is a big unarmored section in the after-end of the super-structure which protects the medium and smaller guns. This lies just in front of the after-turret — an unprotected area of about fifty square feet of half-inch plates. At cer-tain angles, a shell from an opposing fleet would pass through this soft spot like a bullet through a piece of paper. Inside the super-

structure and behind this gap in the armor, four shafts pass down into the auxiliary magazines of the ship.

Now, these dangers to the ships' magazines are not of recent discovery. For ten years our officers have protested vigorously against them, and their warnings lie in a long list upon the official files. The ordinary seamen of the fleet, even, understand the situation thoroughly. One example will show this. When the *Kearsarge* went across to England and Germany in 1903, her officers and crew fitted wooden canvas screens painted to resemble steel inside of her gaping turret ports, in an attempt to keep this glaring fault from foreign observation. The officers and men of visiting navies at Hampton Roads last summer viewed some of the more obvious defects with ill-concealed surprise. But all this time there has been practically no change. The yawning gun-ports still remain as originally designed; the gaps in the superstructures of the dozen ships are still unarmored; the open turrets — though fitted with ineffective shutters between their turrets proper and their handling-rooms — to all intents and purposes are unchanged. And yet, the first two faults could have been remedied at trivial expense, the last and greatest at a comparatively reasonable cost.

The Poor Protection for Gun Crews

It is not my purpose to inventory all the defects in the material equipments of our battle-ships, which are causing so much apprehension to our service. But there are many others that are serious. In the six earliest battle-ships in our navy, the turret ports are not only double the size that they should be, but the broadside guns also stand glowering from unprotected or badly protected openings as wide as double doors. The medium guns of all foreign nations are isolated by pairs in turret or singly in casemates. In none of our ships afloat, except only the five of latest design, is this principle observed. In two ships, the *Kearsarge* and the *Kentucky*, there are fourteen guns in one compartment, the five-inch armor of which would be easily pierced by a heavy shell. The explosion of a shell in this compartment would probably kill or disable every one of the hundred and forty men inside, and silence every gun. In the five ships of the late *Georgia* class, one of which is not yet in commission, there are two and three guns and their crews in single, thinly armored compartments.



THE FORWARD TURRET PORTS OF THE "KEARSARGE"

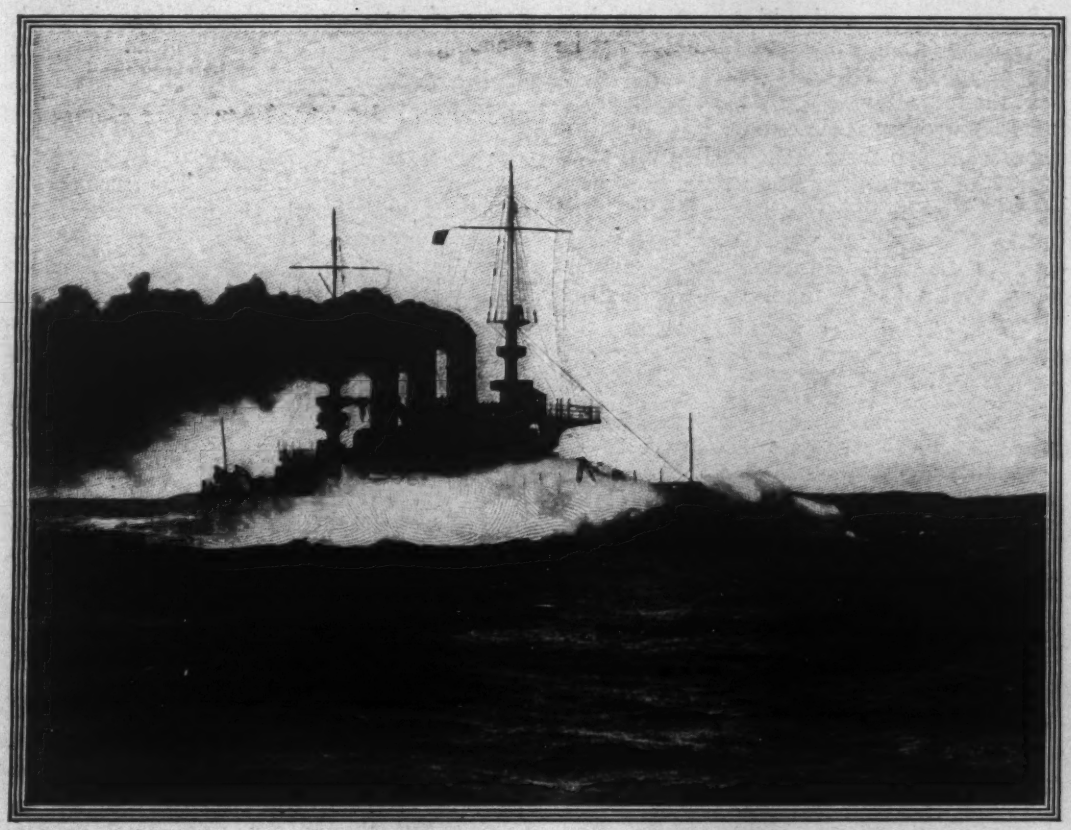
The arrows point to the exposed recoil-cylinders, whose destruction in battle would mean the silencing of these guns

Insufficient Ammunition-hoists

Victory at sea depends, more than all else, on the quickness and accuracy of shooting. It is not unlike Western gun-play; the ships which shoot fastest and straightest win. And, with our recent training in gunnery, our crews can shoot as fast and accurately as any in the world. But the apparatus of feeding them their ammunition has not kept pace with their advance in skill. The mechanism for furnishing ammunition to the crews of the medium guns can give them only from one fifth to one third the amount that they can fire.

The turrets of the big guns are entirely unequipped with emergency gear for hoisting ammunition. Now, the regular hoisting-gear for each gun depends upon a wire cable under a great strain, and every foreign battle-ship is fitted with emergency hoists for use if this should break. The American turret crew must improvise a tackle for this purpose in case of accident. This would be just about like rigging a hand-derrick to lift a safe into a third-story window. The shell alone for twelve-inch guns weighs 850 pounds, and that for the thirteen-inch over 1,100 pounds. Practically speaking, a battle might be well over before another shell was fired from the turret whose hoisting-gear broke down, while the ordinary speed of firing each of the two heavy guns in the turret would be from once to twice a minute.

All these things, it will be seen, are but further examples of one surprising and alarming characteristic of the management of our navy — the same failure, as in the case of our armor



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THE BATTLE-SHIP "VIRGINIA" STEAMING AT FULL SPEED

This photograph was taken in a moderate head sea. It merely indicates the difficulty of firing with accuracy a large number of the guns of a ship with low freeboard in any really heavy sea.

and our low guns, to rectify mistakes when once established.

Lack of Torpedoes and Destroyers

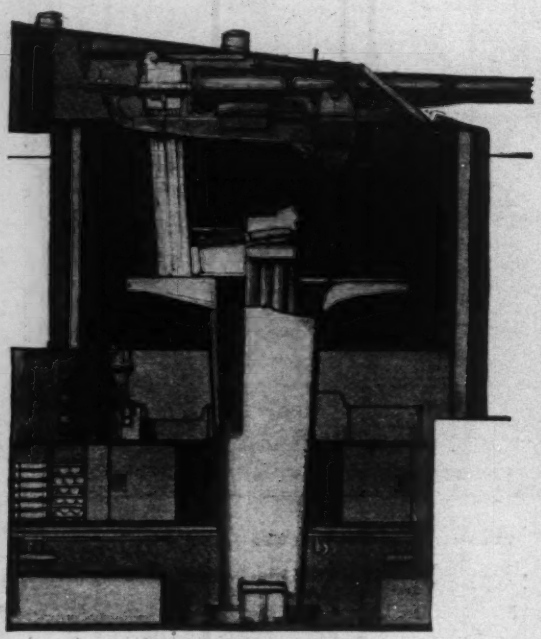
So much for a survey of the general fighting abilities of our battle-ships; but there is one most important part of modern sea-fighting that remains to be considered — the use of the torpedo. It was a standing criticism of our navy until the past year that it gave no practice to sea-going torpedo craft — that is to say, at night, under the conditions where, first of all, the torpedo-destroyer becomes useful. This summer, in the evolutions of the Atlantic fleet, the torpedo-destroyers — that is, the sea-going torpedo-boats — were given their first real opportunity to work. Almost every time, when pitted against our fleet, they reached the battle-ships; that is, they got into a position where they could destroy them. It was demonstrated at that time that we would need a cordon of forty-eight torpedo-destroyers to defend our fleet from the destroyers of an enemy. We have just twenty available.

In the last two years the development of the torpedo has come very rapidly. The effective range for discharging it has grown from eight hundred to three or four thousand yards. And this fact has made every navy in the world weak in its torpedo defense — a defense which comes, first of all, from the possession and use of torpedo-destroyers themselves. Yet, no first-class sea power is as backward as we are. England has one hundred and forty-seven torpedo-destroyers, and eight building; France has fifty-three, and twelve building; and Japan has fifty-two, and five building; while the United States has only twenty afloat.

More than this, our battle-ships themselves are poorly equipped with guns to fight off an enemy's torpedo-destroyers. The medium guns have been so placed in the modern battle-ships that they are practically of no use in repelling a bow- or stern-end attack; and the smaller guns, three- and six-pounders, which were formerly relied upon, are of no use at all at the present range of torpedoes. Our newest vessels are full of these little guns; there are five hundred and seventy of them on our big ships. It is generally believed that if the Japanese

flotilla of destroyers should attack our fleet upon its trip to San Francisco, the fleet must be badly crippled, if not destroyed.

But the torpedo is not only the weapon of the torpedo-destroyer; at close range it is one of the most essential weapons of the battle-ship. Our battle-ships, up to the present time, have been practically unprovided with torpedoes and torpedo-tubes. Of all the sixteen battle-ships bound for the Pacific, it appears, at the time of writing, that not more than seven will be fitted



THE TWO-STAGE TURRET OF FOREIGN NAVIES

This plan, taken from the Paris World's Fair Catalogue of Vickers & Maxim in 1900, indicates the entire separation of the turret proper from the magazines below. The ammunition is hoisted through an inclosed trunk to a platform under the turret. From this inclosed trunk it is mechanically pushed into another closed passage and drawn by a second hoist up to the breech of the gun. At no time is the ammunition exposed. This turret was designed in 1898.

with their torpedo-tubes when they start. Up to within a short time, it was questionable whether there would be any torpedoes fully up to the department's specifications to supply the four newer ships, which alone are equipped to use the latest model of torpedo. There are fifty-eight of these new torpedoes now ready, but, as they are not yet up to the tests required, they may have to be shipped later by rail. A full supply for the sixteen battle-ships will be two hundred and fifty-six torpedoes, sixteen to every ship. This equipment is a matter of extreme importance in battle. While any battle-ship, no matter how desperately wounded, preserves her ability to fire torpedoes, she keeps her enemy at a respectful distance. But with two thirds of the ships of the American fleet entirely unprovided with torpedoes, the silencing of their guns would mean that they could be closed in upon and despatched.

Officers Old when They Take Command

These are all faults of material equipment—some of the major faults. The second—or perhaps more properly the first—great factor in the operation of the navy is its personnel. Now, this is no arraignment of the personnel of the American Navy. Let him who expects it turn the page. The men and officers in our navy are not surpassed, nor equaled, I believe, in any navy in the world, in intelligence or bravery, or, generally speaking, in enthusiasm. The enthusiasm among the younger officers is extraordinary. But no discussion of our navy can be complete without an understanding of the age and the preparation of the chief officers of our fleet, and, first of all, of our admirals.

Fighting is the work of men in their prime. No one who has not seen it can realize the physical and nervous strain which comes upon the one man made responsible for the operation of a fleet in battle. The fate of a nation literally hangs upon him. He must watch continually for days before an action. I myself saw Admiral Sampson, a bent figure upon the bridge of the *New York*, grow older and more bent every hour during our Spanish war. That strain, no doubt, helped to hurry on his death. The story told in that gossip center of the naval world, the far East, of Admiral Togo's resistance to the orders from the Japanese admiralty and the suggestions from the Mikado himself to change the position of his fleet, I am confident is true. "We will stay where we are twenty-four hours," he said. "If the Russian fleet has not arrived then, I will commit suicide." Just before the twenty-four hours expired, the wireless brought news of the Russians' approach. Such strains as these are not for old men; or, at least, not for old men unless chosen by a rigid process of elimination.

In the report of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation for 1906, an estimate was made of the ages of the higher officers in our service. Our admirals averaged sixty-one years; the captains of our fleet, the active commanders of our battle-ships and cruisers, averaged over fifty-eight; and it was shown that the average age of our higher officers, instead of diminishing, was, on the contrary, increasing.

But added to that is the fact that nearly all of these men have virtually no training for their particular duties as commanders of great and modern fighting-ships. The age of retirement is sixty-two; our officers can scarcely reach the higher positions before they are retired. Of

the twenty-two captains who commanded the battle-ships and armored cruisers in 1906, but five had ever had any previous experience in responsible positions of secondary command upon a battle-ship or armored cruiser.

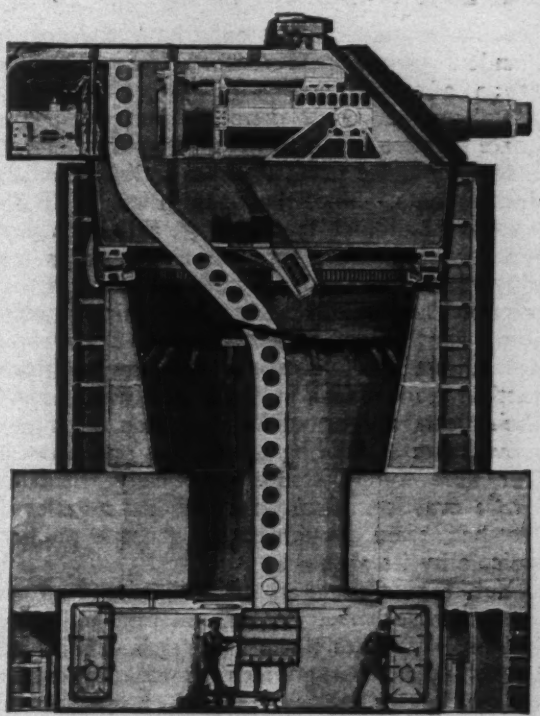
This condition in regard to age comes from a system of promotion which exists only in the navy of the United States. Once out of the Naval Academy, the column of officers forms and passes on in Indian file, changed practically not at all but by death or retirement. The other navies of the world have a process of selection for all officers above the rank of lieutenant. Those lower officers who are not selected for promotion are retired at a certain age. And this has given foreign countries picked men of lower ages for their important stations. It can be said, without the slightest criticism of the men now in the command of our navy, that our system must be changed to allow the selection of our higher officers. It will not only give us younger men, selected for their work, at the head of our battle fleet: it will awaken throughout the service a healthful stimulus of ambition which does not now exist.

Captain Fiske's Arraignment

Captain Bradley A. Fiske, recognized as one of the ablest officers in our service, summed up this matter in a paper in the proceedings of the United States Naval Institute of last June: "Not to utilize able men until they are old," he said, "is to violate the fundamental principle on which every great organization has built its greatness. Since we have always violated this principle [the right man in the right place], can we wonder that we have on our hands so many ships that have eaten up our appropriations and our allowance of officers and men, without adequate return? Can we wonder that our navy got down to where it was in 1882; that we left torpedoes out of our ships; that we have installed inturning screws in thirty-seven vessels; that we have put sighting-hoods on turrets, when parallel mirrors were used on fortifications by Leonardo da Vinci four hundred years ago; that we have no naval range-finder, no battle signals, no general staff; that we have put the steam-whistle where it deafens the officers of the deck and the lookouts while they are listening for fog signals; that our conning-towers are not adapted to their purpose; that we have no means of steering a compass course in battle; that we have no means of handling a fleet in a fog; that we have acres of armor just thick enough to insure the maximum effect of hostile shell; that we have smoke-stacks unnecessarily high, which interfere with fire-control and in signaling; that most of our flag-officers have never learned to be flag-officers; that we have no clear ideas of naval strategy or tactic; and are only beginning to have a definite naval policy?"

President Roosevelt on Officers' Age

President Roosevelt has been trying for three consecutive years, without results, to change this system of promotion. He summed the whole case up most excellently in a special



THE AMERICAN NAVY'S OPEN TURRET

This drawing, based upon a plan published in the *Scientific American*, shows the guns standing directly above the unprotected handling-room and the magazine. The ammunition-car, shown at the bottom of the plan, slides up on the steel guide extending above it to the gun. This car is entirely unprotected. The horizontal black line indicates the temporary partition between the turret proper and the handling-room.

message on the subject on December 17, 1906. In this he said: "Under the present archaic system of promotion, without parallel in the navy of any other first-class power, captains are commissioned at the average age of fifty-six, and rear-admirals at the average age of sixty. The following table gives the age of the youngest captains and flag-officers, with the average years in grade, in the navies of Great Britain, France, Germany, Japan, and the United States.

	Captains		Sea-going Flag-Officers	
	Age	Average years in grade	Age	Average years in grade
Great Britain	35	11.2	45	8.0
France	47	9.5	53	14.2
Germany	42	6.2	51	6.0
Japan	38	8.0	44	11.0
United States	55	4.5	59	1.5

The facts shown in this table are startling, and earnest attention is invited to them."

The President's appeal for a new personnel bill for the navy in the last Congress was again unsuccessful, although he showed clearly that it would not only give our service officers of proper age and experience in service, but would save the department five million dollars in the next seven years.

Ten Days of Battle Drill in Nine Years

But, unfortunately, not only have the commanders of our fleet reached their position at an advanced age, with no training for actual command, but there has been no adequate practice given to the fleet itself. There is no navy in the world that has so little battle drill as ours. Since the Spanish war in 1898 we have had just ten days of actual battle manoeuvers—about sixty or eighty hours in nine years, and that only after the sharp criticism of *The Navy* had driven our ships to sea some months ago. England and France spend several weeks of every year in competitive tactical manoeuvers, in which two divisions of their fleets are pitted against each other in movements simulating actual war operations. Our fleet to-day stands practically without battle practice. Such a system for a college foot-ball team would excite general public ridicule by its absurdity.

Yet, the criticism of the drill of our navy cannot cease here. Its general practice evolutions, which are the primary school for the battle tactics, compare most unfavorably with those of foreign navies. The French squadrons, for example, stand out to sea for work for five days a week during a large part of the year; the remaining days are spent in a home port. In place of this practical and efficient system, which also gives the officers and men a chance for a home life upon shore, our fleet is sent upon extended cruises at sea, far less valuable as practice and far less agreeable to the officers and men.

No more impressive object-lesson of the necessity of preparing a fleet for war in time of peace could be found than the pathetic little four hours' drill of the Russian fleet on the eve of the battle of Tsoushima, as described by Captain Semenoff in his personal reminiscences of that great sea-fight. "Once again," he says, "and for the *last* time, we were forcibly reminded of the old truism that a 'fleet' is created by long years of practice at sea in time of peace. . . . Admiral Togo, on the other hand, had commanded his squadron continuously for eight years without hauling down his flag. Five of the vice-admirals and seven of the rear-admirals taking part in the Tsoushima battle, in command of squadron, ships, or as junior flag-officers, were his old comrades and pupils, having been educated under his command."

The United States is not in the condition in regard to tactics of the Russian fleet at Tsoushima, but it is certainly in no condition to go to war. In this, as in the matter of the equipment of our ships, it is consistently five years behind the first-class navies of the world.

The Bureau Management of the Navy

The immediate question which occurs to every one upon learning these facts is: How can such a state of affairs be possible? Some of the conditions, especially those of the material equipment, are so absurd that they seem absolutely impossible. How can any human being, or set of human beings, place the armor of a battle-ship under water? How can they place their greatest guns directly above an open shaft leading to a powder-magazine? How can they, year after year, build ships so low that they cannot fire a great percentage of their guns under conditions which must almost certainly be met in naval warfare? How is it possible that blunders of these proportions can be perpetuated? The answer to this is simply that no human being is responsible for this thing. It is done by a system—an organization so constituted that its very nature compels it to perpetuate mistakes.

The Navy Department of the United States is operated, under its Secretary, by a bureau system. The Secretary is a civilian—generally, in recent years, a lawyer, passing on from this stepping-stone to a higher political career. The conduct of the department must, naturally, come into the hands of the bureaus beneath him. There are seven of these—Navigation, Ordnance, Equipment, Construction and Repair, Steam-engineering, Supplies and Accounts, and Medicine and Surgery. The United States Navy is built, equipped, and operated by these bureaus. The criticisms of the navy all come back to them. They are, when these criticisms are to be acted upon, practically both judge and defendant. Naturally, they acquit the defendant almost invariably. This kills the criticism.

Fifteen Years' Fight for a Safe Turret

The open turrets of our navy have been protested against since they were first built, at least fifteen years ago. In 1898 the attention of the department was invited specifically to this defect, and to the fact that it existed in none of the foreign navies, all of which

had their handling-rooms carefully separated from the turrets proper. In 1901 Admiral George C. Remey, then commander-in-chief of the China station, brought the matter to the personal attention of the Secretary of the Navy and earnestly recommended that the defect be corrected.

In July, 1901, the three chiefs of the bureaus of Ordnance, Steam-engineering, and Construction and Repair, after receiving letters urging that some action be taken to do away with exposure of the magazines in our new battle-ships, said, concerning the turrets of the *Kentucky* class: "A base-ball tossed into one of the ports would fall directly into the thirteen-inch handling-room, opening into which are the thirteen-inch magazines and below which are some of the eight-inch magazines. . . . There can be no reasonable doubt that a large or even medium caliber shell in the thirteen-inch turret would, in all probability, explode the thirteen-inch and eight-inch magazines, as well as the five-inch magazines that are immediately adjacent to them, thus involving the complete destruction of the vessel."

The fact that this fault of turret construction is common to all the battle-ships of the navy was perfectly clear. Protests against it continued; but not only was it not corrected, but the same design of turret was put into all of the new battle-ships.

In 1903 Lieutenant Beecher of the *Maine* fell from top to bottom of an open turret in that ship, and broke his neck. Early in the same year, Admiral C. E. Clark of *Oregon* fame, commenting upon a fatal explosion on board the battle-ship *Massachusetts*, said: "If the accident on board the *Massachusetts* had happened in either of the large turrets, instead of nine men, a ship's company and a battle-ship would probably have been destroyed." He urged strongly that some change be made. Still there were no changes in the design of the open turret.

On April 13, 1904, a flare-back from a gun in the twelve-inch turret of the *Missouri* sent burning powder grains straight down into the handling-room. The powder charges in the handling-room immediately ignited. Thirty-two men in the turret of the handling-room were killed by the flames and poisonous gases. A seaman in the magazine, with wonderful presence of mind, clapped a metal powder-can, wrapped in his coat, into the opening in the magazine door, through which the powder was being passed, and kept the fire from the magazine.

The Board of Construction, made up of bureau heads, gave out the statement that measures had been taken to correct the defects in our turrets. It also stated that nothing had been found on file in the Bureau of Ordnance or Construction and Repair indicating any well-substantiated criticism from the service. Nothing more was done for two years.

On April 13, 1906, just two years after the accident on the *Missouri*, a charge of powder was ignited from an electrical short circuit in a main turret of the *Kearsarge*. The burning powder fell down into the handling-room again; but, fortunately, there was no powder there, the last charge having been sent up just before the cessation of firing. The imagination of the country was now excited, and the press began commenting upon the danger. The pressure of public censure did what previous criticisms from the service had been unable to bring about. The turrets were shut off by placing a partition in the shaft between them and the handling-room. Through this partition the charges passed directly up by means of an opening provided with automatic shutters.

It was evident that this protection was not sufficient. The automatic shutters failed to close completely or certainly; the slits through which the wire cables passed to lift the cars were always open.

On July 15, 1907, another charge of powder was set on fire in an eight-inch turret of the *Georgia*. The burning powder grains fell directly through the slits of the shutters in this partition into the handling-room at the bottom of the shaft. The ship would certainly have been lost if, again, the presence of mind of her sailors had not saved her. The men in charge of the handling-room immediately closed the magazines, grabbed up the bags of powder, and carried them to a place of safety before they could be set on fire.

The Board of Construction was not disturbed by this. It proceeded with its plans to install the same open turret in the latest battle-ships, the twenty-thousand-ton dreadnoughts now under construction. But, in the meantime, the affair had gotten on the nerves of the sea-going service, living on the craters of these miniature volcanoes. A solid protest of the officers of the fleet compelled the appointment of a turret board of officers with actual turret service. Without hesitation, this board demanded the adoption of a practical design of a foreign turret separating the turret proper from the magazine. And now, after fifteen years of protest, the two newest ships in our navy, when they are launched about three years from now, will have the protection of their magazines which every battle-ship in every country of the world has always had. But no steps have yet been taken to give proper protection to our war-ships now afloat.

Why the Bureau Must Resist Reform

Such is the history of one action of the navy bureau system. From the example of these fifteen years of struggle to correct one of the ghastliest mistakes conceivable can easily be inferred the difficulties attending the correction of minor faults. Barbarous as it seems, this episode of the open turret establishes no charge of inhumanity to any man or group of men. It was simply the necessary product of an absolutely impracticable organization, whose very nature compels it to resist improvement.

The policies instituted by bureaus like these involve the expenditure of millions of dollars. It is clearly contrary to all reason to expect a board which initiated and developed such policies to do anything but defend them. Their reversal means confession, as in the case of the open turret, of fatal blunders, costing a tremendous sum to rectify. So long as any system exists which both originates the plans for the navy, and has the right to pass judgment on the criticism of those plans, so long will the first interest of the men in charge of it be to crush all radical departures from the policies to which they stand committed.

But, more than that, the men in charge of these bureaus must, by the nature of their work, be made incompetent for the greatest tasks which are put upon them. The regular duties of the chiefs of bureaus in the conduct of their particular work are naturally many and exacting. Tons of reports pass over their desks in the course of a year; they must be absorbed in the endless details of their specialties. But practical criticisms of machinery must always come from those who use it; and the practical criticism of the mechanism of the navy must come from the sea-going officers on our ships. The chiefs of bureaus cannot get the experience necessary for this; their knowledge of the subject must be largely theoretical, and even that knowledge is restricted by the time required by their routine duties.

The Repelling of the American Inventor

But the bureau system is not only impervious to demands for reform: it is equally incapable of initiating great improvements of its own. American inventors are easily the leaders of the world. Why is it that the American Navy is at least five years behind its competitors in practically all its mechanical devices? The answer is simple: It is because the bureau system, as at present constituted, insists on doing all its work itself, except in some isolated instances. Every little specification must be worked out by a bureau. The taker of a contract in the Navy Department cannot use his brains at all; he must simply follow out these specifications mechanically.

In other words, the mechanical genius of America is absolutely barred from applying itself to the problems of the navy. Herreshoff, the designer of the yachts with which America beats the world, was once the maker of the best torpedo-boat our navy ever owned. The policy of the navy has driven him to refuse all work from it. He is a designer, not a mechanic, and he insists upon being treated as such. The best part of Holland's life was wasted in trying to convince our navy of the value of the submarine. Hotchkiss and Maxim were forced to sell their rapid-fire guns abroad.

Foreign governments, on the other hand, are ready enough to enlist private talent in designing and constructing their navies, and practically all the great improvements in naval material come from private individuals and firms. Armstrong, Vickers & Maxim, Thorneycroft, Schichau, Normand, and Krupp are known across the world. Their plants and personnel are especially equipped to improve the methods of warfare. Such individual firms as these have evolved nearly everything in the advanced equipment of the navies of to-day. Their inventions go immediately to foreign governments who patronize them. Our navy simply adopts them from the navies which secure them first. For this reason, we are continually some five years late; for this reason, we never yet have launched a man-of-war which, in some essential fighting quality, was not already obsolete when it was launched.

This is what the bureau system does, or, rather, I should say, a part of what it does. I am discussing a great main point here, the efficiency of the American Navy; I will not turn aside to the consideration of the disastrous waste of money by this bureau system; a waste which is estimated to reach, in the conduct of our navy-yards alone, the tremendous total of from ten to twenty million dollars every year—enough to build us two new battle-ships annually. There is no criticism of the character or motives of the men at the head of this bureau system; the American Navy I believe to be above all suspicion of graft. But as a system for the intelligent conduct of business it is simply impossible. It must work wrong; it must make for a tremendous waste of money. But, worse than all, it cannot possibly give us the one thing we must have, an efficient navy. This is no new discovery. Various secretaries of the navy have seen it. President Roosevelt himself, as early as 1903, recommended the

abolishment of this system, and recommended the organization which must be substituted.

Our First Need

What is needed is quite clear. The Secretary of the Navy, being a civilian, generally with a short tenure of office, must have expert advisers. There must be a board behind him whose opinion he is legally authorized by Congress to accept. This board, in the first place, must know exactly the views of the actual sea-going service; in the second place, it must have no hand itself in carrying out the details of its own advice—it must delegate this to others. Every country in the world but ours has a body of this kind at the head of its navy, and it is this which President Roosevelt in 1903 recommended that Congress provide for ours.

There is, and always will be from interested quarters, opposition to an advisory board of this kind. But it must come, for it is the only reasonable solution of our great and difficult problem. There must be in our navy some general expert board, made up of men with ample experience in sea-going service, in which is centered responsibility for advising the Secretary on all matters pertaining to the efficiency of the navy. It will see that the requests for improvement by the sea-going officers of the service are given attention; it will present the requirements demanded for new fighting-ships to the Secretary, who will see that the bureaus fulfil them, regardless of tradition; it will enlist the genius of American inventors into the service of the department; it will advise the Secretary as to the proper men to command our ships; and it will see that our fleet is properly drilled for battle. It will not bring about the millennium, but it will bring about a reasonable efficiency of equipment and preparation for war, and place us in this respect on a basis of equality with foreigners.

I know very well that this article will be criticized in some quarters as unpatriotic and unappreciative of our navy. It is nothing of the sort. No one can be more appreciative of the American Navy than myself, after ten years of familiarity with it—a closer sea-going acquaintance, I believe, than any other civilian possesses. I believe there are no better men or officers in any other navy in the world; I am perfectly familiar with the marvelous improvement in the gunnery of our navy during the last ten years; I am personally confident that this personnel, with its extraordinary skill, would fight valiantly in battle against any navy in the world. This is not a criticism of our navy; it is a criticism of its equipment—of the poor tools which are given our men to work with, and of the system which is responsible for giving them these tools.

Roosevelt's Great Accomplishment

The skill of our gun-crews has increased from the bare four per cent. of shots which struck Cervera's fleet at Santiago, at an average distance of 2,800 yards, to the average of over thirty per cent. of hits made by the twelve-inch guns of the Atlantic fleet, at a target of thirty by sixty feet, at a distance of from five to nine thousand yards, during the battle practice of this autumn. But these improvements were made, not because of the present organization and management of our navy, but in spite of it. Captain Fiske, in a recent paper, has stated the exact case. In regard to the ultra-conservatism shown when the manifest neglect of target practice was brought to the attention of the department, and a rational method of training was recommended by certain junior officers, he points out that the resistance was so effective that it rendered reform impossible, until a civilian, President Roosevelt, forced the department to adopt the measures which have produced such highly satisfactory results. It was also the powerful influence of the President that finally overcame the "conservatism" that resisted the design of ships armed with twelve-inch guns only. In these, and in many other matters, he has enabled progressive opinion in the service to exert its influence in the direction of improvement.

But President Roosevelt, after accomplishing this great work for the navy, is nearing the end of his term. Another President, with less interest in this branch of the government, may succeed him. But, whether this occurs or not, it is high time that the navy itself be in a position to conduct its affairs efficiently. To do this, it must have a new system of management. There is only one means by which this can be attained—by the arousing of public opinion, and the enlistment of its influence to bring this change about. My purpose in this article is merely the arousing of this public opinion. I am exposing nothing whatever that the naval authorities of other countries do not already know. I am telling no national secrets to foreigners. I am merely informing the American public of conditions which it should have known of long ago; and my only hope is that, knowing them, it will correct them.

THE ELOPEMENT

BY

FIELDING BALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY A. MATHES

AS Marcia came into the assembly-hall she was greeted with some effusiveness by the little group of teachers about the door. She returned their salutations indifferently, aware of the fact that they were simply a tribute to her position as wife of the superintendent of schools. One of the teachers, young Miss Bryan, slipped her hand through Marcia's arm officiously and started with her across the room to the seat saved for her. Miss Bryan's manner, as they walked across the room together, was very confidential — affectionate, even; and all the time there was nervousness and distrust in the light-blue eyes that she turned on Marcia. Half-way across the crowded hall, the meaning of it — the reason why her husband had told her to come this afternoon, why he had brought her up to the hall at the last minute, why he had turned her over to this woman — flashed upon Marcia. It was Miss Bryan whom Cameron habitually drove home from school in his phaëton; probably there had been gossip about the two — gossip which Cameron hoped to silence by this public appearance of his wife with Miss Bryan. Two years ago Marcia would have given the attentive onlookers a tableau calculated to make them stare and gasp and nudge one another and whisper covertly for the rest of the afternoon; but now her pale face never changed; she answered Miss Bryan's remarks with weary civility; she even suffered passively the hand on her arm.

As she settled herself in her seat and looked about her, she was struck suddenly by the familiarity of it all — the rows on rows of faces, the glaring light, the heat, the hum of low-pitched voices. How often, in her girlhood days, had she been, as now, one of a great crowd assembled to hear Cameron speak! She recalled her old emotions intellectually; there was no momentary thrill in her breast of the rapture and pride which had once filled her.

In the little village in which Marcia had grown up, Cameron had been a great man, sought after, deferred to, flattered, made much of in every way — as he was here also, as he had been in the town in which they had lived for the first three years after they were married. No wonder Marcia's heart had beat high at the thought that this clever, experienced man should have interested himself in her — in *her*, a little school-girl just out of short dresses; should want to marry her! Marcia had wondered many times in the last four years if he *had* wanted to marry her, or whether he had simply drifted into a position from which it was difficult to extricate himself without hurting her, wounding her pride, exposing her to malicious comment, and drawing upon himself, moreover, prompt vengeance from her swarm of relatives. Perhaps if he had known how soon he was to leave Northampton, to put himself beyond reach of its gossip and its cabals, out of sight of Marcia's changed face, he might have hesitated long before making her his wife.

It was only two weeks after their wedding that he was offered a better position in a distant State. How aghast she had been when he told her about it! Leave her mother and father, Josie, all the kind, familiar faces? Never for a moment had she contemplated such a possibility. That very afternoon she had been planting lilacs along the fence, and speculating as to how long it would be before they began to blossom. She went to work frantically to dissuade Cameron from going, not much doubting that he would listen to her — she was so used to being listened to. Marcia smiled dryly now at her sanguineness. That night she had got the first of many lessons.

Suddenly she realized that somebody was saying her name — had said it several times. It was Miss Bryan. She was introducing Marcia to Mrs. Birkhoff, the wife of the president of the Board of Education, for whom a seat had been reserved beside Marcia.

Mrs. Birkhoff was a decidedly imposing

woman, large and stately, and dressed in clothes both handsome and becoming. Beside her Marcia felt very little and crooked and ill-dressed. She tried to pull down her short wool skirt so that it would hide her shabby shoes; she hastily took off her mittens and laid them in her lap. Mrs. Birkhoff began at once to talk to Marcia about the new high-school building and some trouble that they had been having with the architect. Marcia echoed in rather parrotlike fashion Mrs. Birkhoff's expression of opinion, ashamed to admit that she knew nothing about the subject under discussion. A minute later Mrs. Birkhoff expressed her regret that Marcia had not been able to come to the high-school teachers' luncheon on Saturday; everybody had been much disappointed, she said, at not seeing her. Marcia flushed and answered somewhat awkwardly. Cameron had said not a word to her about any luncheon. Finally Mrs. Birkhoff gave up carrying on a conversation with Marcia, and addressed herself to the people on the other side of her. Marcia had a depressed feeling that she had acquitted herself very poorly.

She felt more at ease with two or three men who came up to shake hands with her after Cameron had made his speech, school men from other towns, interested in the same line of work in which Cameron was interested. They got to talking about the fact that in the United States the social rank of one generation was often very different from that of the generation immediately preceding; and Marcia straightway told them the story of Josie, and of how, after working for twenty years for Marcia's mother, washing and ironing, scrubbing floors, building fires, cooking, and taking care of the cow, Josie had gone West and had married there — married a prosperous ranchman who since had died and left her richer than anybody in Northampton — even the brewer.

Marcia described very animatedly a visit Josie had recently made to Northampton, as Marcia's mother had told about it in her last letter. Josie had come to the house decked out in a brown velvet dress, a long sealskin cloak, a hat with enough trimming on it for five ordinary hats, and a marvelous false pompadour. She was the same old Josie, however, in spite of her changed circumstances. Finding Mrs. Hilton in the middle of her weekly cleaning, before she had been in the house fifteen minutes she had shed her velvet dress and false pompadour and was down on her knees scrubbing. Marcia made it all very funny, and the men who were listening to her story laughed a great deal as she told it. They evidently approved of her. The eyes of one of them in particular dwelt on her with an indulgent and kindly expression that made her think suddenly of a little Irish boy whom she had known long ago, a boy who always looked at her with just such uncritical blue eyes.

Suddenly she noticed that Cameron's gaze was fixed upon her; his face wore a look of such anger that she stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and went on with a decided effort. What had she done to displease him? Did he think that she had not exerted herself to be agreeable to Mrs. Birkhoff and *was* exerting herself to be agreeable to these men? Was she talking too loudly, perhaps — using too many undignified expressions — confiding too much about her personal affairs? It might be that he had overheard some of her affectionate talk about Josie. Josie had not liked Cameron, had not wanted Marcia to marry him, had gone about the house for weeks before the wedding with red eyes and unsmiling face. Finally Marcia had quarreled outright with Josie because of some slighting remark which she had made about Cameron, and had gone away without saying good-by to her — without saying good-by to Josie, who had rocked Marcia in her arms as a baby, had nursed her through scarlet fever and measles and chickenpox, had comforted her in her childish troubles, and had been a part of all her childish joys, and who later, when Marcia was a young lady, had stayed up nights to iron her ruffled white underskirts, and had spent all her earnings on sashes and bracelets for Marcia! Marcia never thought now of those last weeks of estrangement without a pang of regret that she should have been so hard-hearted, so unforgiving. Many times she had been on the point of writing to Josie, but fear of Cameron's displeasure had kept her from doing it. Perhaps Josie had understood the meaning of Marcia's silence; at any rate, she was as foolish about Marcia as ever, Marcia's mother said. She could not speak of Marcia without tears coming to her eyes; she made Mrs. Hilton promise to send her word when Marcia next came home for a visit; she would travel a thousand miles to see Marcia, she declared.

As soon as possible, Marcia left the people to whom she was talking, and went over to where her wraps lay. She felt very limp and weak all of a sudden; for the first time, it occurred to her that she had eaten no luncheon.

On the drive home, Cameron did not once speak. Once or twice Marcia ventured a nervous compliment. He made no answer.

The washerwoman met Marcia at the back door. She was waiting to get her pay for the day's work; she had finished the washing an

hour ago, she said. Marcia ran out to the stable, where Cameron was unharnessing the horses, and asked him for money to give the woman. He paid no attention at all to her request until it had been repeated three times; then he said brusquely that he did not have a dollar and a half. Marcia stood there silently for a minute, then went back to the house very slowly. The washerwoman listened stonily to her apologies; Marcia fairly hated her for making the situation so embarrassing.

Cameron sat at the dinner-table reading a newspaper, while his steak and potatoes got colder and colder. Finally he took a taste of each, a swallow of coffee, and got up and went into the library. For a long time Marcia sat before the deserted table, with idle hands, staring into vacancy. She was very tired. She wished that somewhere there were a little hole into which she could crawl, a little narrow, dark place with just room for her, with no windows, no doors — a place that would be all her own.

The next morning, when she went up-stairs to tell Cameron that breakfast was ready, she saw that he was dressed with unusual care, and that a half-packed suit-case stood by the foot of the bed. This meant that he was going to the Teachers' Convention in St. Louis that week. Marcia wondered a little at her apathy. Last year, when he had announced that he was going to spend his vacation away from home, she had told him stormily her opinion of such a proceeding, and, till the last minute, had fought bitterly against his going. Why had she cared so much? She did not care now; she believed that she was even glad.

Breakfast was as silent as dinner had been the night before. Only once did Cameron speak. The canary-bird in the window, hearing the robins chirping outside, began to sing madly, and sang and sang, in a frenzy of joy. "I wish you'd put something over that bird!" Cameron growled finally, without looking up. Marcia rose and covered the cage with a napkin, effectually silencing all song.

She was standing on the porch, putting up some stout cords for the madeira-vines to run on, when Cameron announced to her that he was going to St. Louis. She made no comment — did not ask how long he would be gone, nor what his address would be, nor whether or not he would find time to write; she simply raised her head and looked at him, then turned back to what she was doing. He stood there for a minute, observing her with rather uneasy eyes; then he wheeled about and went briskly down the walk.

After Marcia had finished her task, she went over to the steps and sat down in the sunshine. Cameron had no tolerance for a disorderly house; if he had been here, she would not have dared leave the breakfast-dishes sitting on the dining-room table, the kitchen unswept, the beds unmade. There was something mildly exhilarating in loafing here in the sunshine while there was all this work still to be done. It was a beautiful spring day; the air was soft and balmy, filled with sweet smells; birds were chirping on every side. Marcia watched some white and yellow butterflies fluttering around a flowering-currant bush, and was almost happy.

Suddenly she realized that a man had approached, was raising his cap, asking if she was Mrs. Cameron. He had an express package for her, he said. For the first time, Marcia remembered that it was her twenty-second birthday.

She told him to take the boxes — there were two of them — into the lower hall. After a while she went in to see what was in them. She opened the smaller one first. It contained a house-gown which her mother had made for her. Marcia turned it over thoughtfully; it was made as carefully as a baby's christening-robe. She was sorry that her mother had not put all this time and trouble into making something else — something that she could wear. Cameron did not approve of these loose, flowing gowns; she never wore them any more.

In the bottom of the box in which the dress came was a letter from her mother. In the other box, she said, were some things that had been in Marcia's room at home; when they had been putting the store-room in order, they had come across these things, and nothing would do Marcia's father but that he send them to Marcia. Somewhere in the box he had put fifteen dollars; Marcia must be sure to find it. It was very little, but the drug-store was not bringing in much these days.

Marcia laboriously hauled the box up-stairs to a little unused bedroom in the back part of the house which had often been for her a place of refuge, and there pried up the cover of the box and began taking out the things that it held. Here were the blue vases that Josie had given her on her sixteenth birthday; here the little picture of St. Cecilia that she had got as a prize in Sunday-school; here was the work-basket that Uncle John had made for her, and the cut-glass perfume-bottles that had been her great-grandmother's. Here was her old song-book, yellowed with age, the leaves ready to fall out. Marcia turned them over musingly. "The Garden of Sleep," "Beauty's Eyes," "In the Gloaming"— how many times she had sung each one of them! "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove"—that was Josie's favorite. Marcia thought with sudden longing of her little organ,

"'POOR LITTLE BIRD!' SHE SAID SOFTLY"

packed away in the store-room. It was no accident that it was wedged between a heavy stove and a massive oak cupboard, where no effort of hers could move it. She had spoken to Cameron one day about the possibility of getting it out, and he had said brusquely that there was no place in the house for it. Marcia had understood.

She found the money at last in the little shell purse, along with various childish treasures put there long ago — among them the locket that Rob McNeill had given her. Rob McNeill was the Irish boy with the kind, admiring eyes. Poor Rob! All one beautiful autumn he had worked in the tannery from the time school was out till dark, every night, to earn the money to buy that locket. She had worn it for a week or two; then somebody had given her a string of coral beads, and she had tucked the locket away out of sight and forgotten it utterly. Rob had asked once wistfully about it. She put it now on a piece of string lying there, and fastened it around her neck, smiling rather sadly as she did it. She wondered if Rob ever thought of her any more. Rob was twenty-eight now. She tried to imagine what he must look like — into what sort of man he had grown. Somewhere here there was a little old album in which, as she remembered, there was a picture of him, taken when he was fifteen, just before he went West with his people. When she finally found the picture, she stared with some surprise into the comely young face looking out at her. She had not realized that Rob was handsome.

The sound of a supper-bell in the next house made her start and look nervously at the western sky. She shivered. She dreaded the coming of night. A sudden inspiration came to her. Why not bring a cot into this little room and sleep here, instead of in the great room at the other end of the hall? She hated that room, with its massive walnut furniture, its heavy draperies, its dark rugs, all old, all belonging to a past in which she had no part. They were Cameron's, these things — had been his mother's before him. She had no more feeling of ownership when they came to them than as if she had been a paid housekeeper. There was no reason why she should have; she had none of the rights of a mistress in the house. She had learned, finally, that she was not privileged even to carry a chair from one room to the next; Cameron was sure to haul it back, with needless violence of movement. Once, in cleaning a mirror in a hurry, she had scratched it; she had never forgotten the look which Cameron gave her when he noticed it, nor the tone in which he had spoken to her.

She rose stiffly to her feet, and hurried off to get the cot. When she finished making it up, it looked very inviting to her, with its white sheets and white coverlet. She lifted idly from the heap of things on the floor the huge fan made of scraps of gaudy wall-paper, and hung it on a nail over the bed; on the right of it she fastened a picture of "Little Daisy," a pink-cheeked angelic child with a sheaf of very yellow wheat over one bare shoulder.

A sudden energy took possession of her. She lugged into the closet the old rubbish scattered about the room, and got a broom and swept the floor; then she brought in her sewing-table, and covered it with her prettiest luncheon-

cloth, and put on it the little old brass tea-kettle and the Japanese cups and saucers that she had left at home when she married, feeling somewhat disdainful of them after a look at Cameron's samovar and exquisite old-fashioned china. She fastened half a dozen more pictures on the wall, and brought her photographs of the people at home and ranged them on a little shelf in the corner, Rob's picture among them. Then she looked about her delightedly. How pretty, how homelike, the little room was! She would have supper here now, and then go to bed.

She had settled herself again in the room, when she remembered with sudden remorse the canary-bird, still covered with the napkin which she had thrown over it at breakfast-time that morning. She ran down-stairs to get it.

"Poor little bird!" she said softly, as she lifted the cage from the hook on which it hung. "All day in the dark! And just for singing — for feeling happy and showing it the only way you knew how! Never you mind, little bird. To-morrow, and the next day, and the next, you shall sing to your heart's content!"

Marcia went to sleep early. When she first opened her eyes again the sun was shining into her room. She could hardly believe, for a minute, that the night, with its threatening shadows, its strange creakings, its ghostly footsteps that came and went, was over without her once waking, to listen, and tremble, and wait. She sprang out of bed with a strange feeling of light-heartedness, an unwonted interest in the day before her. All that day, and part of the next, she scrubbed and cleaned and polished, washed and ironed, hammered and sawed. By three o'clock on the afternoon of the second day the room was in a state of perfect order and cleanliness, and Marcia, dressed in street-clothes, was drawing on her gloves preparatory to going out. It was in an almost hilarious humor that she came back to the house an hour and a half later, her arms full of parcels. She went with them to the little hall bedroom, and sat down there to unwrap them. It was an odd assortment of things that she had bought: the shoes that she needed, handkerchiefs, a bottle of perfume, some Swiss chocolate, a mirror to hang over her dressing-table, and a gay little frame for Rob's picture — a frame that hid his awkward boy's body, his old-fashioned clothes, the stucco gate on which he leaned, and showed only his handsome, lovable face.

As she was fastening in place the mirror which she had bought, she kept getting momentary glimpses of herself in it, a somber black-gowned figure, strangely out of keeping with the little room with its fresh pale-green and pink draperies. When the mirror was at last in place, she stopped before it and gave herself a long, attentive survey — the first in months.

Certainly no one would dream of calling her pretty any more. She was not pretty — neither was she agreeable-looking. Her face had something bleak and forbidding about it, somehow. And how thin she was — how round-shouldered! She stared somewhat resentfully at her shabby black wool dress — gave a disgusted pull to its ill-fitting collar. Anybody would look hideous in such a dress, she told herself. She must hunt up a white lace scarf of some sort to fasten at her throat, and make herself a silk belt to wear in place of this clumsy brown leather one. And she must take more pains with her hair; with it pulled back so tightly from her face and fastened in that ugly knot at the back of her head, she looked for all the world like some scrubwoman.

She began loosening her hair a little at the sides, with nervous, energetic little pulls; finally she took it down altogether, and arranged it as nearly as she could in the fashion in which the high-school girl next door wore hers, in a coronal of puffs and braids high on her head. The result was surprising. She looked at herself a minute, then set to work diligently to separate from the rest the short locks about her face, dampened them and twisted them around her finger, and dampened them again, until they began to crinkle and curl as they had of old, before she had brushed them back in obedience to Cameron's command. She began to feel somewhat excited. Her hands trembled slightly as she took off her black dress and put on in its place the delicate-colored, lace-trimmed house-gown that her mother had sent to her on her birthday. She hurried to the mirror, and stared half incredulously at her reflection, laughing in an agitated fashion. The pale-colored dress, that showed her pretty, slender throat and delicate arms, the elaborately arranged hair, the mist of soft light curls about her face, the eager, awakened look in her eyes, had utterly transformed her. She had thought that she was irrevocably changed, and here was the old Marcia smiling out at her, the Marcia that every one had liked, and petted, and looked out for, and called pretty names! It was like a miracle — like seeing some one come back from the grave!

She ran down to the side-yard to get a bit of peach-blossom to put in her hair. As she was starting back to the house, a carriage stopped at the gate. In it was Mrs. Birkhoff. Marcia went skipping out to see what she wanted, well pleased that she should have come at just this time.

"SHE . . . STARED HALF INCREDULOUSLY AT HER REFLECTION, LAUGHING IN AN AGITATED FASHION"

Mrs. Birkhoff smiled amiably at Marcia, and announced that she had a package of books there that her husband had asked her to leave for Mr. Cameron. Was Mrs. Cameron at home?

"I am Mrs. Cameron," Marcia said, in her most affable tone.

All Mrs. Birkhoff's social training was inadequate to the situation. She started, stared, for a minute was speechless. Then she recovered herself partially; but she could not keep her surprise and curiosity altogether out of her eyes.

They talked for a minute or two of impersonal things; then Mrs. Birkhoff said:

"Are you all alone in this big house?"

"All alone!" Marcia answered, with a somewhat impertinent cheerfulness. Let this woman pity her if she dared!

"I should think you would be lonely," Mrs. Birkhoff said slowly. Something in the look that she bent on Marcia made the hot blood surge into Marcia's face.

Five minutes later she ran headlong into her little room.

"She's a wicked woman!" she exclaimed vehemently. "*A wicked woman!* Or else she would never have thought of such a thing!" She stood for a minute staring out of the window. Suddenly she started, gave one appalled, guilty look at the row of staid familiar faces along one wall, then slid down to the floor and hid her hot face in the cool white draperies of her little bed. After a while she rose, and took Josie's photograph from where it stood with the rest.

"Just for a minute," she whispered, with a little gasp, looking down into Josie's homely, kind face, "I wished it were true! Just for a minute I wished Rob were here, grown up, a young man, sitting in that chair over there, and smiling at me just as he used to! You don't blame me, do you, Josie?" Her voice was pleading. "For I am lonesome — lonesome! And, if he were here, we could have supper together; and I'd put salt in his coffee, and pepper on his cake — and he'd act as though it were all — all — funny!" She laughed a little hysterically, and went over to get Rob's picture, in its new frame, and put it on her tea-table. "It's lucky that you're not flesh and blood, Rob dear," she said, lighting the alcohol-lamp under her little kettle, "for there's not supper enough for two!"

On the night that she expected Cameron home, she came into her little room with her hair done up in exaggeratedly prim fashion, and she wore her black dress, with a little precise white lawn bow at her throat, such as is affected by old ladies.

"I am dressed for my part in the play," she announced to the row of pictures on the shelf, with a frivolous little curtsy. "It's a rather difficult part that I have — difficult for me, that is. I'm supposed to be very meek and quiet and well-mannered — never to answer back, or bang around the dishes, or joke with the milkman, or say 'The dickens!' if I drop things on my foot. I'm not supposed to drop things on my foot, of course; but, even if I do, I mustn't say 'The dickens!' 'The dickens' is a very vulgar exclamation. I learned it from a man whom I used to respect in my ignorant youth,"— she grinned at the picture of her father,—"but lately I've had reason to think that he was a very vulgar man! Good-by, my dears; in fifteen minutes the bell will ring, the curtain go up. Wish me good luck!" Her voice sounded somewhat strained and unnatural as she finished, but she held her head high and smiled persistently. That evening, however, she came running up-stairs swiftly, silently, like one pursued — hurried into the little room, shut the door quickly, noiselessly, locked it, and threw herself down beside the couch in the darkness, her cheek against the coverlet. "I can't stand it!" she whispered fiercely. "I can't stand it!" After a few minutes she got up and went out, uncomforted.

When she came down the back steps very early the next morning, she moved slowly, wearily; her eyes were fixed and hopeless. She was starting for the grocer's to get soap and bluing; the washerwoman was to come to-day.

As she was making her way down an alley on her way home, she saw, a little distance ahead of her, the washerwoman in question standing talking to a man. It was the woman's husband, Marcia perceived as she drew nearer. He was janitor of one of the school buildings; Marcia had seen him a number of times. Suddenly he raised his hand and struck his wife in the face. The woman drew away without a sound. The man followed her, struck her again. She did not turn nor make a motion to strike back — only walked away from him a little faster.

Marcia felt as though a great hand had seized her and roughly shaken her from her stupor. Here was somebody infinitely more miserable than she. She thought with sudden shame of the months during which this woman had been coming to work for her, and of how, in all that time, she had never given the woman a friendly glance or a friendly word.

Mrs. Bronson appeared that morning at the hour at which she always came — somewhat paler, somewhat more sullen than usual, that was all, and with a great purplish bruise on

"'THE MATTER IS SETTLED; YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT'"

one cheek. Marcia lingered in the kitchen while Mrs. Bronson was gathering up the soiled clothes preparatory to starting for the basement; she longed to show in some way the pity that was in her heart, but she did not know how.

When she carried Mrs. Bronson's luncheon down to her that noon, she took some for herself as well. "I'm going to eat luncheon with you," she said shyly. "Let's go out on the steps that lead up to the yard. It's shady there now, and very pleasant."

Mrs. Bronson looked at the carefully arranged tray; she looked at Marcia. Then suddenly she turned away and began vigorously washing a towel already clean. Marcia saw that she was crying. In a minute Marcia's arms were around her and Marcia was begging her not to cry, the tears rolling down her own cheeks.

They went out on the steps after a while and ate luncheon there; and Marcia heard all about Mrs. Bronson's two little girls, and how smart and good they were. That afternoon Marcia walked home with Mrs. Bronson, and saw them — shy, solemn-looking little maidens, superlatively clean. That night at dinner she hardly noticed Cameron's irritable outbursts, so absorbed was she in planning how she could make over her white swiss graduating-dress into a dress for Emmy.

She started the dress that very night. When it was done, she decided to make some aprons for the children, and to let them help her. They had great fun making the aprons; as they worked, Marcia told the children about Goldilocks, and the Frog Prince, and Faithful John, and the Three Little Men in the Wood. The children's adoring eyes, the touch of their warm little hands, their kisses,— the feeling that she was helping somebody else to bear her burdens, — brought a strange new peace. Cameron

was very busy; he came home late, left early; she saw little of him.

Then, one day, when she ran down to Mrs. Bronson's with some cookies which she and the little girls had made together,— childishly anxious to hear Mrs. Bronson's admiring comments,— she met Mr. Bronson on the front steps of his house. He had been drinking, she saw at once. He immediately began to abuse Cameron loudly. He had heard, he said, that Cameron had been doing some big talking that afternoon about getting a new janitor for the Morse School; let Cameron say this to *him* if he dared! There was no danger of Cameron's turning him off, the man declared — not if he took fifty holidays! He knew entirely too much about Cameron's carryings-on! He started to be more explicit, but Marcia turned and fled.

As she ran breathless up her own steps, Cameron opened the door.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

Marcia knew well that look, that tone!

"Down to Mrs. Bronson's," she said in a frightened voice.

"What were you doing there?" Cameron demanded harshly.

"I — I had an errand there," Marcia faltered.

"I want you to see to it that you don't have any more errands that take you into that neighborhood," Cameron warned sharply. "It's no fit place for you!"

Over Marcia's bewildered face there came a sudden change. There was a leap of color to her cheeks, an ominous light in her eyes. She faced Cameron boldly, all fear driven out for the moment by a surge of wrathful comprehension.

"No fit place for me? Why not?" she asked. "It's not a fashionable neighborhood, to be sure; the sidewalks need mending, and there are weeds everywhere, and empty tin cans, and chickens, and babies; but certainly these things aren't dangerous to my health and morals, any of them!" She looked at him expectantly.

Cameron's frown deepened. "I don't want you to go there again," he repeated.

The next night at dinner he said casually:

"Mrs. Birkhoff spoke to me to-day about a woman who needed work. I told her that we could use her for two days in the week. She will be here Thursday morning to wash."

"I don't care to make any change, when it comes to the washing," Marcia said stiffly, with an effort at self-control. "I'm perfectly satisfied with the way it's being done now."

Cameron pushed back his chair. "The matter is settled; you have nothing to say about it," he announced.

"But I do have something to say about it!" Marcia's eyes were angry. "I simply will not turn off Mrs. Bronson without a reason."

There was a malevolent look on Cameron's face as he answered.

"You don't have to turn her off," he said; "I'll attend to that." He got up and walked out, leaving Marcia white with wrath — in a humor to break, burn, beat, kill!

The next week was like other weeks that Marcia had almost forgotten of late. Cameron had never been more irritable, more unaccountable. Marcia's little room was no longer any comfort to her. Every time she went into it, she found herself listening nervously for Cameron's hand on the door-knob, Cameron's voice demanding admittance. Every time he went up-stairs her heart beat horribly; she found herself waiting in terror for the inevitable question about the locked door and what it meant.

One day Cameron announced that he was going to a neighboring town and would not be home to dinner; Marcia decided to walk that afternoon to a distant greenhouse after some geranium-slips for her garden. She got home rather late, to find the kitchen-table piled high with various things — lettuce, celery, steak, a melon, nuts, raisins. The next-door neighbor, who was taking down clothes in her yard, called out that Mr. Cameron had been home at about five, and had gone away again — that he was intending to bring home company to dinner. There had been a wreck south of the town, not a bad one, but enough to delay the east-bound express for six hours. Mr. Cameron had got to talking with a young mining engineer from the West, and had asked him to come to dinner and bring his whole party with him. There were four or five of them — one or two women, Mr. Cameron believed.

Marcia went running up-stairs to get from her little room some doilies that were there. Her first intimation of disaster was the sight of the door wide open. She leaned against the wall for a minute, trembling all over. Then she went in. In the middle of the room were stacked various sorts of photographic material — bottles, pans, boxes of plates, cameras. Over in a corner were her bed, her chairs, her dressing-table, the rugs that had been on the floor, heaped at random on each other — showing, thus taken from their places, what poor makeshifts they had been. Marcia stumbled down-stairs without getting the doilies, and mechanically set to work preparing dinner.

The fire in the cook-stove would not burn well; finally she hurried out into the yard and began to split up a wooden box there to use as kindling. As she was doing it, she saw two women and a man approaching.

"'I COULDN'T LEAVE IT HERE ALL ALONE,' SHE SAID"

"This is the house, I am sure," the man was saying. "A red house with lots of vines, Blakeslee said."

Marcia chopped away desperately.

One of the women hesitated, stopped.

"You go round to the front door," she said to her companions.

She herself walked in through the side-gate and over to Marcia. "Give me that hatchet, child, and let me do that," she ordered, with a laugh. "You show plain enough you're not used to choppin' kindlin'."

Marcia peered at the intruder through the gathering dusk. Then, suddenly, she began to weep loudly. She stifled the sound with both hands over her mouth.

The woman put her arms about the slender shaken figure. "What's the matter?" she asked gently. Then she gave a sudden scream. "Oh, my lamb!" she cried, and drew Marcia swiftly into the vine-covered wood-shed, out of sight and hearing of the house. There she took Marcia in her arms, and stood smoothing her hair and calling her the pet-names that Marcia had gone by when she was a little girl — for it was Josie.

When Marcia grew quiet, Josie pulled her with gentle insistence to a window through which a street-lamp cast a yellow light.

"I must look at you, dearie," she explained. "Your hair is almost as thick as ever, Marcia," she said, after a minute. She spoke in a rather strained voice, and her face had a sort of sick, hurt look. "You're a little pale; I guess you haven't been getting out of doors enough," she went on bravely. She lifted Marcia's hand. "Your wrist's no bigger than a baby's," she said slowly. She stood fondling her hand for a moment — a rough, stained little hand, with many cuts and burns on it; then, suddenly, she gave a groan, and put her arms about Marcia, and held her close against her, as though she meant never to let her go.

"They told me he was good to you," she exclaimed, "and that you were well and happy; and I believed it — I believed it! Oh, if I could only take you back to the ranch with me! You'd have nothing to do there from morning till night; you could lie in bed as late as you liked every morning, and I'd bring your breakfast up to you; and you could have a horse of your own to ride; and there is a piano there you could play on — nobody's ever touched it so far." She looked eagerly at Marcia. "Do you think he'd let you come, Marcia?"

Marcia shook her head despairingly.

"Not for a week, even?"

Marcia shook her head again.

There was a long silence. Then Josie said wildly: "I've a notion to carry you off! *My baby!*"

Marcia looked at her, waiting. There was a sudden flash of hope over Josie's agitated face.

"Will you come, Marcia? Will you come? Will you leave him, and come to your old Josie, who loves you — always has — always will! It won't be like going back home, dearie, with everybody talking, asking questions. Nobody will ask, out there, where you came from; nobody will care. Marcia, he don't want you, he don't need you — and I do! Oh, Marcia, you don't know how I need you! It's little use to have money, with nobody of your own to spend it on! Many's the time I've thought of the old days, and wished I was back working for your mother for three dollars a week — yes, indeed! — with you coming in every other minute to have your finger tied up, or to ask if I'd make you a little pie when I made the big ones, or some such nonsense! Marcia, if you'll come home with me, I'll be the happiest woman on earth! Say you will, dear! Say you'll come now — this very night, *Marcia!*"

Marcia looked down at her dress. "I must change my dress, mustn't I?" she asked.

Tears filled Josie's eyes and rolled down her cheeks — tears of relief. She wiped them away energetically. "No, dear, no! Come just that way — don't even get a hat!"

"Not even a hat?" Marcia stood considering. "There are some photographs that I want — that's all. I think I'll have to get them."

A few moments later she came hurrying down the back steps of the house, somewhat out of breath. She had some loose photographs in one hand, and in the other a queer, clumsy bundle from which came an inquiring twitter.

"I couldn't leave it here all alone," she said rather apologetically, as Josie's tall figure advanced to meet her.

"Of course not!" Josie answered. She wrapped her own long cloak about Marcia and fastened her own hat on Marcia's head. Then she took possession of the large, unwieldy bundle, and they set off together.

In the kitchen, the smoldering fire blazed up at last; the kettle on the stove hummed cheerfully, the potatoes in the oven sent out a pleasant fragrance. It reached the front porch, where Cameron and his guests sat talking. Through the half-open door they could see the dining-room table, gay with green lettuce and scarlet tomatoes and jellies amber and garnet. No one noticed that there was no sound of voice or footstep in the house, nor that a little bird, which had been chirping softly in the bow-window of the dining-room, was singing there no longer.

ONE MAN AND HIS TOWN

BY

MARION HAMILTON CARTER

AUTHOR OF "THE PARENT"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A MILE from the town of Bangor, in the Pennsylvania mountains, not far from the famous Wind Gap and but a few miles from the still more famous Water Gap, in a region of slate-quarries and rich, productive farms,—the Moravian country,—lives an Italian priest in a real Italian town. The priest is the Reverend Pasquale de Nisco, and his town is Roseto, named after Roseto in the Italian province of Foggia, from which most of the early settlers came.

It is a prosperous, lively little town, with dwelling-houses of good American clapboards and pale pressed brick, and with stores along its main street — groceries, markets, dry-goods and millinery stores; a druggist's shop, a hotel, a "Banca Italiana," a factory; a church on top of a hill, with a mast-high flagpole and an American flag that marks out the spot for one miles away; and gardens and gardens, and then more gardens, all with grape-arbors; and, when apparently one has come to the end of everything, a few more gardens tucked under a hillside. It is the garden aspect that first takes hold of one's imagination when one comes to Roseto.

Of this town, which contains to-day more than two thousand inhabitants, Father de Nisco is "the *de facto* mayor, building inspector, health department, and arbiter of all questions relating to social conditions or business undertakings." He is also the chief of the police force, the president of the labor-union, the founder of most of the clubs,— social, literary, musical, theatrical, benevolent,— and the organizer of the famous brass band, pride of

Roseto and envy of the surrounding country, and of the baseball nine, whose husky youths affectionately declare that he can umpire a game better than any one else.

But, in order to understand how Father de Nisco and his town have come to stand in their unique relation, one must look back to the "once on a time" of Roseto and the poor quarrymen who settled it.

The land on which the town stands was originally sold for its lumber. The sawmill left it a rubbish-covered waste of briers, stumps, and stones, blear with desolation — and cheap. That was what attracted the Italian quarry-workers of Bangor. Land could be bought there for a song, or it could be squatted on without that formality; and so long as the "dagoes" gave Bangor a wide berth, nobody cared where they put up their miserable shanties.

Lorenzo Falcone — now called "King of Roseto" — was the first to buy. He put up a shed. Fourteen people slept in that shed, and the town was started. Like himself, they were poor quarry-workers, most of them hoarding every cent to bring their wives and children over from Italy; a few were young Sicilians, who made things lively with the knife when the day's work was over. But even crimes of violence will not prevent settlement where land can be had without asking, so sheds and shanties were soon straggling about in the underbrush from one brier-patch to the next, and Roseto became part o. the landscape before any one realized it was there at all. Only, it wasn't Roseto in those days. Bangor called it "Eye-talian Town." Easton, where the county court sat, called it "that place up there back of Bangor." For the Italians were living up to their reputation and making recorded history, and were doing it so thoroughly that for years a large part of the court proceedings was carried on through an interpreter.

Still, the poor little town grew and flourished, after its own fashion. In spite of lawlessness, there was community of language and religion, and a great deal of blood kinship dating back to the Italian Roseto. Able-bodied peasant women soon added color to the scene and incentive to the work and the frays; babies, tottering over the door-yard refuse-heaps, added more color and life; and shanties began to be homes when washing flapped from the clothes-lines. Paths were widened to lanes, lots were fenced in, and many who had not dreamed of buying when they built hastened to secure the land on which their shacks stood. There were no stores, for the quarry-workers were compelled to trade at the company stores; no factories, no shops; there was no druggist or doctor nearer than Bangor; no anything, in fact, but their waste land and their shacks — not even a church.

But Italians are religious by nature, and the poor squatters were finding their way down the hill to Bangor and occupying rear pews in the various churches while waiting for the time when they might have a Catholic church of their own. They particularly patronized the Presbyterian church, partly because it was near, partly because it was badly in need of repair in those days and seemed suited to their own estate. They soon attracted attention there, and in 1893 the Lehigh Presbytery decided to erect a mission church for them in their own settlement.

Now, it is about as easy to convert a bred-in-the-bone Italian Catholic to Presbyterianism as it is to convert a Presbyterian to Mormonism or induce him to burn incense to a Chinese joss; nevertheless, a Presbyterian church was built in the midst of the little community, at a cost of fourteen hundred dollars; a pastor was installed; and a small congregation of sixty-five persons gathered. The pastor presently left and another took his place. The pulpit became vacant, was refilled, became vacant again, and so it went on. Conversions were proceeding at the rate of four a year, but the lawlessness of the town continued; so did the stabbing affairs for which the inhabitants were now famous in the county court; so did the poverty and dirt. The Lehigh Presbytery finally admitted that its experiment was not altogether a success. Bangor said that Roseto ought to be wiped off the face of the map — for Bangor was coming to a sense of the seriousness of the situation. Fifty or sixty Italians scattered within her limits had been bad enough; two or three hundred, now including quarrymen from Pen Argyl, South Bangor, Wind Gap, and Flicksville, segregated in a ramshackle village a mile away, ready to break out at any time with an epidemic of typhoid or the long knife, were a menace to the health and the peace of the community. Those were the days when Bangor mothers used to warn unruly children by saying, "If you don't mind, the Eyetalians'll get you and carry you off."

Meanwhile a small Catholic church had been built, which struggled along and made shift to live for a few years and then went into the sheriff's hands.

Such was the situation, such the town, — nameless, lawless, filthy, poverty-pinched, — when Father de Nisco was appointed parish priest in 1897. He immediately bought in the church and the surrounding land on the hilltop, and began a comprehensive scheme of public improvement. Twenty-eight lots in front of

the church were reserved for a park, or "plaza" (the plaza is still in a rather primitive condition); other lots were set apart for the parochial school that is to come in the future; others back of the church were fenced in for a cemetery. The cemetery had been a rubbishy brier-patch, open to the road, where only the poorest Rosetans had been laid. The inhabitants said they did not care to be buried with dead cats and have their graves rooted up by the pigs. But, once fenced, it had in it the making of a beautiful park. No one in Roseto except Father de Nisco saw this, and he saw it through the pick and the shovel. Taking those implements into his own hands, he went into the brier-patch, and one day Bangor discovered that there was a park back of the Catholic church on Brown's Hill — a park

FATHER DE NISCO

The temporal and spiritual ruler of Roseto. Father de Nisco came to Roseto as a parish priest in 1897, and in ten years practically built a town out of a rubbish-heap. He is the *de facto* mayor, building inspector, and health department, the chief of police, the president of the labor-union, and the arbiter of all questions relating to social conditions and business enterprises.

which was half lawn, while the other half was laid out in plots with crosses and stone monuments. There were flowers everywhere, and rows of healthy young Lombardy poplars pricking the blue above.

The idea of the priest with the hoe was new, but one may imagine how it took with the simple-hearted, hard-working quarrymen. "*He* made-a da gard'n for da peopl'," one man explained to me, with an eloquent gesture; and with gestures even more expressive, a wave in the direction of his home and a closing of his hands on an imaginary pick-handle, "I, me *myself*, made-a da gard'n — me *myself* — yes!" And when Father de Nisco gave away seeds and bulbs, offering prizes — five, three, and two dollars — for the best flowers, gardening became the fashion, the rage almost, and men who drilled at huge, cold masses of slate-rock all day long were soon spending the rest of the daylight hours emulating their priest. But to the women belongs most of the credit of making Roseto the garden-spot that it is. While their men were away at the quarries, they cleared lot after lot with ax and pick, carrying off on their heads stones that would have crushed American women, spading the hard soil, and planting onions, beans, potatoes, and melons — enough to supply them for the summer and part of the winter. Every foot of land is now utilized, and you may see patches the size of a bath-mat set with neat rows of radishes or polka-dotted with lettuce. Fruit-trees followed, and the grape-arbors. To-day almost every house in Roseto, even the temporary shack, has its arbor, and sometimes the arbor covers more ground than the house.

I asked Father de Nisco where he had broken in for betterment,— what was the very first thing he had tried to accomplish,— and he answered, "*Everything!* I tried to improve all their conditions — homes, labor, the church, social conditions — everything. . . . I tried to start it all growing at once," he added, "for I knew it would be slow, slow."

But the first thing Bangor noticed — this was before it had noticed his flower-garden — was the stand he took on "Sicilianism." Ordinarily it is considered impossible to separate the Italian and his long knife, but this is what Father de Nisco undertook to do. He began his campaign in the pulpit, and carried it into the homes; later, he followed it to the court. He advised, he pleaded, he commanded, he argued the case in all its bearings: his people were amenable to the laws of the country; minor difficulties could be brought to him, the others taken to the civil court. He warned them that the next stabbing would be followed by exemplary punishment.

He did not have long to wait for his case.

THE ROSETO CEMETERY

With his own hands, Father de Nisco fenced in the land, planted it with Lombardy poplars, and transformed it from a brier-patch into a park

THE BANGOR SLATE-QUARRIES

The Italians of Roseto worked in these quarries in ten-hour shifts, at about eight cents an hour, until Father de Nisco organized a strike and compelled the company to raise their wages to a dollar and a half for a nine-hour day

The two principals in a knife affair were arrested — and smiled: Father de Nisco would "get them off, all right, all right." Father de Nisco smiled, too, when they sent for him. It was their turn, now, to do the pleading, the arguing, the urging, but they smiled and hoped till the eleventh hour. When they got nine years apiece in the penitentiary, they understood that their priest had meant what he said.

That "example" ended "Sicilianism." Roseto had discovered that the priest with the hoe was bigger than the man with the knife. "Oh, they still carry their knives," a man in Bangor told me, "but they find it a lot safer to use them to cut cheese with — while *he's* 'round, anyway." The two hundred genuine Sicilians now in Roseto are among its best citizens. There are three Italian policemen, but there is no lawlessness, no Maffia, no Black Hand — because of that other hand that is guiding the community.

As another illustration, Father de Nisco told me of how an article in a Philadelphia paper had attracted some undesirable citizens to Roseto. He maintained a quiet, coercive course toward petty lawlessness, with the intention of making the undesirables reform or leave. "But when one of those men wanted to start a bad house here, then, I tell you, *I — keecked — like — the— dev-il !*"

I suggested that such was not the devil's usual policy, under the circumstances, and he threw back his head in a ringing laugh. "That is a good one! But when *I* keecked like the devil, that bad man left for once and all. *He went to the jail.*"

The man had exhibited and given to young men and women lewd drawings made by himself. Father de Nisco collected these, had him arrested, and Judge Scott sentenced him to two years' imprisonment.

And — here is the interesting economic point — when Sicilianism went down, everything else went up! Land went up, houses went up, industry went up. Roseto seemed to awake to civic consciousness. Father de Nisco, at work on his "everything," preaching cleanliness as part of godliness, often personally superin-

tending the removal of rubbish-heaps, and urging the people to improve their wretched shanties, now had an unanswerable argument: "You are law-abiding, self-respecting American citizens; build comfortable, substantial American homes fit for American citizens."

Lorenzo Falcone, the "King," had built the first shack, and all these years he had been enough to buy in the early days made little fortunes; but for the rest the average capital to begin with was four hundred dollars. The Bangor banks or the loan associations lent the rest on Father de Nisco's recommendation, allowing ten years in which to pay up. Usually it was less than a thousand dollars, but it was often more where the case warranted it —

THE CIGAR FACTORY

Originally the quarry-workers were compelled to trade at company stores for all their supplies. This abuse has been abolished and the town now supports its own stores and factories.

ceaselessly working in the quarry, ceaselessly saving, nickel on nickel, dollar on dollar. The quarry had injured his back, but he worked. The quarry had broken his ribs; still he worked. Not till it had broken his leg did he give up. That was at the end of twenty-five years, and then he said he "thought it time to retire while he had a few bones left." Incidentally, Falcone had been the father of nine children, six of whom came to maturity. It was fitting, then, that Falcone should build the first American house. Finished in neat clapboards and attached to the shack of the first day, towering above it in a blaze of fresh paint, it looked like a palace. Roseto went wild between envy and ambition, and suddenly took thought that if Falcone could do it others could do it. And they did it.

It meant four or five years of saving to get money enough to start an American house — buy a lot and lay the foundation; though the owner himself generally dug his cellar and laid the foundation after his day's work at the quarry. Land values were doubling nearly every two years,— lots that had sold for thirty or forty dollars were soon commanding two and three hundred,— and those who had been wise where Father de Nisco felt that the man was "good" for a larger amount.

Some years later, by the way, Falcone built a third house — an edifice with stained glass in the windows. All the town went in for stained glass! Then another man outdid him with a porcelain-lined tub in his house: the whole town is now saving for porcelain-lined baths. As to the furnishings, they may be left to the imagination; they are worthy of the houses. Father de Nisco took me into many of the dwellings, each more comfortable than the last. In one, a gay-kerchiefed woman hurried me into her parlor, with its plush furniture, lace curtains, and crayon portraits, and snapped on three electric lights — red, white, and blue! She could not speak English, but she knew what *they* meant.

And yet, during all those early years, even after Father de Nisco had his work well under way, the people were miserably poor, and, in spite of their incredible industry and frugality, they were unable to get ahead. Some idea of the economies they still practise is suggested by the fact that they buy their flour in cotton sacks,— they won't take it in paper,— and

when the sacks are empty they wash them and save them until they have six; then they *sew them into a sheet*. The men in the quarries, who, the greater part of the year, walk miles before daybreak to their work, were earning only about eighty cents a day, and were at the same time compelled to trade at the company stores between pay-days *three months apart*, he posted off to Philadelphia, got Archbishop Ryan to bring about his introduction to the president of the company, and laid the case before him.

"Look at this book — and this — and this!" he cried, showing the accounts in black and white. "These poor, hard-working men, with four, five, six little children and the wife to sup-

THE "BANCA ITALIANA"

Starting from waste land and a few shacks, Roseto in ten years has become a town of more than 2,000 inhabitants, with an assessment of $175,000

with the usual result: at pay-day there was little or nothing coming to them.

Father de Nisco saw that he must take the matter up. He began this campaign with moral suasion. Going to the different quarry superintendents, he laid the men's case before them, gently pointing out that to force their workers to trade at the company stores was illegal; that the men should be given their money in envelops and allowed to trade where they pleased; that pay-day ought to come round at least once a month.

Several agreed to "look into the matter and see what could be done"; but the superintendent of the works employing the greater number of Rosetans replied to him thus: "You needn't come here, you damned old priest, trying to run these works — not while I'm here, anyway."

"John," said Father de Nisco, even more gently than before, "I'm sorry to hear you speak that way; I think you'll regret it."

"You go!" shouted John. And Father de Nisco went — and executed the first coup of the campaign.

Collecting a number of the men's pass-books, port! Look at this. This man has worked for three months, every day and all day, and there is just *two cents* coming to him — two cents to take home to the wife and six little children." (This was at the eighty-cent wage.)

The astonished president could only assure him that there had been some mistake. "Why, we pay our men a dollar, a dollar ten, a dollar and a quarter a day; we pay all that anybody pays."

"Then *who* gets the difference?" asked Father de Nisco, knowing that the superintendent was pocketing it — which investigation revealed to a much more astonished president!

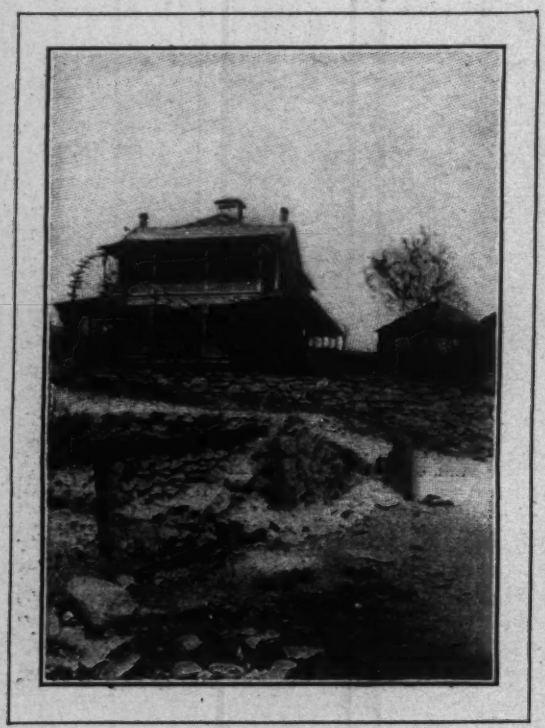
"And John felt sorry," remarked Father de Nisco meditatively. "He got fired."

But moral suasion failed, on the whole: failed to increase wages; failed to lessen the ten hours of work. Ten hours was a terrible shift, even for Italians, who "can work anywhere, work at anything, and live." For the quarries are huge, yawning pits from one to two hundred feet deep, with sheer walls from ledge to ledge, shelterless and rain-soaked, with masses of treacherous sliding slate wherever a

foot may be placed. So, failing here, Father de Nisco executed his second coup — organized a labor-union, with himself as president, and called the whole town out on strike. A priest shut down the works!

The owners sat back, smiling, and waited for new men to apply. None came. They waited some time longer, without smiling, for their losses were piling up. Then they, in their turn, executed a coup: they imported a hundred Simon-pure, all-wool, dyed-in-the-piece Southern negroes as strike-breakers.

"And those neegars came," said Father de Nisco, "and they climbed that hill, and they looked down that hole, and they thought of their *bones* — and they skeeped as fast as they could skeep!"



THE LIQUOR-STORE

The wholesale liquor license was issued on the recommendation of Father de Nisco himself, who believed in giving his people the light wines to which they were accustomed

But if the owners' case was serious, think of the men! The pinch of their desperate necessity took them, and they planned to break ranks, creeping away in the dawn to the quarries and begging to be taken back. Everything hung on their holding out — on their standing together to the end. And their money was gone.

Then came the real crisis for the priest. And he met it — let me tell it in his own words:

"I borrowed three hundred dollars, planted myself early in the road leading to the works, with my pockets bulging with three hundred dollar-bills. I stopped every strike-breaker, saying, 'Where are you going?'

"'Oh, father — please — I cannot be idle! Please — I have got so many little children, and nothing to eat in the house,' answered the first man.

"'How much do you get?'

"'Sixty cents.'

"'There is a dollar for you — and get back home as fast as your legs can carry you.'"

Day after day he stood there in the road — their priest and their union's president — and sent his men back to the ranks, till the bosses gave in. The union won. The men went back to the quarries to work nine hours for a living wage — a dollar and a half a day. And that dollar and a half was the beginning of Roseto's prosperity, the foundation of Roseto's wealth.

Once again the priest shut down the works — when smallpox broke out in Roseto. Knowing that the quarry-workers would spread the disease to all the surrounding villages, Bangor, Flicksville, Pen Argyl, and Wind Gap, he urged that every one be vaccinated immediately and that the men give up work till the danger was over. He appealed in vain. So he himself warned the owners to close the quarries, then had the town quarantined. There were five cases and three deaths. The excitement was intense. During the height of it, some one shouted out in the crowded street, "It wasn't smallpox at all — only a bluff of the priest's to make us lose our wages!" In the riot that followed, Father de Nisco barely escaped with his life.

Father de Nisco visits the quarries frequently to see how the men are getting on, stopping for a friendly chat with one or another of them; but more often he is seen hastening there to administer the last rites of the church to some poor fellow whose foot has slipped on one of the treacherous ledges.

Another serious problem was now confronting him — what to do for the girls who must be wage-earners. Most of them went into Bangor and worked in the shirt factory; but the storms and blizzards made the trip a greater hardship than young girls should be exposed to. Besides that, it was the priest's policy to keep all the interests of his people centered in their town and their church. He therefore appealed to the wealthier residents, and among them they organized a stock company, with shares at ten dollars each, and built a shirt factory right in the heart of Roseto — a large, airy place with plenty of windows and plenty of room. The superintendent is a Jew — the only Jew in Roseto.

When I visited it, it seemed more like a girls' club than a factory. Everything is done by piece-work, and the girls may come and go as they please, or stop to chat among themselves whenever they feel inclined. The machines are all run by power; nevertheless, when one pretty girl, a daughter of the "King," told me she got three cents a dozen for sewing in sleeves, I experienced a shock — till I saw her do five shirts in five minutes, and learned that she made from six to eight dollars a week at it — which was all she needed in Roseto — "and didn't get a bit tired." A married sister sat next her at the long table, putting on collars with lightning rapidity; and another sister was doing cuffs. The "King" came in presently, bringing his daughter's two-months-old baby, to be nursed; and, as its father had accompanied me from the rectory to show me round, there was a family gathering in the corner, and they all talked at me at once while young Lorenzo had lunch.

Seventy dozen shirts a day the factory was turning out,— they come from New York ready cut,— but the forewoman complained that seventy dozen was not nearly what they ought to do with their plant; they were short-handed all the time because the girls *would* go and get married so fast! But, even if they do, the shirt factory remains a stand-by in case of hard times; and if a young bride finds it lonesome while her husband is away at the quarries — and a good many of them do — she goes back to the factory for a little social relaxation.

It seemed to me that all the girls there had very sweet and gentle manners, and, though they were a lively crowd when they were all together, I saw none who could be called vulgar or bold. The factory-girl whose walk in life did not correspond to Father de Nisco's ideas would walk out in short order. And those ideas are such that there is another thing you may look for in vain in Roseto — young couples parading the streets after dark. When a young fellow likes a girl, he must ask permission of her parents to pay court to her; if they consent, he calls regularly and makes himself agreeable to the entire family — or, if he doesn't, that ends it!

Father de Nisco believes in early marriages. Hardly a Sunday passes that a young couple does not "stand up" after mass, and there are sometimes as many as four at once. One and a half marriages a week is the accurate statistical average, so the course of true love appears to be different from what it is in other communities of the same size. And there are no divorces. Even if the church permitted them, the people are so busy meeting their difficulties that they have little time to think of their differences. One may guess it from the fact that the priest is baptizing the rising generation at the rate of two a week.

Another thing for which one may look in vain is a drunken man; not that Roseto is a "soft-drink town," by any means. The wholesale liquor license was issued on the recommendation of Father de Nisco himself, who thought it better that his people should have the light wines and beer to which they were accustomed, and have them with their own families "under their own vine and fig-tree," than that those

"'SAY, SAY! HOW MUCH YOU CHARGE-A TAKE-A DA PIC'? YOU TAKE-A MY PIC' FOR ONE CENT?'"

who wanted a drink should wander off to Bangor — and not come home till morning.

Donatelli holds the liquor license, and Donatelli is the blacksmith of the Bangor quarry and "the-e lead'r of the-e band." He never let me forget that — added it whenever I mentioned either shop or forge: it was the eclipsing honor. After Donatelli had shown me the factory, he accompanied me by the "short cut" to Bangor when I came away. He told me all about "the-e band," and how he brought his wife to New York every winter while grand opera was on, and he walked along the railroad track regaling me with his plans for the future of his little American son, who is to "go to the-e

college and be the-e lead'r of the-e band — some day"; and betweenwhiles he sang me long passages from "Cavalleria Rusticana." His one regret at parting appeared to be that I had not seen him in his glory as "the-e lead'r of the-e band" on their great day — the festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

For on that day Roseto entertains the world and his wife and all their children: ice-cream by the gallon to be had for the asking; pink lemonade in endless flow; every one in his best and at his best — the little girls in white, the brass band in gold-trimmed blue; fireworks and more ice-cream and band in the evening. And the glory of that day lasts one whole year.

And now, do you wonder that the church has had to be enlarged four times since Father de Nisco came, and still can't seat its congregation?

But his Sunday-school — his "four hundred" — is his greatest pride and hope. I visited it in May. I walked up from Bangor nearly two hours early, meaning to go about and take some snap-shots; yet already the plaza was swarming with boys of all ages, and in all stages of base-ball, waiting for Sunday-school. Twenty or thirty girls had gathered on the church steps, and all along the streets I met young men and little tots hurrying churchward, not to be late. One small person, spying the camera, piped at me, "Say, say! How much you charge-a take-a da pic'? You take-a my pic' for one cent?" I "took-a da pic'" on the spot, and was nearly mobbed by boys trying to get in "da pic'" afterward.

Long before service the women and girls were in their places, rows of young mothers in the rear pews with their babies. A bell called the boys from their base-ball, and the church was filled. One little tot came in trying to get his bat down his trousers-leg and up his sleeve at the same time. After catechism the children were let out for recess in the plaza and the cemetery. Recess is often an hour and a half long in summer. The priest's flowers were coming to bloom and the place was bright. He warned the children to keep on — not off! — the grass, "But if you pick any of my flowers that are for all to look at and enjoy, I shall be *mad!*" and he followed as they trooped out, carrying with him a couple of balls, which he threw for the littlest ones to catch, besieged at every step by scores begging him to throw for them. Nearly three hundred played on the grass, but not a flower was touched. Father de Nisco disappeared presently. I found him out on the plaza umpiring a base-ball match for the ten-year-olds. But he was soon dragged off by a dozen brawny men who wished to discuss a town matter; then by a mother whose baby was teething — she positively *must* see him about that.

It was the same when he was showing me the town. Everywhere children shouted, "Hello, hello!" and ran to him; and he answered, "Hello, Tony — Pasquale — Laura," when he could remember their names; when he couldn't, he said, "Hello, dear." Kerchiefed women darted at him out of doorways: Pasquale had been naughty — Tony would not weed the garden; please speak to them. The young people ran over the rectory and rummaged his stores of seeds and bulbs, even his papers and books, as though the whole place belonged to them.

But, in spite of the order and the prosperity that seemed firmly established in Roseto, the priest was sometimes called to face unlooked-for issues that threatened to sweep away his work. An instance of this was the political crisis through which the town passed some two years ago.

Though its population numbered in 1905 nearly two thousand souls, Roseto had but ninety-six genuine, imported voters. Hundreds more were ripening on the stem, dangling from the public-school tree, not ready to pluck. Yet Roseto — one little town which, with Bangor and others, made up Washington township — Roseto with her ninety-six voters held the balance of political power, and Roseto could elect any ticket in Washington township.

And it is to be borne in mind, too, that Roseto was not incorporated; that she was taxed outrageously for what she got. Her schools, with over two hundred children, had the poorest teachers in the township; her streets were not lighted; and roads and streets were in a shameful condition, often impassable to man or beast.

It was on the road question that Roseto discovered herself politically. One morning the town waked up to find itself covered over with placards — the handiwork of Father de Nisco:

IF OUR ROADS ARE ABOMINABLE IT IS NOT OUR FAULT

WE PAY OUR TAXES

The people saw and wondered. The road supervisor saw and pondered. Now, the road supervisor had just been elected "by accident"; but his second election, coming round in a year, he meant should be by intention. Roseto, with her ninety-six voters, could do it. And Roseto did do it. Roseto got a road — of a sort. To be sure, it wasn't the macadamized boulevard of the people's dreams, but then, it

THE FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

The town of Roseto, headed by the brass band, on its way to Sunday-school

wasn't a buffalo wallow; that was something. Father de Nisco packed up his signs, and Roseto talked politics in vivid Italian; Roseto had seen and Roseto had understood: if ninety-six voters could vote a road in the place of a buffalo wallow, an incorporated town could vote a trolley for that road, electric lights at the street-corners, a fire department, police department, a board of health, fat jobs for the voters and fat jobs for their friends and a parlor-organ in every kitchen to go with the job — if they wanted it. As they already had the brass band, they needed only ninety-six political places for the ninety-six voters to be a truly American town. So Roseto went wild with enthusiasm and prepared to incorporate.

But Father de Nisco remained cold — he "knew a little too much about the candidates for the new political offices." He had prepared most of the ninety-six in his class in American citizenship, which he holds for three months twice each year, teaching English, expounding the Constitution and such laws as he thinks his people ought to understand. But the priest's hope lay less with the ninety-six voters — though he had recommended most of them for naturalization — than with the hundreds more of the rising generation, born and reared under American institutions. Father de Nisco said, "Wait," but Roseto was not to be stayed — remembering the road they had got for the voting. The voters repaired to Easton and asked for a charter. Father de Nisco went with them, accompanied by his attorney.

The first of the incorporators — an ex-barber, and a man slated for burgess in the new town — went on the stand. His record was investigated: so many years, Roseto; before that, New York; before that, Italy — all very clear and respectable.

Then Father de Nisco's attorney arose. "But after you left New York did you not spend three years in Sing Sing?"

"Not three years — not *three;* only *two;* the other was in Elmira," stammered the intending burgess.

Thus it went down the list — prison terms for almost everything under the sun (twenty-one years for manslaughter in one case). And these were the candidates for office in the borough that it was proposed to incorporate!

Judge Scott suddenly turned to Father de Nisco and asked: "Do *you* wish this town incorporated?"

"Your Honor, I am opposed to it in our present condition," began Father de Nisco, and in a straightforward speech he showed that the people were not ready for American municipal responsibilities; that there were not enough competent men among the ninety-six voters to

carry the offices; and that those then offering themselves had literally promised to vote for improvements that would throw the town into bankruptcy within six months.

When he sat down there was "nothing doing" in charters before Judge Scott; nor has there ever been anything since. With one hundred and fifty voters, Father de Nisco is still waiting for the rising generation.

Perhaps the hardest blow the priest ever had to meet came to him from his own church. Incidentally it brought out the character of the man. Archbishop Ryan sent for Father de Nisco and offered him one of Philadelphia's finest churches — a rectory with every comfort, a position with every honor, and a long-needed rest from the incessant labors that were breaking his health. The archbishop painted a glowing picture. The priest waited till he had finished, and said: "You are my superior and I must obey if you command. But before you say the irrevocable word I have one favor to ask. I may not have many years to live; let me spend those years in Roseto, working for my people."

"As you say in your America," he explained to me, in his quaint, careful English, "I want to die weeth my boots on."

I understood. It was the man ready to die in his boots who had tried himself against lawlessness, poverty, confusion, and plague, against close-fisted quarry-owners and corrupt politics, and had won.

And yet, as he showed me the actual, every-day Roseto, I kept asking, "How did you do it? How did they do it?"— for Roseto is assessed to-day at $175,000 for its three hundred and fifty houses, stores, clubs, and gardens; and $175,000 is a pretty large increase in ten years from nothing in particular, when one considers that there are no gold-mines lying round loose; no land booms to set things humming; no fat fields to draw from; no summer resort within twenty miles; no inflated values of any kind. The town does not even own the quarries its men have worked so many years with such profit to the owners.

To get an idea of the thing these people and their priest have accomplished *just by living in their town*, one must remember that the heads of families are earning now, in the day of their prosperity, only about four hundred dollars a year, with no other resources than their tiny gardens, their ceaseless industry, the strength of their two hands, and the courage of their hearts; to see the true perspective, one must picture to himself the subway-digger of New York or the poor shanty-"dago" of the railroad tracks. *Then* it comes home to one what this man has done for his town. For he took just these people, and took them just as they were, right in their natural human interests and industries, and out of those developed their prosperity. He did the great thing first, without which the day-laborer is cousin to the tramp — planted them on their own soil and cellars. Work was the key-note, even of religion: he made them show their faith in their church by their homes. There was never any attempt to graft on these people ideas of "higher education" and "culture" which they couldn't live up to in their struggle for existence; which would drive them to the cities on the free-lecture hunt, or in search of "outlets for unappreciated talent." All the talent Roseto has to spare from its day's work finds appreciation in Roseto.

Yet Father de Nisco is not a man who impresses you as having any unusual force — as a strong executive, a brilliant strategist, a resourceful organizer, or even as a great leader. Rather, he is the man with the happy combination of balanced powers in whom are no contradictions to reduce to consistency: clear-sighted and faithful, sympathetic and severe, earnest and gay, with an immense foundation, under all, of resolute conscientiousness. The ironed-out look of his photographs is one his people seldom see; for his face is full of expression, ready to be stern or to smile at a second's notice.

Although below medium height and not of commanding presence, he makes himself instantly felt wherever he goes — in the crowded, buzzing Sunday-school, the social gatherings, or in the emergencies where the unobtrusive man takes the burden, with life and death in the balance. He is a man absolutely devoid of pretenses — Lincoln is one of his ideals — a man who might have walked in the wood with Emerson. And it was lines of Emerson's that came oftenest to me as I talked with him:

> Nor knowest thou what argument
> Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.

THE COMMODORE

A STORY FOR GROWN-UPS

BY

ANNA E. FINN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THE Commodore regarded the situation meditatively. In reality, the situation reduced itself to this — how best to obtain that lemon-pie. It stood on the shelf of the safe, in all its white-and-yellow glory, with the finely scalloped edges that only Juno's practised hand could create. He could see it plainly through the pantry window, but the pantry window was some feet above his head and the pantry door was locked.

His eyes measured critically, for the eleventh time, the distance from the ground, and with a sigh he acknowledged to himself that, unless he could find aid, the situation was as hopeless as though he should attempt to scale the walls of Troy about which his father had read to him on winter evenings. As if reluctant to leave the cherished object of their affections, his eyes came back to a little girl near by, playing under the trees. There really wasn't much to be seen except a spot of white dimity, a pair of sunburnt arms that came from beneath the short puff sleeves, and a pink sunbonnet that completely hid the face.

Dear was keeping house. It came to the Commodore that Dear was the solution, but the matter was a delicate one and needed careful handling. He approached within the shade of the big magnolia-tree which served Dear as shelter and play-house in one, and watched her as she carefully patted and baked her dirt-pies. In front of her, leaning rigidly against the trunk of the great tree, sat a weather-beaten-looking doll with a bit of fresh ribbon arranged to the best possible advantage in her one strand of yellow hair. Dear was talking as she worked.

"Of course, Maria Emma," she was saying, with the tender cadence in her voice with which she invariably addressed this mute companion, "these cakes won't be quite as good as Cook's, 'cause she has butter an' ginger an' things; but I have some real sugar to sprinkle over them when they're done, an' I cer-tain-ly hope you'll enjoy them, for I've been very careful in the baking, and Cook says if the stove isn't right there's no use mixing the dough — it's wasteful."

Dear rose and pushed back the pink bonnet. Becoming suddenly conscious of the Commodore's presence, she turned and faced him with a look of joyful surprise.

"I cer-tain-ly am glad to see you," she said, with a quaint hospitality. "You've come just in time for the cakes — with real sugar," she added in haste, seeing him glance indifferently at the cherished row in the sun.

"Yes," said the Commodore, thinking of the lemon-pie.

Dear was agitated. It was seldom the Commodore even vaguely acquiesced. She lifted Maria Emma up tenderly but hastily. Was the Commodore really going to play house with her at last? Not that Maria Emma wasn't good company; not that Maria Emma didn't fill every want; but Maria Emma by nature was silent, and it was nice now and then to play when the conversation wasn't all one-sided. It was a queer navy-yard, anyway, Dear had often thought, where all the children except herself and the Commodore were either in go-carts or grown up, with no in-betweens.

"You can sit right here," she said, motioning to the seat under the tree which Maria Emma had been forced to vacate. Dear's voice was trembling with eagerness now. "The cookies were just done, an' see what I have here!" She spread out on a magnolia-leaf in front of him a small piece of bread and

butter, three raisins, and a mango. The Commodore eyed the array thoughtfully. He noticed that there was only one mango, and he remembered that Dear was especially fond of mangos.

"I think I would rather have — lemon-pie," he said politely.

"I'm sorry," said Dear in a troubled voice. "Cook — Cook didn't give me any. There isn't any lemon-pie."

"Yes, there is," replied the Commodore triumphantly. "Just look there through the pantry window."

Dear looked as directed, and the Commodore watched her face narrowly. Her sober violet eyes came back from regarding the sweet to the Commodore.

"That's for my father's dinner," she said gravely.

"It's a pretty big pie, even if your father *is* Captain of the yard," observed the Commodore meditatively.

Dear smoothed Maria Emma's one lock tenderly.

"My father is a pretty big man," she returned, a little proudly.

"I'm very fond of lemon-pie," remarked the Commodore, presently.

Dear looked at him, a queer expression in her eyes.

"I'll — I'll play house with you," he said, leaning down and carefully regarding a hole he had dug with a stick, "if — if you'll get me a piece of lemon-pie."

"But it's the onliest one we have — and it's for my father's dinner."

"I'll play house with you," he said again, and his tone was of one conferring a great favor, "if you'll help me move that box and — and — and — I'll hold it steady ——

"I'll — I'll play we're married, and I'll sit here and read the paper and smoke and let you cook for me," went on the voice of the tempter.

It was an awful moment for Dear.

"I'll take you to the dry-dock this afternoon when Reilly shows me how to tie that reef-knot."

The Commodore, watching Dear closely, saw unmistakable signs of wavering. Reilly, the cockswain of the launch, was a name to conjure with. He was the Commodore's most intimate friend in the navy-yard; he was the Commodore's counselor in all matters nautical, his confidant in all serious perplexities. Unknown to Reilly, he was Dear's one rival.

"Would — would you let me take Maria Emma along?" asked Dear in a faint voice.

"Yes," said the Commodore heroically.

Dear laid Maria Emma down carefully. To what depths of iniquity will not maternal pride and love descend? Then she removed her sunbonnet and walked slowly toward the box.

"I'll help you," she said.

Dear emerged presently, and, stooping, carefully handed the pie to the waiting Commodore.

"I'm sorry," she said a little timidly, "but I broke one of the frills off. It doesn't matter much — does it?"

"No, indeed," returned the Commodore graciously. Then he broke the pie and offered the first piece to Dear. "You're a whole pile better than most girls. If you were a fellow, I'd say you were a brick."

A faint flush of pleasure crept into Dear's pale little face, and she picked up Maria Emma and gave her a rapturous squeeze, but she did not touch the pie. Then she gave a little cry, and Maria Emma fell from her arms. Coming up the walk, and looking straight at her and smiling, was the Captain.

The Commodore glanced up, surprised, at Dear and followed her look. His face beneath the tan turned, if possible, whiter than Dear's, and in that moment the full enormity of his offense broke on him. He, the Commodore, the son of the Captain's *particular* friend, the chum of the Captain's cockswain, in the Captain's own grounds, eating the Captain's own pie that he had — stolen!

A white cloud sailed lazily over the summer sky, and a southern bird began to chirp in the sweet-orange bush near by. Dear stooped mechanically and picked up her sunbonnet and put it on, as though she would hide her face from all the world. The broken pie reposed in the shade of the magnolia-tree, but the Commodore was blind to every fact except that the smiling Captain would have to pass that tree before he reached the entrance to the house, and that the Captain was almost on him now. Would Reilly ever "chum" with him again? Would the Captain recommend the brig for him to the Commandant and his father? Was the guard-house too good a place for an officer's son who stole?

The Captain was near them now, and he held out his arms for Dear, who had never failed to watch for him before or respond to his caresses. He picked her up and peered under her pink bonnet, then pushed it back, surprised. Dear was crying.

"Hel-lo! What's the matter here?" he asked cheerfully; and then, as Dear could

not speak for sobs, he turned to the Commodore. "What's the matter, son?"

The Commodore took a step forward, and unconsciously he stood at attention, as he had seen prisoners do when brought before the Captain. His mouth felt hot and dry.

"It's the pie, sir," said the Commodore slowly, "the lemon-pie."

The Captain glanced around him in a perplexed way.

"The *what?*" he asked.

"The pie, sir," repeated the Commodore, clearly this time, all the alarm he had felt gone. "*Your* pie, sir."

"Indeed!" said the Captain, following the boy's gesture, and seeing for the first time the white-and-yellow object beneath the tree.

"Yes," said the Commodore slowly; "I — I took it."

The Captain continued to look from the Commodore to the pie, and he continued to pat Dear soothingly.

"It's a pretty big pie for two small people. I'm afraid Juno will have to be spoken to," he observed jocularly.

"It isn't Juno," said the Commodore; "it's just me. I *stole* your pie."

There was a brief silence. The Commodore met the Captain's fixed look steadily. There was something in the Commodore's face that the Captain had seen once before, in battle, in an enemy that asked no quarter. He had seen much hard duty, the Captain. He is known throughout the service as being a judge of men.

Before he could speak, Dear slipped from his hold and ran over to the Commodore and timidly took his hand; then she, too, faced the Captain.

"It was I who — who took — the pie," she said, and her lips were trembling.

The Commodore took a step forward as though he would shield her.

"I made her; I'm not going to let a girl take the blame, sir," he said. "I couldn't manage the box alone, so I bribed her. She wouldn't do it until I told her she could take Maria Emma — that's her old doll, you know — down this afternoon when Reilly shows me how to tie a reef-knot. She's wanted to tote Maria Emma around with us awfully bad for some time, but I — I didn't want Reilly to see me near a doll. That's all, sir."

The Captain looked from the open pantry window and the box beneath, which they had forgotten to remove, to the children before him. Then he addressed Dear.

"Run along to the study," he said, vainly trying to repress the note of tenderness that would betray weakness in face of so grave an offense. "But don't trouble Mother — Dear." The last word came without his volition.

Dear's reluctant feet obeyed, but as she passed her father she looked back at the Commodore. "I *did* do it, Honey! Please don't blame him."

The Captain waited until Dear had disappeared in the house. The Commodore was grateful for that. Whatever reprimand was coming, he was glad that there was no girl, or even doll, to see — glad that Maria Emma had gone with Dear.

"Well," — the Captain broke a silence that had seemed to the Commodore interminable, — "what is to be done about it?"

The Commodore still stood at attention.

"That's for you to say, sir."

"You consider yourself one of the service, don't you?" asked the judge advocate of this court of one.

"*Yes, sir.*" The answer was brief. There was a note of relief in it that even the Captain did not understand. The Commodore, in a vague sort of way, had fancied the Captain might order a court martial of some kind that would in after years be brought up against him — those long years ahead of him that had to be lived before he might hope to enter the Academy.

"It is — theft," said the Captain slowly, and he was not surprised to see the boy wince.

"Yes, sir," said the Commodore. He hoped the Captain did not notice that he had to bite his lip.

"It is a serious offense against regulations," continued the Captain.

"Yes, sir," said the Commodore again.

The Captain suddenly changed his tone.

"What do you think your father would say?" he asked.

This time the Commodore bit his lip — hard.

"Of course, he'll have to know, sir," said the Commodore; "it — it isn't that, but, somehow, I thought as Captain of the Yard, sir, that — that ——" he broke off.

"Son," said the Captain, "your father is your commanding officer until you get into the Academy — the one to be your judge."

For the first time, the Commodore changed his position. He took several steps forward until he was close to the Captain, and he looked up into his eyes. There was an odd appeal for self in the Commodore's look — the first the Captain had seen.

"I'll tell my father, sir," said the Commodore, "but — but perhaps ——"

"Yes?" said the Captain.

"Perhaps you won't think it necessary to say anything to Reilly about — about the pie?"

From the foot of the broad steps of the house the Captain watched the Commodore trudge resolutely away. Then the grave look that his eyes had worn almost continuously since early morning returned to them.

"That's the kind of pluck that goes in the service," he said aloud; "it's the kind we're all going to need for the next few months"; and with bent head he went slowly up the steps. At the top he paused again and looked through the vista at the foot of the long avenue of trees. The broad stretch of water lay shining in the sun, and beyond was a glimpse of the city on which the scourge had laid its hand.

II

It was just his luck, Reilly growled, that a department with no thought or consideration for individual rights should have sent him here. A man in his second C. S. C., even if he didn't hold a good-conduct medal, had a right to expect something. He had always got what he didn't expect and what he didn't want. When he had banked on being one of the detail for the big battle-ship that was going into commission at the New York Yard (and incidentally on seeing Bill Jensen's sister again), he had been shoved off to the Philippines, and had spent three years on a tub of a gunboat cruising around the Southern Islands, with only "gugu" chicken fights and scenery to break the monotony. Did he want to go home by Frisco? Yes; but, for all that, he had to come by way of Suez, and, when he had jollied up a bit and had counted on going ashore at Bombay and giving that a whirl, the men hadn't been allowed to land at all, because of the plague. He *had* hoped for a half-decent home billet, but was shanghaied off to Sitka by an admiring captain whose cockswain he had once been. It had always been the same, and, although Reilly had to acknowledge that his varied experiences had forced him to see the "sights" and had gained for him an enviable reputation as a spinner of yarns among the men, he had still singularly failed to fall into one really desirable billet since the day of his first enlistment. He had decided that his present billet wasn't so bad, after all. It had a bearable climate and the duty was easy. There was a place of civilization, in the form of a city, that *could* be reached, after some little trouble, by footing it for a mile or two along a dusty road and crossing in an antiquated ferry, or by hiring a skiff that only an experienced seafaring man would venture in. His growing content, however, had been rudely disturbed that very morning by the Commandant's issuing an order quarantining the yard against the city, on account of the presence of the fever there.

It really was the last straw, Reilly grunted. It meant liberty restricted to this side of the water, a little way beyond the confines of the reservation. It was more than ought to be expected of a human man — and if he were forced by the trying circumstances of his life to break quarantine, it would be the fault of the Commandant primarily, and then of the Department for allowing such a martinet to hold his job; and Reilly viciously hauled his needle in and out of the launch-canopy he was repairing.

"Catch little Willie enlisting again!" he grumbled to Job, the crew's mascot. "Not — on — your — life! Back to the farm for *me!* I — why, hello, Matie, where did you come from? And, I declare, if there ain't the Captain's baby, too!"

"You forgot Maria Emma," said a child's sweet voice; "she's come spe-cially, Reilly, to see you tie that reef-knot."

The Commodore waited patiently until Reilly, with a flourish, had fastened off his thread.

"Very busy to-day?" he asked, by way of introducing the knot question.

Reilly carefully rolled a cigarette.

"Not very," said Reilly.

"I thought the men always smoked pipes," said the Commodore; "they always do in all the sea-stories I read. Why don't *you* smoke a pipe, Reilly?"

Reilly laughed good-naturedly.

"That's the way all those story-books go, Matie," he said, flinging the dead match away and puffing slowly on his cigarette. "They ain't such bad stuff, taken all in all, but the people who write about *us* have a powerful lot to learn. *We* keep up with the times. Clay pipes, and even sweet-briers, are all right in their way,— I haven't a word to say against 'em,— but it's rot to suppose we don't smoke anything else. Why, look at the old wooden tubs our navy used to have, and the protected cruisers we're squeezing out of Congress now! That's a sample for you. Wooden tubs — wooden pipes. Up-to-date ships — up-to-date men and — cigarettes. Those story-books 'mind me of the pale-faced brand of men that sit at home and fight with their pens, cool and

comfortable-like with their spinning chairs and whirling fans, calling us names, while we sweat in tropics they couldn't stand, keeping ourselves from being murdered by a lot of half-crazy savages, just to hold old possessions *we* never applied for! It comes to about the same thing, Matie; neither of 'em know a thing about us!"

The Commodore had forgotten the reef-knot. He gazed with wide, still eyes across the water, lying warm and quiet in the early evening's sun. Reilly's voice came to him distinct, but as though from a great distance, and the mist that hung about the distant city as a veil was, unknown to him, as a curtain that hid from him those future years when he should be a man like Reilly and see and know things for himself. The launch rocked softly at its moorings, and cast its shadows on the float. Dear's laugh floated to his senses as a breeze of summer stirs some object at rest.

Reilly stretched his legs, yawned, and flung away the end of his cigarette.

"What's the matter, Matie?" he asked. "Moping 'cause you won't get to the city any more?"

The Commodore wheeled around so suddenly that he startled Job, who scampered away. Dear, with Maria Emma, edged nearer.

"What do you mean, Reilly? Who *said* I couldn't go?"

"I reckon you come under the head of the navy-yard, don't you? Ever heard of quarantine?"

"Yes," said the Commodore slowly.

"What is it?" asked Dear timidly. "Does — does it hurt much, Reilly?"

"You bet your life," said Reilly, all his wrongs recurring, "specially when you're as dry as a dying fish and —" He broke off suddenly, catching sight of Dear's face. "There, Sweetness, I was just foolin' you. It's — it's an order, you know, that the Commandant got out this morning, prohibitin' all the officers and men to go ashore. The fever has settled down for a little visit in the city. That's all, Sweetness. Don't you worry; Reilly nor no one else in *this* yard is going to let anything hurt *you*." And Reilly patted Dear's soft hair with his big hand for a moment.

"Nor Maria Emma, Reilly?"

"No, Sweetness, nor Maria Emma."

The Commodore squared his shoulders.

"Don't you worry, Reilly," he said; "*I'll* see that you get your cigarettes all right, and — and your beer. I guess I'm big enough to get to the city by the Point, even if you can't run your launch any more."

"Don't you try and break quarantine, Matie; it won't do you no good."

"I guess the Commandant can't order the officers' families, can he?"

"He can recommend that you all be shipped away from here."

The Commodore stood silent. From the marine barracks came the mess call for the men's supper. The Commodore turned his back on Reilly and suddenly went over and took Dear's hand and led her carefully up the steps of the float's approach.

"Come," he said, "I'm going to take you home."

It was not until that night after he was in bed, listening to the low, earnest voices of his father and mother down-stairs, that he remembered Reilly had not shown him the reef-knot, and he fell asleep wondering how he, both he and Reilly, had forgotten.

III

To the Commodore, ever after, the events of that summer stood out distinct and clear. It was his nearest approach, he told himself, with an exultation he would not have had any one know for the world, to a great danger — something really to be guarded against with military discipline, to be fought with military strategy, if it came. He used to talk about it sometimes with Reilly, but Reilly, somehow, seemed strangely lacking in enthusiasm, and was not to be impressed with the proper sense of duty or of danger. The long weeks of restriction told on Reilly's temper, and even the Commodore awoke to the knowledge that Reilly was, after all, not more than human. It is doubtful if the Commodore would ever have come to this decision had it not been rudely thrust upon him by Reilly and two others of the crew breaking quarantine. His idol emerged from the days of detention in the suspect ward, and his ten days in the "brig" in double irons, a paler and a sadder if not a wiser man.

Reilly's attitude was perhaps the chief reason why the Commodore turned more and more to Dear in these days. Dear was always respectful; Dear never laughed at quarantine; Dear always agreed with him on all points that really counted, although she protested long and vigorously before she would consent to Maria Emma's having the fever.

"You'd better be sensible and let her have it and get through with it," said the Commodore, toward the end of a heated discussion. "She need only have it a little; then she'll be an immune."

"I thought she'd be dead," said Dear faintly. "What *is* an immune?"

"It's something you become after you've had the fever," said the Commodore; "that is, if you live. And if you're an immune you never get the fever again, and you can have infected stigimyers all over you and you're all right. The doctor is an immune. It must be great."

"I never saw the stickhiers over the doctor," said Dear in an awe-struck voice.

"Course not. I don't believe we have one in the yard."

Dear looked down yearningly at Maria Emma.

"Do you really think she'd *better* have the fever?" she asked anxiously.

"Much better," said the Commodore, promptly. "We can play that big live-oak over there is the detention-camp, and I'll rig up an awfully cunning little screened room for her to be sick in. You know, you'll be so relieved when it's over."

Dear agreed that she would, and comforted herself with the assurance that she could bear even this sorrow if the Commodore was going to direct the affair and sustain her with his presence. She hoped Maria Emma wasn't going to be too sick to know that the Commodore *was* taking an interest in her at last, if it did seem to be purely military and medical in its nature.

"Of course, this is only make-believe," the Commodore reassured her, a bit troubled over her anxious face. "We're not going to allow any real cases to come this side of the reservation-fence." He stopped suddenly in his hammering on the wooden frame he had commenced to make, and came a little closer to Dear. "Why, that's the reason we've all stayed here — because it's safer than trying to get away and passing the detention-camps. I heard the doctor tell the Commandant so!"

The Commodore, she had to acknowledge to herself, seemed well posted on the situation. She had several times heard him talking to the doctor, and both of them used words so long in connection with the disease that it made her head ache.

There was no ditch cleared on the reservation, there was not a gallon of oil poured on the stagnant places, of which the Commodore did not know. He knew exactly which of the officers the Commandant had appointed for special inspection duty and the fumigation-day of each dwelling in the yard. Fumigation-days were fête-days to the Commodore and Dear. They would help in carrying out the things that could be hurt by sulphur, and picnic under the trees, and the Commodore would read the papers laboriously, skipping the words he could not pronounce, and hoping Dear would not notice, in her interest in the progress of the fever.

Sometimes the Commodore would grow a little restless, and would sit on the steps of the gallery, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands, and strain his eyes in the direction of the city. How he wanted to be there in the midst of it all, instead of just waiting — waiting!

The long, hot summer drew near its close; the fever slowly crept up to its maximum figure, paused there uncertainly for a time, and gradually began to wane. But its waning brought fresh need of caution to the reservation by the waterside. Very stealthily it crept into the Point; from the Point it crept to the reservation-fence on one side, and came along the coast on the other, nearer, until the yard stood isolated in its strength.

The nearer the fever came to them, the stronger grew the Commodore's faith in the government's ability to grapple with the situation. It was about this time that Dear became imbibed with something of the Commodore's enthusiasm, and she would go as near to the reservation-fence as she was allowed, and look over to the road and the houses outside curiously, but with no trace of fear. She used to wonder if the dusty-looking trees and faded road flowers she saw over there had the fever, too, and she longed, with the maternal in her reaching out to all suffering things, to take them water and smooth their crumpled leaves.

With the recovery of Maria Emma from the fever, all her own latent fear of it had passed, and Maria Emma, being an immune now, was head nurse in the detention-camp under the big live-oak. If Maria Emma ever wearied of well-doing or longed to return to the old magnolia play-house, like older and wiser persons who lived through those trying times, she gave no sign. If, in the weeks that followed, there were hours when Maria Emma felt hot tears upon her face, she never told. Maria Emma was a service doll; she was used to smiles and — tears.

If the gods had decreed, for the long days and years of faithful service, one thing that Maria Emma might remember, it would have been the memory of Dear's flushed face and heavy eyes, in which still dwelt a depth of love, one late evening in September; that and Dear's kisses on her face — Dear's kisses and her tired voice.

"HE APPROACHED WITHIN THE SHADE OF THE BIG MAGNOLIA-TREE WHICH SERVED DEAR AS SHELTER AND PLAY-HOUSE IN ONE"

"I want you, precious, for my head aches, but you know you're a navy doll, an' you're head nurse, an' you're needed here. You understand, don't you, Maria Emma? Oh, I knew you would."

It was Maria Emma — Maria Emma — Maria Emma, in the two long, short days that followed; but when the Captain or the Captain's sweet young wife bent over Dear's bed and told her they would find Maria Emma for her, Dear's sick, pleading eyes and head-shake of denial would answer for her when she could answer no longer. It was Maria Emma always, but, for some reason they could not understand, Maria Emma was not to be allowed to come.

Then Fear came to the yard, and it gripped each heart with its hold of terror, from the Commandant's to Reilly's — excepting Dear's; and Dear lay in the valley beyond the confines of which, by an eternal wise decree, Fear has no power to pass. Even the Commodore felt things slipping from him then, and lost his grip, though he knew the terror that held the yard in thrall was terror only lest Reilly's "Sweetness" should slip out and leave the Captain's household desolate.

The launch made a trip to the distant city then, the first in many weeks, and Reilly was at the helm. A physician, a great physician born under a foreign flag, lived there, who had been fighting the scourge day and night, night and day. There was Reilly at the helm, there was the surgeon of the yard, anxious and restless, one fireman, and — the Commodore on the boat-landing to see them off.

The Commodore was waiting when the launch returned, and far off he could see that the doctor was not alone. The great foreigner had come, then. Dear would live!

Behind him he heard steps, and he looked hastily over his shoulder and saw his father coming very slowly down the gangway. The Commodore scarcely noticed him; he was intent on the landing to be made.

Their own doctor came first over the side of the boat, and held out his hand to the celebrity. The Commodore drew back a little and peered curiously into his face.

The great man had kindly eyes, eyes that looked tired, too. That was all that the Commodore had time to notice, but what mattered? He had come, and Dear would live!

The Commodore's father came forward and drew the doctors aside. The Commodore just faintly heard the words he was not meant to hear.

"It was good of you to come; the Captain appreciates it; but — it's too late." The Captain's friend hesitated a moment and looked down critically at the stripes on his sleeve; it seemed to him he could not go on. "But, if you — if you would — will you come with our surgeon and see the Captain's — wife?"

The Commodore heard it all. For a minute he watched the three men walk away, and then he gave a sudden cry. The boat-landing seemed slipping away from him, the sky was slipping away from him, everything was going. Then he felt Reilly's arms, heard Reilly's voice.

It was only for a second of time, that queer feeling,— he almost wished it had lasted longer,-- and he looked up at Reilly.

"She's dead," he said very distinctly.

Reilly nodded.

"Did you hear them, too?" the Commodore asked.

"Yes," said Reilly.

It was Reilly who took him home and gave him over to his mother, who was watching for him at the door. She stooped down when she saw him coming, and the Commodore ran into her waiting arms, that closed with tender passion around his shaking form. There were tears upon her face.

By and by the Commodore went up into his own little room, sat down by the open window, and began to think — to think!

He came down quietly to supper, but scarcely touched his food, and spoke but little. Once his mother would have gone to him, but his father caught her eyes in one look of perfect understanding. "He will have to fight it out alone," it seemed to say.

The fact that his mother had her shade-hat on, and that her traveling-bag stood near by, hardly seemed to surprise the Commodore now; nor did he show any surprise when, on rising from the supper-table, his mother went up to him and kissed him, saying:

"Mother's going over to the Captain's to-night to — to help nurse the Captain's wife, to — to try and — and help the Captain! She knows you're going to take her place and do everything you can for Father."

The Commodore looked at her very seriously; then he put out his hand and for a moment stroked her forehead as he had seen his father do when his mother was tired and perplexed.

"Everything will go all right," he said.

Then he went and got his mother's bag and carried it a little ahead of his father and mother. In the dim falling twilight they could see him, and they, too, were quiet.

At the foot of the long avenue of magnolias she kissed them, and the Commodore opened the gate for her. They watched her as she walked swiftly up the narrow brick walk

"CAREFULLY HANDED THE PIE TO THE WAITING COMMODORE"

between two rows of tropical palms to the silent house beyond.

When they got home, the Commodore kissed his father and went up into his own room and returned to his seat by the window. The twilight deepened into night, and he tried to count the stars as they came out one by one. Then he gave it up and counted the squares of glass in his window-panes. There were six in the lower sash and six in the upper, only the lower ones were larger. He wondered what time it was. He began to wonder if he were only eight years, after all; he felt very old — old enough to be at the Academy. Far off from across the waters came to him the echo of the convent bell, and somehow the deep, slow, sweet notes reminded him of his mother's voice, and with the memory of his mother's voice came — tears. He was just a little boy, after all.

At the end of the week the Commodore's mother came home, and the Commodore and the whole yard knew that the crisis of the fever had come and gone, and that the Captain's wife still lived.

The daily lists of the fever reports in the city and surrounding country grew shorter. Gradually the days grew cooler — a watched-for, blessed sign. By and by the fever became a memory of the past — except to the homes which had paid it its high tribute of human life — and the quarantine was lifted. Reilly regained his good nature and went back to spinning yarns to the new recruits who had just arrived; work was begun again; the Paymaster's baby cut her first tooth, along with other important events; and life in the yard regained its even tenor.

But the Captain's house stood white and silent at the head of its avenue of trees. The Captain was rarely seen about the yard now, excepting within duty hours, and some weeks before he had resigned from the officers' card club, that he might spend all his spare time at home.

The surgeon would come up the narrow walk of bricks each evening, very thoughtfully, very slowly, and each evening the Captain would meet him on the steps. Once more, at the surgeon's request, Reilly took him over, and they brought the great doctor from the city again. The Captain waited in the dining-room for their verdict.

"It is the result of the fever and — the shock," said the great man slowly. His eyes were troubled. He had never grown accustomed to this phase of his mission among men. "I really don't know what to advise. If she can't be aroused —" He broke off and forced himself to meet the Captain's eyes. "Do I make myself understood?"

"Perfectly," said the Captain slowly.

The surgeon told the Commodore's father about it later in the day, and that evening the Commodore's father told his wife. The Commodore was near and heard them.

He looked up from the boat he was carving.

"Do you mean — do you mean the Captain's wife is going to die, too?"

"We can't tell, boy, but it may come to that — if we can't rouse her."

The Commodore put down his boat, shut his knife deliberately, and came over and stood by his father.

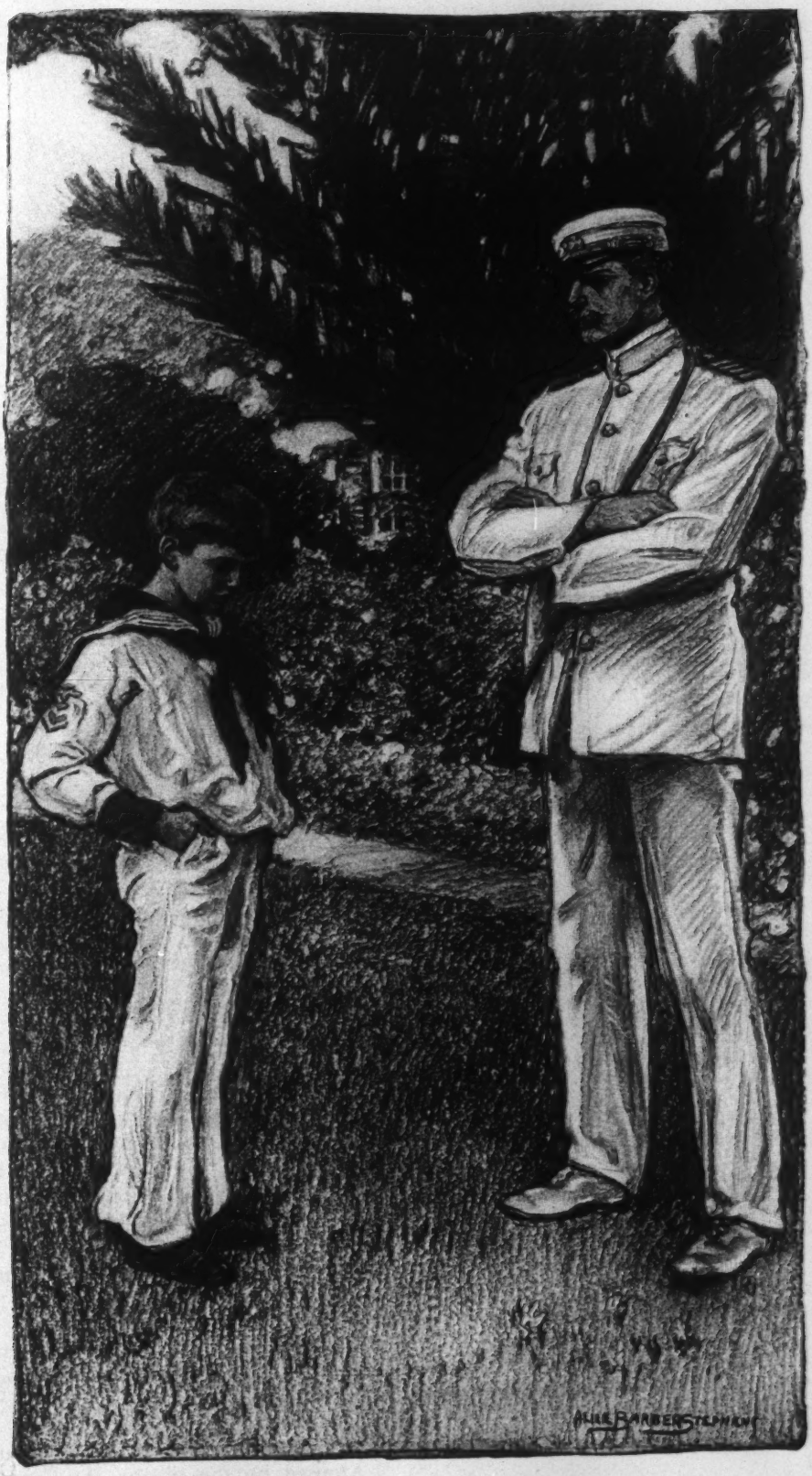
"You mean she isn't interested in things any more? That the Captain — nobody — is able to make her *glad?*"

"Well — yes, perhaps."

Somewhere near twilight that afternoon, the Commodore took the short back cut to the Captain's big house. Everything was quiet; no one seemed to be about. He knew that his mother, who came to sit with the Captain's wife in the afternoon, had gone; he remembered that the Captain had been obliged to go to the city and would not be back until the launch came in. Juno was really the only one to guard against, and Juno was nowhere in sight. The door on the back gallery was open, and the Commodore walked in. He hesitated. Now that he was really here, he wasn't quite sure where to go — what to say. He crept across to the Captain's study. He remembered having heard his father say that the Captain carried his wife in there each morning. On the threshold of the open door he paused again, uncertainly. There she was, on the Captain's big leather sofa, her face turned away, looking out of the window. Something — it might have been the sense of some one's presence — made her turn her head toward the door. Her face, with the violet eyes that the Commodore had seen in some one else before, showed no surprise. If it had not been for the eyes the Commodore would not have known her. He advanced a step into the room, feeling a queer trembling in his legs. *Could* he make her glad again? When he spoke his voice shook a little.

"I'm — I'm sorry you've been so sick. We all wish we could help you — help you to be glad again. I want to help, too —" he broke off.

"So it's the Commodore," said the Captain's wife slowly, "and you want to — to make me glad. It doesn't seem to me I can ever be glad again." The voice was low and sad and weak.



"'IT IS A SERIOUS OFFENSE AGAINST REGULATIONS,' SAID THE CAPTAIN"

"HE USED TO TALK ABOUT IT SOMETIMES WITH REILLY"

"Isn't — isn't there something some one could bring you, something you would like to have very much? Isn't there anything you *want?*"

She smiled a little. "Every one is good. I have everything — everything except the one thing that I need." There was a depth of sorrow in her voice which the Commodore could not fathom, but which he vaguely felt.

He twisted his cap in his hands nervously.

"You — you have the Captain," he said, very low.

She nodded. "Yes, I have the Captain," and for a moment the Commodore fancied her eyes looked glad, then the light faded from them. "I don't forget the Captain," she said slowly. "He — he is better to me than I deserve; there is no man like him. But it's the pain — here." She laid her thin hands on her heart, and the Commodore, watching, saw the gold of her wedding-ring flash brightly for an instant in the fading sun.

The Commodore came up to the foot of the sofa now.

"I'm sorry," he said again; "I wanted to make you glad. But — but, anyhow, I have something that — that don't belong to me, and I want to tell you."

She sighed a little and put one hand to her head. She wouldn't have hurt the Commodore for the world, nor have him know how his talking made her head ache. She *would* try to listen.

"You — that is — did the Captain ever tell you about the — lemon-pie?" asked the Commodore, trying to control his voice again.

"Yes — I think he did; yes, I remember now — in confidence. You ——"

The Commodore nodded.

"Yes, that's it," he said; "I — I stole it."

The Captain's wife did not answer, but she looked at him a little curiously.

"It was very wrong," said the Commodore; "of course — I know that, and I didn't think I'd — I'd ever steal again; but —" he broke off shortly. It seemed to him he couldn't trouble the Captain's wife, with her white face and thin hands, with such a confession now.

"Yes?" she said.

Still he was silent.

"Have you taken another lemon-pie?" she asked, not unkindly.

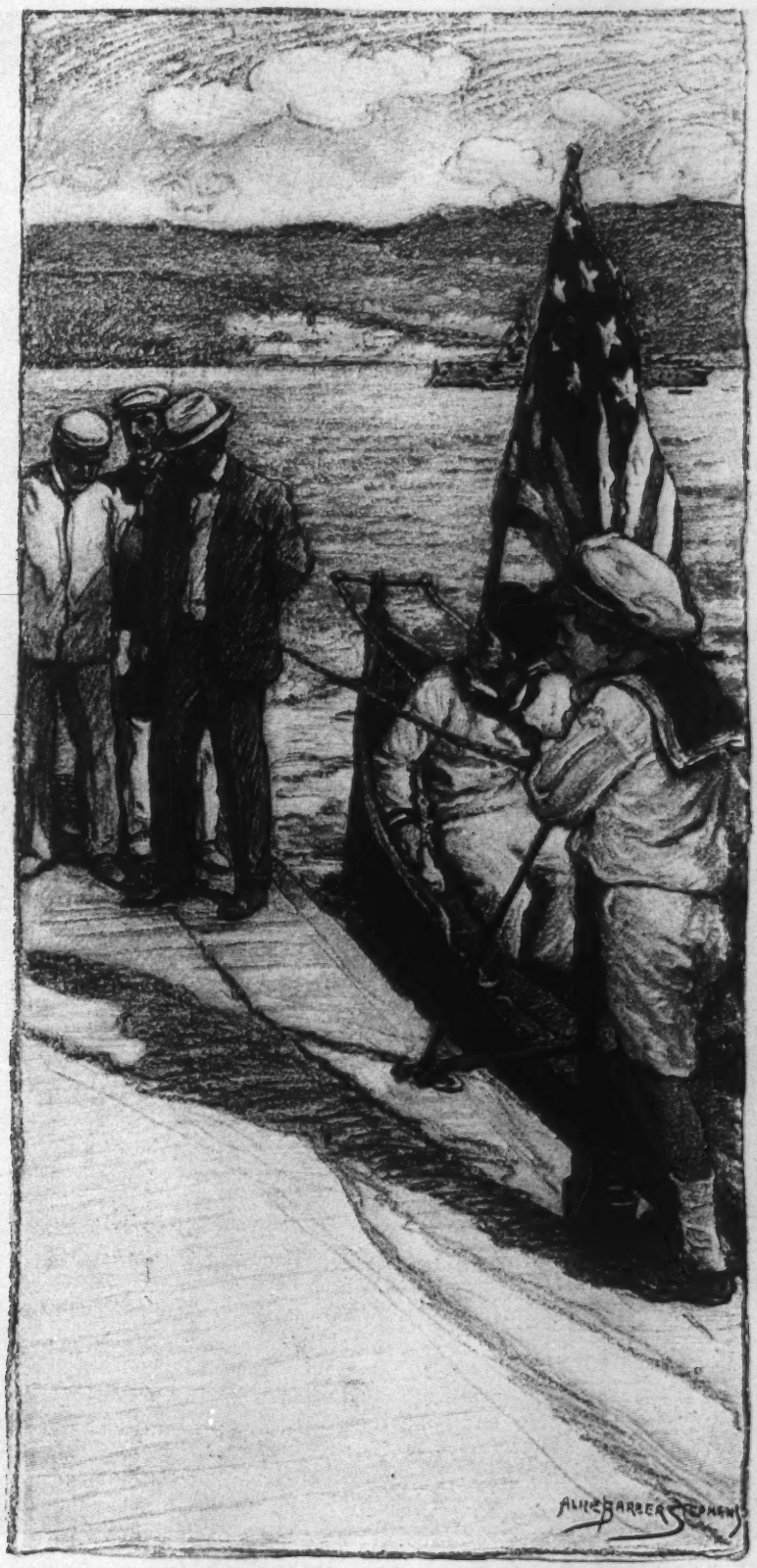
The Commodore drew himself up a little.

"No," he said; and then, "I really didn't mean to take something that belonged to some one else — I really didn't at the time. It seemed to me it belonged to me, but — this evening I thought it all over, and I felt I ought to tell you. I *did* hope it would make you — make you *feel* again — make you glad."

"Don't tell me if it hurts you so. It really doesn't matter. Nothing matters — now," she said, with a slow turn of her head to the window.

The Commodore shifted his feet, then he slowly drew something out of his blouse.

Aroused by the silence, the Captain's wife turned her gaze back to him. Then she



"THE COMMODORE JUST FAINTLY HEARD THE WORDS
HE WAS NOT MEANT TO HEAR"

"SHE GATHERED MARIA EMMA TO HER BREAST AND BENT HER STREAMING FACE ABOVE HER"

slowly drew herself up on one arm and extended her thin hand.

"What — what's that you've got?" she demanded, and her voice was shaking.

For an instant the Commodore stood motionless; then he came up to the head of the sofa and carefully laid his burden down beside her.

"It's Maria Emma," he said very gently. "I — I thought it would make you — glad."

The Captain's wife looked down at the doll by her side. She touched it once with trembling fingers.

"*Glad!*"

"She — she was head nurse in the detention-camp. Her — her — mother wouldn't let her ever leave it. I — I didn't think any one would want her. I went and got her the night — you were taken sick. I found the blue hair-ribbon *she* had worn. I took that, too,— I really and truly didn't mean to steal,— and I tied it around her as a sash. You'll see it's a reef-knot; I don't know much about bows! But I've been very careful of her. I've kept her in my shoe-box all through the days, *very* carefully done up in newspaper, and — and —" The Commodore broke off. Did honor require this, too? Would *this* make the Captain's wife glad? "And I've — I've kissed her — every night."

It was over. The Commodore had returned what was not really his, but he looked down on Maria Emma yearningly. This was good-by.

The Captain's wife sat up suddenly, trembling with sobs. She gathered Maria Emma to her breast and bent her streaming face above her.

The Commodore rushed blindly, frightened, from the room, straight into the arms of the Captain, who had stood unnoticed just beyond the doorway.

"I never meant to make her cry, sir, oh — indeed, I never meant to!" Something choked the Commodore. "I only wanted to help — to make her glad again. Will — will she — die?"

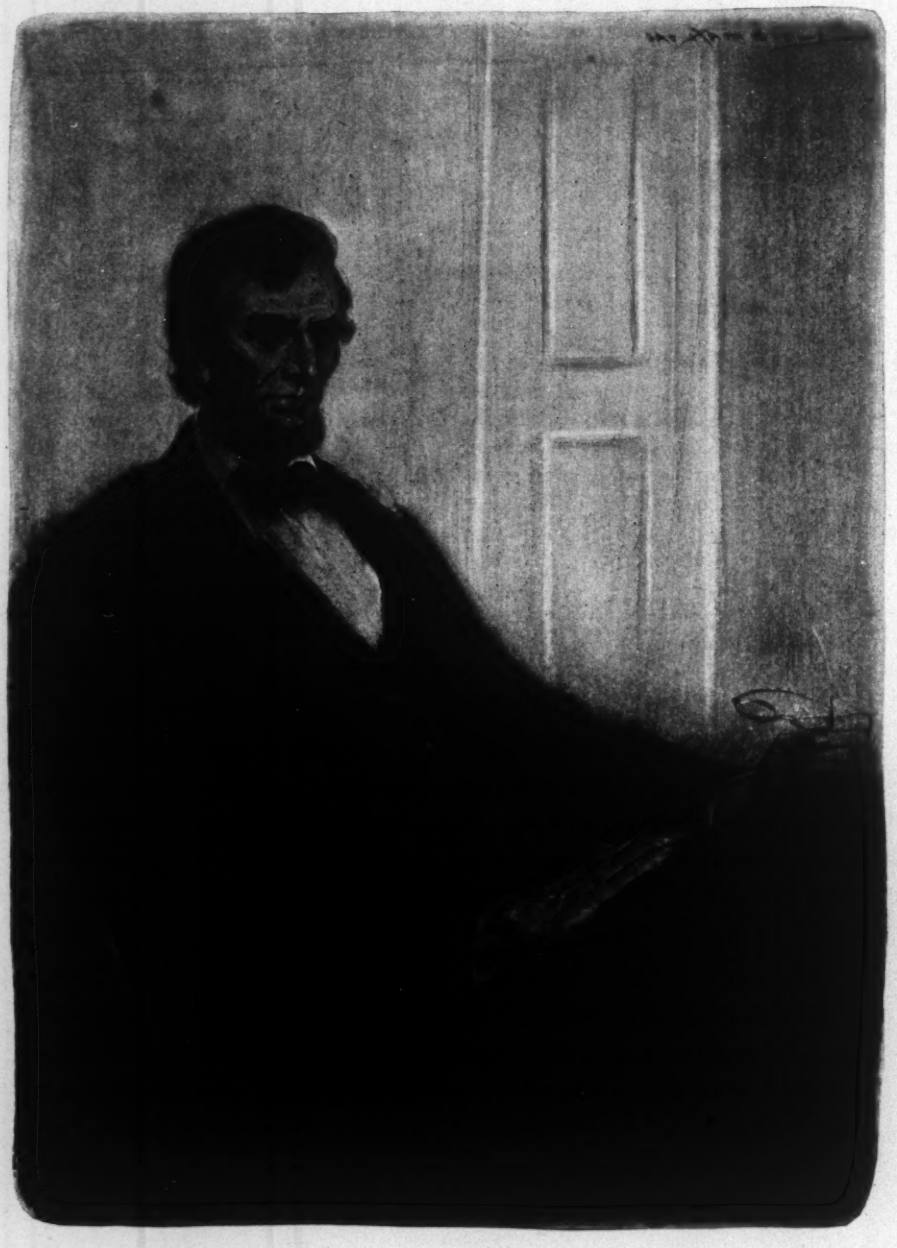
The Captain put him down, a strange light breaking over his troubled face.

"No, son, *no*; she will live!"

Then he slipped in and closed the door.

The Commodore groped his way out. He tried to go softly and make no noise with his creaking shoes. He stood very quiet on the top step of the gallery. A mist crept up from the broad expanse of water and mingled with the mist of twilight and enveloped all things as with a faint, soft veil. A lizard crept slowly along the broad leaves of a palm. It was the only moving thing that he could see. The Captain said that she would live. He did not understand; he only knew that he felt very lonely. He could not bring himself to look at the big magnolia-tree or the live-oak, but he strained his eyes up to the evening sky that hung gray and still above him. The sky was so big, the whole world was so big, and he was just a little boy, after all — for the first time dimly feeling the mystery of the Infinite.

Then very quietly he went down the steps.



"HE SEEMED TO BE GAZING AT SOMETHING A THOUSAND MILES AWAY"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RUM SWEAT

A VIGOROUS REMEDY THAT HELPED HIM DURING HIS PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

BY

GEORGE P. FLOYD

"I have not suffered by the South; I have suffered with the South. Their pain has been my pain; their loss has been my loss. What they have gained I have gained."

I FIRST met Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, in February, 1856. He was then practising law with W. H. Herndon; "Lincoln & Herndon" was the firm-name. Their office was in a small room in the second story of an old frame building on Sangamon Street. The floor was bare; the furniture consisted of two small desks, a little table, a few old chairs, and a long wooden bench. I remember that large pictures of Washington and Andrew Jackson hung on the wall. Books and papers were scattered about.

Mr. Lincoln wore a long, old-fashioned frock-coat and a tall "plug" hat; his breeches hardly reached to his ankles. He had on blue socks, an old-fashioned high dicky, and what was called in those days a "stock." Mr. Lincoln was made up of head, hands, feet, and length, yet it required but a very few words with him to dispel any unfavorable impression of him that might have been formed. His kind, gentle voice and manner would draw any one to him.

I had leased the Quincy House, at Quincy, Illinois. The property was owned by a widow, Mrs. Enos, who lived at Springfield. I employed Mr. Lincoln to execute the lease for me. He sent the lease to me at Quincy, but said nothing about the pay for his services. Thinking twenty-five dollars would be about right, I sent him that amount. In a few days I received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, of which the following is a copy:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS,
February 21, 1856.

MR. GEORGE P. FLOYD,
Quincy, Illinois.

Dear Sir:—I have just received yours of 16th, with check on Flagg & Savage for twenty-five dollars. You must think I am a high-priced man. You are too liberal with your money.

Fifteen dollars is enough for the job. I send you a receipt for fifteen dollars, and return to you a ten-dollar bill.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln's Dangerous Breakdown during the Debates with Douglas

During the summer of 1858 Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas stumped the State of Illinois in joint debate. The first meeting was at Clinton, August 20. From there they went to Jonesboro, Charleston, Galesburg, Quincy, and ended at Alton, October 28. While Mr. Lincoln was always temperate in all things, the "little giant" Douglas generally carried a comfortable load of the "juice of corn." On October 15 they reached Quincy, where an immense crowd assembled to listen to the debates. While Judge Douglas was very eloquent, fascinating, and rhetorical, Mr. Lincoln was neither rhetorical, graceful, nor brilliant, and used very little gesticulation. But in a little time the crowd was unconsciously and irresistibly drawn by the clearness and closeness of his argument. His fairness and candor were very noticeable. He ridiculed nothing, burlesqued nothing, misrepresented nothing. Instead of distorting the views held by Judge Douglas, he very modestly and courteously inquired into their soundness. He was too kind for bitterness and too great for vituperation.

The strain on body and mind had begun to tell on Mr. Lincoln. After he had finished his speech, he almost collapsed from sheer fatigue. He was taken by friends to his rooms in the hotel, which I was then keeping. They

laid him on a lounge in his room, and Mr. Lincoln remarked: "I tell you, I'm mighty nigh petered out; I reckon I'll have to quit and give up the race."

How Mrs. Floyd's Rum Sweat Saved the Campaign

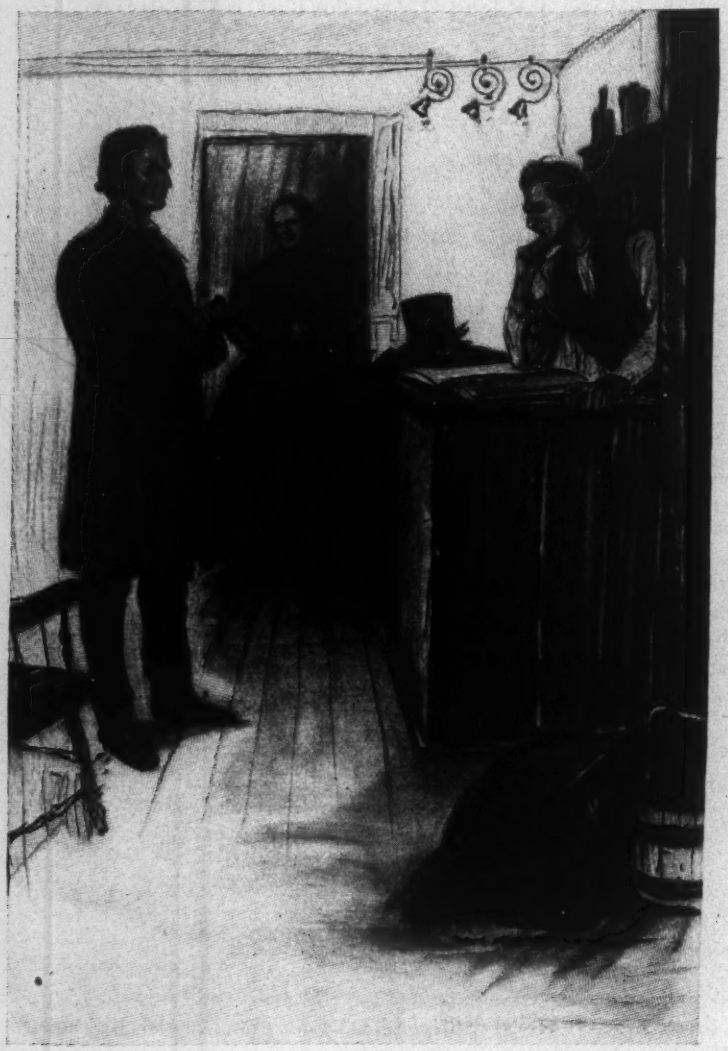
My wife stood watching him. She was a great believer in old-school remedies, and suggested that Mr. Lincoln be treated to a "rum sweat."

"Rum sweat!" said Mr. Lincoln. "Why, I never drank a drop of liquor in my life."

"You don't have to drink the rum," replied my wife. "It's an external treatment."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "if you think it will do me any good, just crack your whip and go ahead. Any port in a storm, and, I tell you, I am mighty near overboard."

The treatment was administered as directed by my wife. A pan of New England rum was placed under a cane-seated chair. The patient was stripped, seated in the chair, and covered all over with blankets. Then the rum was set afire. The fumes or vapor of the rum caused profuse perspiration, after which the patient was put to bed, covered with woolen blankets, and given a decoction of hot ginger tea. The sweating continued.



"'WHY, I AM FEELING LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD'"

The next morning, to our surprise, Mr. Lincoln made his appearance bright and early. We asked how he was feeling. "Why," said he, "I am feeling like a two-year-old. I can

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RUM SWEAT"

jump a five-rail fence right now, I swanny! I've heard of folks drinking liquor, and rubbing their bodies with the bottle for ailments, but I never yet heard of driving the stuff through the pores of the hide to get a man full. If Mrs. Floyd would only join us in this campaign and prescribe for me, I think we could beat out Judge Douglas slick and clean."

Civil War Days

Abraham Lincoln never forgot a favor. Seven years rolled by before I met him again. In 1861 I was in business in Montgomery, Alabama. In February of that year the Confederate government met there and remained until it was removed to Richmond, Virginia.

Although I was a slaveholder before and during the war, I was not imbued with the spirit of secession, and fortunately I was exempt from military duties, for I had mail and other contracts with the Confederate government.

During the Civil War the people in the Confederate States, hemmed in as they were through the blockade by land and sea, were obliged to depend on their own resources. They had no factories of any kind, no foundries, no powder-mills, tanneries, or cotton-mills. They had worlds of cotton, but no means of manufacturing it. The extremes to which the Southern population was forced during the war, the sufferings, deprivations, and sacrifices they endured, have never been half told. Yet all the while they were surrounded by millions upon millions of wealth which they were unable to utilize. Bales of cotton innumerable were stored away in every nook and corner of the Confederacy. It was estimated that during 1864 there was cotton enough in the Confederacy, if it were sold at the market price then ruling in the North, to pay one half of the whole war debt of the North. From the commencement of hostilities the Confederate government imposed a war tax on all the cotton raised in the Confederacy. This percentage of the crop, pressed into bales marked "C. S. A.," was stored in warehouses throughout the Confederacy.

"'I HAVE NOT SUFFERED BY THE SOUTH,' HE SAID; 'I HAVE SUFFERED WITH THE SOUTH'"

To President Lincoln for Protection

When the Federals captured cotton, it was sold at auction, and the proceeds were deposited in the United States Treasury, subject to the decision of the Court of Claims. In December, 1864, about forty thousand bales were captured by General Sherman at Savannah, Georgia, and sent to New York to be sold at auction. The proceeds of this sale, amounting to many millions of dollars, went into the United States Treasury. There is to-day in the treasury a large deposit representing the proceeds of cotton captured during the war, which has never been successfully claimed.

In December, 1864, I concluded to leave the Confederate States. I left Montgomery, Alabama, December 15, going from Charleston, South Carolina, to Nassau on the blockade-runner *Arrow*, thence to New York on a regular steamer.

Since I left a considerable amount of perishable property in the South, I was anxious to

get protection papers from the Federal government, to save it when the Federals should capture Montgomery. Armed with letters of recommendation from Governor John A. Andrew of Massachusetts, Governor Joe Gilmore of New Hampshire, and a very strong personal letter from General Ben Prentiss (whom, together with his staff, I had befriended while they were prisoners of war in Selma, Alabama, in 1863), I proceeded to Washington. At that time, on account of the hundreds seeking interviews, it was very difficult to get an audience with Mr. Lincoln.

Lincoln at his Desk in the White House

After five or six days' waiting I succeeded in reaching him. It so happened that I was the last visitor before the closing hour of business. When I entered his rooms, he was sitting in his office chair with his long legs resting on the desk. His feet were incased in old-fashioned carpet-slippers. His face as it looked at that time I shall never forget. He "looked like death." His pale, haggard features, furrowed with wrinkles, his sunken eyes and care-worn face, made me hesitate to trouble him.

For a few moments he did not move a muscle, and seemed to be gazing at something a thousand miles away. At last, taking up my card and without changing his position, he said in a very kindly voice, "Well, my friend, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. President," I replied, "you look too tired and care-worn to do anything for anybody. I hate to trouble you."

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

I laid my papers before him. He commenced reading them. He had read but a few lines of General Prentiss' letter, when he jumped up, grasped my hand, and said: "Why, I have seen you before, sir; I remember you very well. I believe your wife saved my life when I was at Quincy in 1858. Yes, and I have taken that 'rum sweat' that she prescribed for me many times, and I have prescribed it for some of my friends. It has always been a dead shot." And quickly, as if the keeper of the lighthouse had lighted the beacon-light, the cloud lifted from his face, his eyes snapped, and his thoughts seemed to hark back to the bygone days of 1858.

The President's Tea which Became a Cabinet Meeting

"You must come up and take tea with us to-night," said he. "I want to talk with you about matters and things in the South. Ben Prentiss tells me that you are well posted about things down there."

I accepted his invitation, and, before we got through with the confab, it proved to be quite a cabinet meeting. We were joined by Mr. Fessenden, then Secretary of the Treasury, O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, and Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

My mail and other contracts with the Confederate government during the war had enabled me to keep behind the scenes and observe some of the workings and tricks of the misguided officials who sailed the water-logged Confederate craft into rough and ragged rocks, to shipwreck and destruction.

The Plan to Save Confederate Cotton

I was enabled to give Mr. Lincoln some information of which he had never dreamed in regard to the Confederacy. Before I left Montgomery, in December, I had procured a list of all the cotton in eight warehouses in the city, and a list of many of its claimants. In the eight warehouses were stored one hundred and twenty-eight thousand bales of cotton, subject to the order of the various claimants. Twenty-three thousand bales of that cotton were the property of the Confederate States government and marked "C. S. A." The balance, one hundred and five thousand bales, belonged to different persons, fifteen hundred bales of it being my own. At that time cotton was selling in New York and New Orleans at about eighty cents a pound. If the twenty-three thousand bales of Confederate cotton could be captured or saved, it would be worth — eleven and a half million pounds at eighty cents — $9,200,000, which would go into the United States Treasury as confiscated property. The balance, one hundred and five thousand bales, fifty-two and a half million pounds, would have sold for $42,000,000. I laid a plan before Mr. Lincoln and Secretary Fessenden to save the cotton in Montgomery. They both favored my plan and at once proceeded to give me every facility to prosecute it successfully. My idea appealed especially to Mr. Lincoln, who had always been in favor of drawing all the cotton out of the Confederacy.

The Confederacy Like Bill Sikes' Dog

The President was forever illustrating his theories by telling some funny story, as he did in this case. Said Mr. Lincoln: "The Confederacy is like Bill Sikes' dog. Old Bill Sikes had a yaller dog, a worthless cur. His strong holt was to run out and bark at passers-by, and scare horses and children. The boys in the neighborhood decided to

have some fun with the no-account canine brute. They procured a small stick of giant-powder, inserted a cap and fuse in it, wrapped a piece of meat around it, lit the fuse, laid the little joker on the sidewalk, whistled, and climbed the fence to see the fun. Out comes the dog with his usual 'wow, wow!' He scented the meat and bolted the bundle. In a few seconds there was a terrible explosion. Dog-meat was flying in all directions. Out comes Sikes from the house, bareheaded. 'What in hell's up?' yelled old Bill. 'Why, the dog's up,' cried the boys on the fence. While old Bill was gazing around in wonderment, something dropped at his feet. He picked it up, and found it was his dog's tail. While looking sorrowfully at the appendage of his departed canine friend, he exclaimed, 'Well, I'll be damned if I think old Tige'll amount to much after this as a dog.' And," said Mr. Lincoln, "so it would be with the Confederacy. Take all their cotton away from them, and it wouldn't amount to shucks. It would fry all the fat out of them."

"I have Suffered with the South"

Mr. Lincoln's feelings toward the South during the war were more of sympathy than of hostility.

"I have not suffered by the South," he said; "I have suffered with the South. Their pain has been my pain; their loss has been my loss. What they have gained I have gained."

I was appointed agent at Montgomery to take charge of all the cotton that was captured when the city fell into the possession of the Federals. With proper credentials, I left Washington for Montgomery March 21. Reaching Mobile April 2, I at once started across country on horseback, overtaking General A. J. Smith's troops about seventy-five miles south of Selma, on their way to capture Montgomery. I made arrangements to have the advance-guard of his army surround the warehouses as soon as they entered the city, to protect the cotton from fire and pillage. Pushing on, I reached Montgomery two days ahead of the Federals. The city was then in command of the Confederate General Beaufort.

The Confederates had decided to evacuate the city without a fight. A number of gentlemen, who owned a large portion of the cotton stored in the warehouses, formed a deputation to wait upon General Beaufort. I joined them, and we used every argument to persuade the general to leave the warehouses intact when the city was evacuated, offering to account to him for the net proceeds of two thousand bales of cotton. The general was at first in favor of complying with our request.

The Burning of the Cotton

Everything looked favorable to our plan for saving the cotton. Then, all at once, General Beaufort began to "crawfish." The fact was, the general had been taking what was known in Confederate parlance as "pine-top," which had unbalanced his craft and changed his course of sailing. He became as stubborn as a mule. We couldn't budge him an inch.

At twelve o'clock that night he ordered the torch applied to every cotton warehouse. In spite of all we could do, the eight warehouses, containing one hundred and twenty-eight thousand bales of cotton, worth $51,200,000 in good money, went up in smoke, without a cent of insurance, doing no one a particle of good. In many cases the cotton was all that the owners had saved out of the wreckage of the war. Men who had always lived in affluence, and who had never known what want was, were reduced to abject poverty by that cruel, uncalled-for, wanton act.

Mr. Lincoln's wife was Miss Mary Todd of Kentucky. Her brother, Thomas Todd, lived in Alabama during the war. In April, 1865, while I was at Montgomery, Alabama, I received a personal letter from Mr. Lincoln requesting me to attend to a little matter concerning Mrs. Lincoln and her brother, which I did. That letter was dated at Washington, D. C., April 10, 1865. Four days later Lincoln was assassinated.

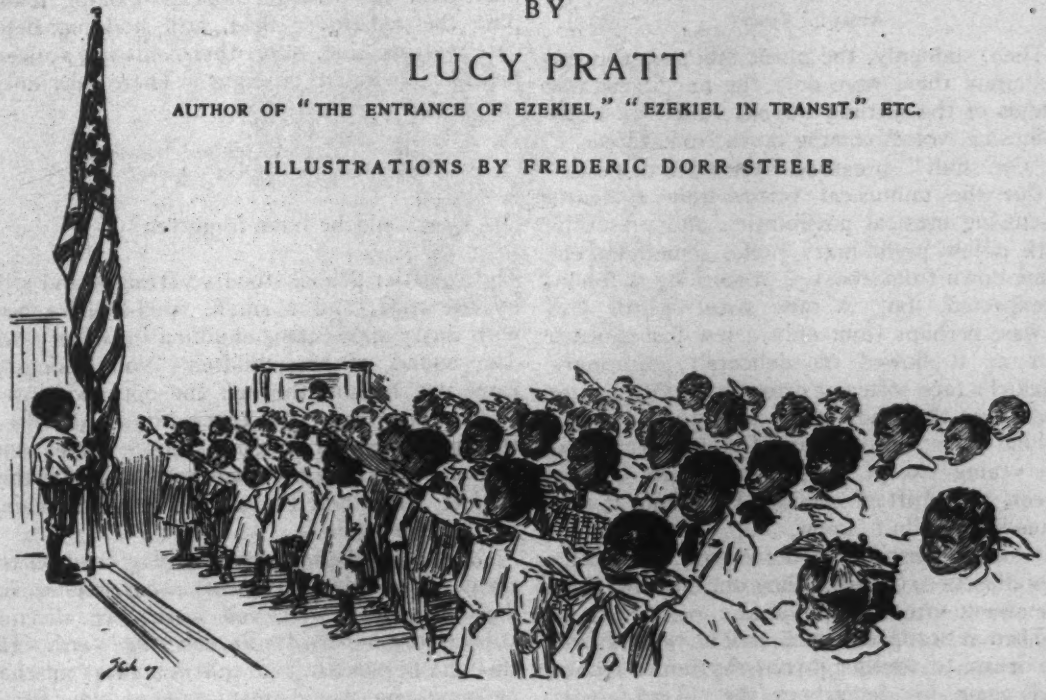
THE COLOR-BEARER

BY

LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL," "EZEKIEL IN TRANSIT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



EZEKIEL looked down the long, straight road which led to the Whittier School, and traveled on slowly. It was still early, hardly eight o'clock, but, for the hundredth time, he recalled those last words which he had heard from Miss Doane the afternoon before:

"If you are here on time to-morrow morning, Ezekiel, I am going to let you hold the flag during morning exercises; be the flag-bearer. You would like that, I suppose?"

The flag-bearer! It was something which he could still think of only with bated breath. The flag-bearer! That he should have lived to deserve this honor! If he were there on time? Would there be any *doubt* about his being there on time? He listened to a far-away clock as it measured out eight faint, even strokes. He listened again, too, when the clock stopped, for he thought he heard something else. It was like — music, he thought, and he stopped a moment and looked back down the long, straight road which threw out even distant objects with distinctness. He saw the distant object plainly, too — a high wagon with two long side seats, the horses pulling on in front as the music came nearer, nearer — a band!

Ezekiel felt a hot thrill of pleasure as he stepped aside and looked up in the full blare of sound at the men sitting there on the long seats with puffing cheeks and bulging eyes. He wished they wouldn't go on! It made him dance all over, music like that! And he looked excitedly at the low steps which led up into the high wagon. They would soon be gone. He ran on, his blood still throbbing, dancing, in his veins, and caught at the low steps, while the men on the long seats still played on.

Oh, away down South in Dixie!
Away! Away!

He threw his head back, glowing ecstatically with the joyous thrill of sound, and away rattled the wagon with its two long seats of puffing men and its one small boy tucked in down below, invisible to them all. Past the Whittier School, around the corner, and then down another long, straight road —

Away! Away!

Then, suddenly, the music stopped, and immediately there were only the harsh, metallic sounds of the rattling wagon, varied by a few unmusical voices coming down from above.

"Oh, shuh!" breathed Ezekiel, in disgust.

But the unmusical voices were evidently discussing musical possibilities, and presently, with a few preliminary puffs, something else came down from above — something different, unexpected, too. A rare, sweet, gentle flow it was, perhaps from only a few instruments. But as it flowed on delicately, alluringly, Ezekiel's face softened dreamily, and he gazed back over the road, which was growing longer behind them, unconscious of it, unconscious of everything except gently rolling on upon a sweet, rare drift of sound. How long it continued he didn't know, but occasionally he felt dimly conscious of a swaying curve, of a new direction, of still rolling on, but always on the sweet, rare drift of sound.

Then it stopped again, and he waked from his dream to another joyous rhythm of reality, and again he danced to the "Tum-te-tum-te-tum! Tum-te-tum! Tum-te-tum!" of the band.

A red-clover field at one side seemed to nod delicately, rhythmically, with the music, too; but even that was left behind, nodding finally only faintly in the distance.

Oh, say, can you see,
By the dawn's early light!

It came like a loud, sudden call of danger, and Ezekiel started up on his seat and looked around him.

What so proudly we hail ——

He jumped from the step and stood in the middle of the road, looking confusedly around him with a frightened face. Where was he? What were they playing? What were they singing? No, what were they *playing?* They *sang* it at the Whittier! They sang it just after *saluting the flag!* The flag? He was to hold the flag — he was to be the flag-bearer! This morning! If — he were there — on — time! Oh, where was he? They were probably singing it *now! Some one else was holding the flag!* He stood there, still looking around miserably, helplessly. From farther on down the road a faint and mocking strain came back to him:

The star-spangled banner,
Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free ——

He turned sharply and began to run — back over the strange, hopeless-looking road, past the red-clover field, still nodding delicately at one side, past other fields not noticed before. He must be right. There was only one road!

The star! spang! gl-led! ban-ner!
Oh, lo-ong ma-ay i-it wa-ave!

Oh, how could he have forgotten?

The Whittier School stood up straight and still by the road, and a small, tired-looking boy with dusty shoes came shuffling into the yard. The sound of the children's voices singing came out to him through the open windows, and he shuffled on and threw himself down on the grass close to the building. There were two chords from the piano, a slight shifting of feet, and then the children's voices came out to him again:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands — one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

He looked wearily around the yard. He thought he wouldn't go into school at all that morning; he would just wait outside for a little while until he found out — there was one thing which he wanted to find out. It was comfortable lying there in the sun, too, beside the violet-bed, and it may have been an hour later when he looked up again, to see a small boy traveling across the yard to the pump. Slowly Ezekiel pulled himself up from the sunny grass and traveled across the yard to the pump, too.

"Oh, w'at you out yere fer, boy?" he began in agreeably skeptical tones. "Miss Doane'll git after yer!"

The boy looked agreeable, too, to even that contingency, and Ezekiel regarded him again.

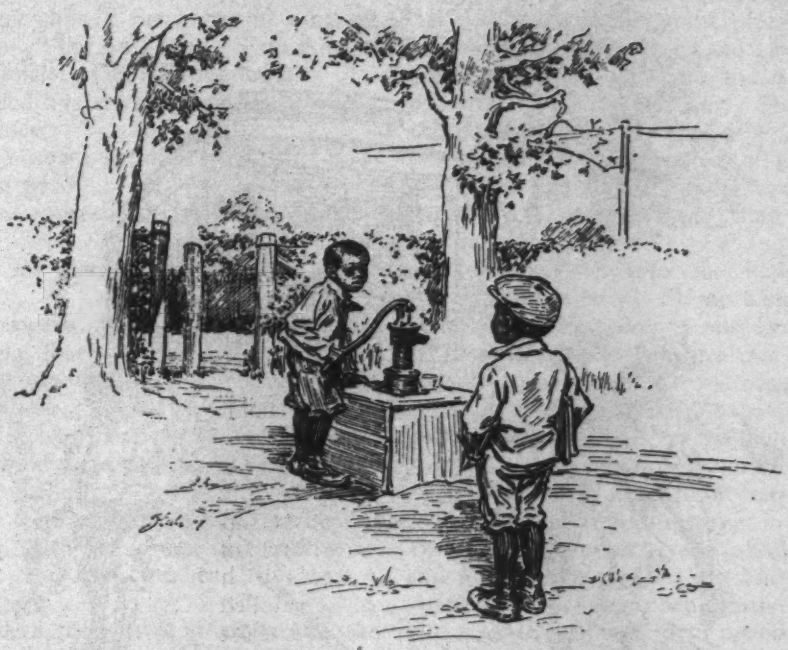
"Who's de flag-bea'r dis mawnin'?" he questioned casually.

"Er — a — doan't yer know? Dat li'l Number One chile," ruminated the boy. "L'renzo! L'renzo Cam'ell."

Ezekiel looked incredulous.

"*He* ain't big enough fer no flag-bea'r!" he commented, "an' I'se gwine be ter-morrer mawnin', anyhow. Miss Doane tole me I kin."

But when it came, that to-morrow morning,



"'WHO'S DE FLAG-BEA'R DIS MAWNIN'?'"

Ezekiel stood modestly down in one of the long rows where he had always stood before, and Lorenzo once more marched proudly to the platform. His chest rose high as he grasped the long pole which rested on the floor, his small heels came together, and he felt very straight and large. Ezekiel looked at him sadly from his modest position, and regarded him as a small but presumptuous rival.

One! Two!

Lorenzo's little brown face flushed delicately with pride and pleasure.

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

He seemed to grow that week, the small flag-bearer; his back was always very straight, and each morning as he marched to the platform his chest rose high again, his heels came together, and with the chords from the piano his little brown face always flushed again with the same thrill of pride and pleasure. And so the mornings went on, and on Friday there was a row of visitors across the platform, who looked at him with amused smiles and, for the moment, felt nothing but gentleness toward the dark-skinned people for which he stood.

Ezekiel noticed, as he looked up at him that morning, that he wore a spandy clean turn-over collar which glistened very white as the sun fell on him through the window. Miss North noticed it too, as she stood behind her row of children, and half consciously wondered if his mother had ironed it for him that morning. She had reason, afterward, to notice it again.

Just why her children were late in passing out that noon she couldn't have told, definitely. Perhaps it was because there had been a seemingly constant stream of visitors through her room all the morning. But she noticed, as she stepped back from the hall, that the Number One children were passing out behind her own — late too.

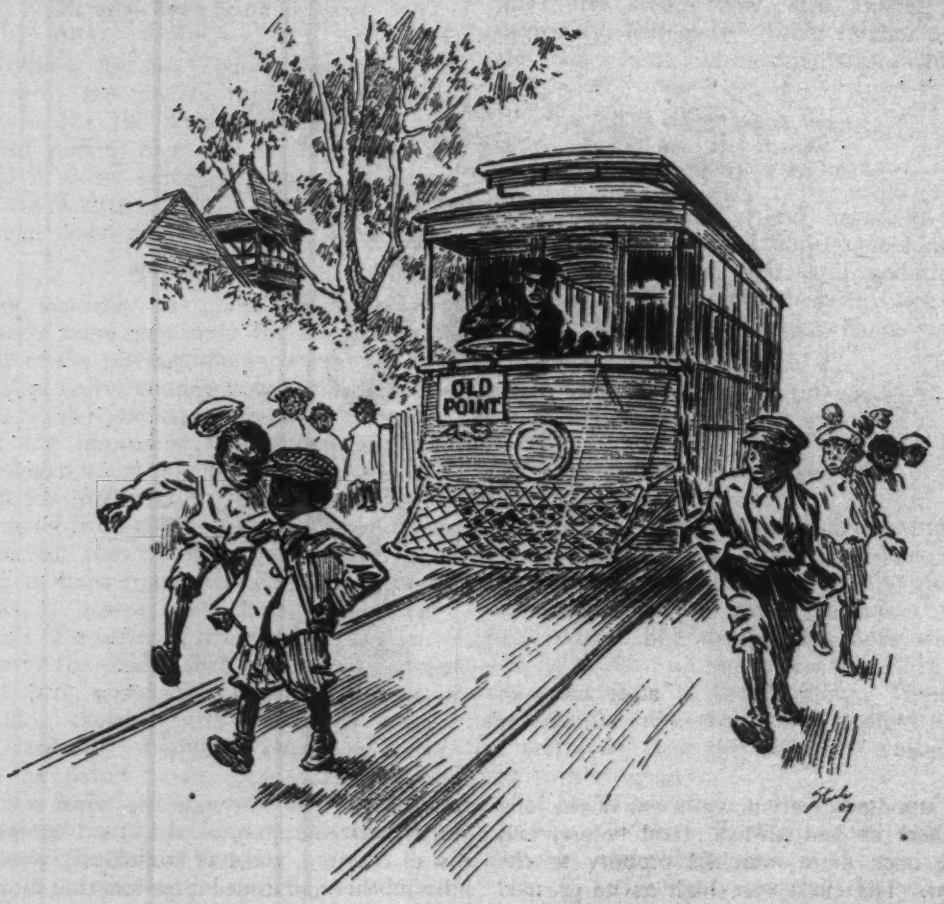
She sat down for a moment, tired of numbers and confusion, and wondered what it would be like to get away from it all and be quiet.

Her children passed out into the big yard which led out across the car-tracks, untroubled by numbers or confusion, and danced off into the road. The faint clang of a car-bell sounded in the distance, and on down the road the children went. Ezekiel turned a moment, at one side, and looked back at a few stragglers still on the track.

"Look out!" he called. "De cyar's a-comin'!"

They scattered in confusion, and the car came swiftly on. Miss North was hurrying on through the yard, but he did not see her.

"L'renzo!" he shouted. It was only Lo-



"'L'RENZO! DE CYAR!'"

renzo who was left there, trotting unconsciously on between the tracks. He didn't know!

"*L'renzo! L'renzo! De cyar! Jump! Quick!*" Ezekiel jumped, himself, and caught wildly at his arm, and the great, rolling thing came on.

"*L'ren*-zo!" he called again, in a thick voice of terror, and something struck him.

"*L'ren*-zo!" And he lay at one side of the road, while suddenly there seemed to be a wild, clamoring confusion everywhere. All the children seemed to be back there again; Miss Doane was there, and Miss North was trying, with a white face, to lift him from the ground. The car had gone on, and the clamor of children's voices told shrilly of Lorenzo—told confused, hysterical things. They had taken him on in the car! Before Miss North could stop them!

Miss Doane looked at Miss North.

"I will take care of Ezekiel," she began; "he isn't seriously hurt. But you—will you go on—and find out about Lorenzo?"

"Yes," Miss North's voice came mechanically. "Where is his mother?"

She never forgot that walk to find her. She never forgot the sickening pallor that shot into the brown skin, so much like Lorenzo's, when she told her there had been—an accident. She never forgot half blindly following the woman as she bolted wildly from the house, and of being swept on in a strange contagion of excitement—she knew not where.

Finally, the crowd found itself focused, with the same contagion of excitement, around a small drug-store, and Miss North, still half blindly watching the woman with the sickening pallor in her brown cheeks, reached out and caught her arm.

"Don't—don't go in there," she whispered. "Not yet! Let me go first."

The woman pushed on, struggling with the crowd, heedless to sound, and two policemen stepped in front of her.

"Hold on! What's the hurry?" one of them began facetiously. "You can't go in there!"

He took her firmly by the arm, but with helpless, desperate movements she still tried to push on.

"I want my chile!" she began in a hoarse, shaking voice. "Turn me loose! I mus' get to my chile! Quick! Oh, turn me loose!"

She struggled hysterically with the grinning, joking policemen.

"Hold on, now, sister! Hold on, now! Don't get excited!"

There were appreciative guffaws from the crowd.

"Oh, turn me loose!" she shrieked. *"My baby chile!"*

To a philosopher, watching unemotionally, it might have been a scene to awaken a long train of thought — this sudden vivid picture of the startled, agonized mother instinct, rushing blindly ahead to save its young. In a dog it would have been looked on with a thrill of admiration; but in this quivering woman, with her sensitive brown face pallid and agonized, with the drops of perspiration standing out on her forehead, it was a joke!

As Miss North thought of it afterward, the most hideous thing about it was that at the time it had all seemed so natural.

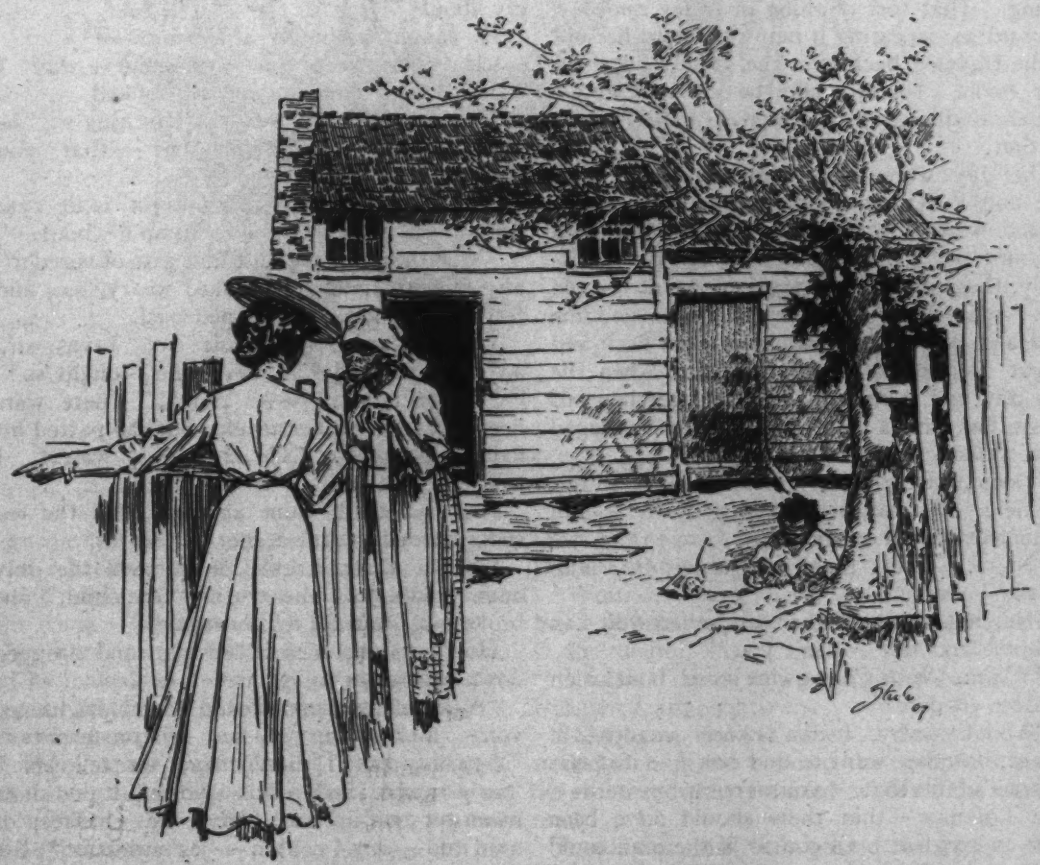
But she stood by the policemen herself.

"Won't you let her go in, please?"

They stopped joking and looked at her politely, respectfully, and the woman passed on, Miss North behind her. She, with not a thousandth part of the other's immediate portion out of the grand lot of human misery —she was treated with kindness, consideration.

And yet, at the time, that had seemed natural, too!

They went on into the little store, and through to the back. It was a sickening fulfilment of all the unhappy suspense. There on the floor lay the little figure that had stood so proudly by the flag that morning — the small limbs lifeless, the piteously babyish face turned upward, the cruel gash on the temple which had already been bathed, perhaps by kind hands, the red spots on the white collar which had shone so clean in the sun earlier in the morning. There was a faint cry from a hopeless woman, and Miss North reached out and felt for her, putting her, with hushed, gentle movements, into a chair. But the door opened, and a man



"SHE TOLD HER THERE HAD BEEN—AN ACCIDENT"

with a shocked, questioning face came in. They said he was one of the "road officials." But, with that afterward of remembering, Miss North felt very thankful that he did come — that she had seen his face. He knelt down gently beside the child. He had a coarse physique, but he also had the fineness of feeling.

"Ain't it a shame?" he said simply, and his eyes were moist.

He passed over to the limp, moaning woman, and put his hand kindly on her arm.

"Now, you just try to be quiet and wait here a few minutes," he began, "and I'm going to get you taken right home." His voice was full of simple human kindness.

And this was natural, too.

Miss North found herself clinging to it as her mind flashed back to the policemen, to — to the man at the wheel of the car. She saw him again, coming swiftly on, indifferent to the small things scattering confusedly before him, or to the one small thing still trotting unconsciously along; she saw — would she always see it? — that one small thing struggling helplessly on the fender while the man at the wheel still drove on!

She looked into the kind face, still warm with feeling. That sort of thing *could not continue*. She said so, repeating it many times to herself, as she traveled back over the same road again that noon. There would be enough simple human kindness, natural human justice, found for that.

The day wore away and gradually went out, and a new one somewhere in the background waited to take its place. And with the new one came back, persistently, relentlessly, those deep-dyed, vivid scenes of the old one. Again Miss North traveled down the same road and back again, watching them flash and repeat themselves — and still again, when the new day had worn old, the road stretched out before her, and a small boy with a bandaged head walked slowly by her side.

"Does it tire you very much to walk so far, Ezekiel?" she inquired, looking down at him as his feet moved on wearily.

"No'm. 'Tain' much furrer, is it, Miss No'th?"

"No, not much further, and then you can go home and rest — can't you?"

"Yas'm. W'at's dey gwine ax us 'bout, w'en we does git dere?"

"About — why, I don't know exactly, of course, but they want to find out if — if it was any one's fault that — you were hurt yesterday, that Lorenzo — that there should have been such an accident. Of course, if the man could have stopped his car — and *didn't*, why, of course they wouldn't want such a man *running* a car, would they?"

"No'm, wouldn' want no sech a man's dat," agreed Ezekiel; "w'y *didn'* he stop de cyar, Miss No'th?"

"I — don't know; but, you see, they want us to tell them what we saw. It is what they call a 'hearing.' They want to hear all about it."

"Yas'm," and they stopped before a low building standing close to the road.

"Now, Ezekiel," said Miss North, turning squarely, "whatever else you do, tell the plain truth and *nothing more*."

"Yas'm," and Ezekiel looked both weary and frightened.

"Come," she added gently, looking at him, "there's nothing to be afraid of"; and they went up the low steps together.

When they came out again the sun had moved on in the sky, and Ezekiel looked more weary and frightened than ever. Miss North looked down at him, and her breath came quickly.

"I am sorry that we should have had to wait — until the last," she began; "there, there, Ezekiel! Sh — sh! There's nothing to cry about!"

He caught sobbingly at her arm.

"He — he keep on axin' me — way I couldn' — jes understan'!" he choked.

"I know it," she went on soothingly; "he used long words — didn't he? — that you couldn't understand."

"Yas'm; he — he keep on sayin' is de cyar gwine — is de cyar gwine — sump'n' 'bout —"

"Was the car going at a 'low rate of speed'?" She smiled, though she looked weary, too, and spiritless, as her mind turned back.

"Yas'm; an' — an' I tole 'im, 'Y-yas, sir,' an' he — he jes laf an' say — he f-fought so!"

"Never mind! Never mind!" There were deep red spots on her cheeks, but she patted his hand soothingly. "He knew — it wasn't. I told him — exactly — how — it was."

Her last words came absently, and the red spots burned in still deeper.

"Never mind, Ezekiel, if we *were* the only ones — who told the truth. Oh, child," she broke out, "*always tell the truth!*"

Hot tears glistened in her eyes and dropped down before them.

"Y-yas'm," he answered in a faint, frightened voice, looking up at her in consternation, "y-yas'm; but I didn' mean ter tell 'im — *'twa'n'* gwine fas' — Miss No'th! I — d-didn' mean ter tell 'im dat! Only — he — he keep on axin' me — way I couldn' — jes understan'! But I tole 'im — 'bout it — too! I — I tole 'im *'twuz*

"'HOLD ON, NOW, SISTER! DON'T GET EXCITED!'"

—gwine tur'ble fas'—doan't yer know, Miss No'th? I tole 'im 'twuz! An' — an' I tole 'im — I tries ter ketch 'im — but — I couldn' — cuz — it come — ser fas' — I — I couldn'!"

His words caught in helpless, quivering sobs, and he looked up at her again from under the dry, hot bandage. Her heart smote her with a dull, hopeless pain.

"There, there, my child! I know you did, and — you told him *just* as it was! I know you did! There, there, my child! You *mustn't* cry — you mustn't!"

She stopped, and, kneeling down on the cool grass by the road, loosened the bandage around the hot, throbbing forehead.

"You are very tired, aren't you — little boy? Would you like to stop and rest a little, in the shade?"

"No'm, I ain't ve'y tired, Miss No'th," he whispered appreciatively.

"Shall we go on, then — slowly?" She smiled at him and brushed the dampness from her eyes, and they traveled on down the sunny road.

It was not until they passed the gate at the Whittier School that his weary little voice came

up to her again in a final haunting murmur:

"'Twuz gwine tur'ble — fas' — an' — he — he ain' nuver tried to stop. W'at's *dey gwine do* — *'bout it* — Miss No'th? Cuz he *could* stop — ef he tried — but he — he — he ain' — nuver — tried."

It seemed a long time after when she stood before the gate again, Monday morning, and heard that "they would do" nothing about it.

Her mind flashed back to the hearing, and she understood. She watched the children flock through the gate in hundreds, and then, with the same dull, hopeless pain in her heart, she went on behind them. Where was the simple human kindness that she had depended upon to wipe the coarse, miserable cruelty away from this thing? Where was it? As if she were to be forever haunted, again she saw a struggling child on the fender of a car while the man at the wheel still drove on. She saw the tortured mother's face, the laughing, joking policemen, the limp little figure lying still with its babyish face turned upward, the red spots on the clean white collar, and the kind man who knelt gently by his side. She was glad that she could see him still.

She went into the school building, but still, like a panorama, the same scenes shifted one after another before her eyes. The bells sounded, the children marched into the assembly-room in long lines, like a dream; and like a dream she saw another little boy mount to the platform and support the flag.

A car sounded faintly in the distance and then came whirling on, and to the man at the wheel the sound of children's voices, singing, floated out through the open windows. But he whirled on, and two familiar chords came from the piano. Then the long rows of children shifted again and turned their gentle, dark little faces up to the flag-bearer. For a moment their eyes rested on him in a kind of troubled, patient acceptance, and one small face still partly hidden by a bandage was damp with tears.

But there came the chords again; unquestioningly the hands were lifted as they had always been before, the eyes rose to the flag, and once more came all the voices in an unbroken whole:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands — one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

"'TAIN' MUCH FURRER, IS IT, MISS NO'TH?'"

HYPNOTISM AND CRIME

BY

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICANS," "AMERICAN TRAITS," "PSYCHOLOGY AND LIFE," ETC.

THOSE stubborn people who simply did not believe that such a thing as hypnotism existed have probably slowly died out; they might just as well have refused to believe that there are mental diseases. And those of the other extreme, those who saw in the hypnotic state a mystical revelation in which superhuman powers manifested themselves, have slowly lost their ground; they might just as well call sleep or hysteria or epilepsy a supernatural mystery. No; science understands to-day that the facts of hypnotism are in no way more mysterious than those of any other functions in the natural life of the mind. They are narrowly related to the experiences of absorbing attention, vivid imagination, and obedient will, and, on the other side, to sleep and dreams and mental aberration.

Of course, there is much that still remains under heated discussion. There is no real agreement yet as to where the limits of hypnotism lie and where it shades off into suggestion. There are various possible interpretations of the hypnotic brain process, various views also as to the special disposition for it, and even its symptoms still need careful inquiry; but every one may agree at least in this: that hypnotism is not without serious consequences, and is therefore certainly not a plaything; and, secondly, that hypnotism is for many nervous and mental disorders a highly effective remedy, when applied by the experienced physician. It has brought and will bring health and, through that, happiness to uncounted sufferers, and therefore it has come to stay.

But, if hypnotism is to be with us, it seems natural that the question should be asked, —often not without anxiety,— What is its relation to law and court, to crime and criminal procedure? The uncanny power therein which man has over man, will over will, may threaten dangerous social entanglements; on the other hand, new energies may thereby be made available in the interest of the law. The imagination has here a free field. The dime novel and, alas! the dollar-and-a-half novel have made full use of this convenient instrument of criminal wonders; and the newspaper public reads, often without any realization of the difference, stories of hypnotic crime which might easily have taken place, by the side of others which are absolutely impossible. There is nowhere a standard, and it may, therefore, be worth while to take a bird's-eye view of the whole field in which hypnotism and crime come, really or supposedly, in contact with each other.

The popular imagination turns first, with preference, to the question whether the court may not apply hypnotism for the purpose of unveiling the hidden truth. Unsolicited letters concerning hypnotism turn up copiously in a psychologist's mail; and statistics show that it is just this proposition which disturbs the largest percentage of these amateur criminologists. They take a passionate interest in every murder case, and, too often, reach the torturing stage of not being able to decide who is really guilty, even when all the evidence and the verdict of the jury are in. Their scruple, they feel, could be removed only by the absolutely sure knowledge that this or that man speaks the truth. Hypnotism has the well-known power of breaking down the resistance of the will; if the hypnotized witness were ordered to speak the full truth, he would no longer have any choice. It looks so simple and promising.

From a purely psychological standpoint, such a method might be successful. It would not differ in principle from that by which hypnotic confessions are drawn from a patient against his will. The other day, a student whom I was curing of the cocaine habit assured me most vehemently that he had no cocaine in his room any more; and a few minutes later, when I had hypnotized him, he described

correctly the place where he had hidden it. But the difficulty would begin with the fact, too often overlooked, that one cannot be hypnotized by a new person, for the first time, against one's will. A criminal who does not confess in his full senses will not yield to any hypnotizing efforts, for no outsider can bring about the new state of mind. Hypnotization cannot work on an unyielding brain as a chloroform sponge held by force to the mouth might work. If the imagination of the subject does not help him to reach the somnambulic state, no one can compel him by injecting a mesmeric fluid into his veins. And, finally, even if such hypnotizing by force were possible, it is self-evident that, for moral and legal reasons, no civilized court ought to listen to such extorted evidence.

Of course, it might be different if a wrongly accused defendant or a suspected witness wished, in his own interest, to be hypnotized. A woman once asked my advice in such a case. She was under a cloud of ugly suspicion; even her own husband did not believe her protestations of innocence, and, I suppose, her lawyer still less. She wanted to be brought to the deepest state of hypnotism, in open court, till it would be evident that she had no will power left for deceit. Then, if at the question of the hypnotizer she declared herself innocent, the court would have to accept her statement. I advised her strongly not even to suggest such a theatrical performance. Technically, it is not at all possible to hypnotize every one to such a strong degree; further, it would be difficult to prove to the court that she did not simulate hypnotic sleep and that no secret agreement existed between the subject and her hypnotizer. But the decisive point for me was the conviction that the court ought not to accept such somnambulic utterances any more than the insane speeches of a paranoiac. She would no longer have been in full possession of her mental energies, since it is the essence of the hypnotic state that large parts of the inner functions are inhibited; all is suppressed which counteracts the suggestions of the hypnotizer. Thus she would have ceased to be really herself, and the person on the witness-stand would not, therefore, legally remain the witness who took the oath before the hypnotization.

Quite different is the case when the hypnotization is required to awaken in the mind the memory of facts which occurred in an earlier hypnotic sitting. It is well known, indeed, that a person awaking from hypnosis may be without any memory of the words spoken during the hypnotic state, but may remember everything, even months after, as soon as a new hypnotic state is produced. Such a sharpened dream-memory may become important, and here the break of personal unity is no hindrance, since the purpose is objective information; for such an end even an insane man may give acceptable evidence — for example, as to the place where stolen booty is hidden.

But that the court should hypnotize would, in any event, be a most exceptional occurrence; a case deserving of much more attention is where the criminal hypnotizes. And here, again, popular misunderstandings prevail, first among which is the absurd fear of the man with paralyzing powers. He enters the room, and when he looks on you, you are powerless; you give him your jewels and the key to your safe, and he plunders you gently, while you have to smile and cannot raise a hand. The English newspapers insist that such a "burglar with the hypnotic eye" is "the latest product of America." *Punch*, the *London Charivari*, poked fun at him with a long poem on

> John P. Beck of Fortieth Street
> Was as smart a burglar as one could meet.
> On one thing only would he rely —
> The power of his black, hypnotic eye.

At first John P. burglarizes the halls of millionaires. Finally, he comes before the jury; but every witness begins to talk nonsense as soon as John P. looks at him.

> And each who came through the witness-door
> Seemed still more mad than the man before.

At last he looks on the judge, and the judge, too, grows confused and absurd, and closes finally:

> "I know the criminal. Yes, you see
> The wretch before you. I am he!
> The man who should be in the dock is me!
> Arrest me, warders! Step down, John P."

Now, all this is, of course, extremely funny; but *Punch* wanted to be still funnier, and therefore, with a serious face, introduced the burlesque poetry with a prose remark, which closes with the statement: "Professor Münsterberg of Harvard, and other learned men, have set themselves to show that hypnotic power may become a most dangerous asset of the criminal." That is amusing indeed — because hardly any one who is interested in the psychology of hypnotic states has sought and used so constantly any chance to ridicule the belief in a special "hypnotic power." I know well that not a few disagree with me in this, but

I must insist, and always have insisted, that anybody can hypnotize anybody.

Of course, whoever wants to hypnotize — in fact, no one but a physician ought to do it — must learn the technique and apply it patiently and skilfully. And, certainly, there are individual differences. Not every one can be deeply hypnotized; with not a few the inhibition goes no further than the inability to open the eyes, while only one out of four enters into strong hypnotic hallucinations. Further, not every one is well prepared to awaken that confidence which is essential and that feeling of repose which guides one over to the dreamy state; the look, the voice, the gestures, the phrases, the behavior, of certain persons make them poor hypnotizers, however well they may understand the tricks. But in principle everybody can hypnotize and can be hypnotized, just as in principle everybody can love and can be loved and no special mysterious power is needed to fall in love or to awaken love.

Yet, while thus every one can exert hypnotic influence, no one can do it by a mere glance. All the stories of a secret influence by which one man's will gets hold of another man's mind are remains of the mesmeric theories of the past. To-day we know that everything depends upon the attention and imagination of the hypnotized, and that no mysterious fluid can flow over from the mind of the hypnotist to the mind of the subject. The old mystical view of unscientific superstition reached its climax in the prevalent belief that a man could exert secret influence from a distance, without the victim's knowledge of the source of the uncanny distortion of his mind. According to this belief, every heinous crime might be committed under that cover; the distant hypnotizer could inflict pain and suffering on his enemy, and could misuse the innocent as instruments of his criminal schemes.

A reappearance of such old witchcraft superstitions is especially characteristic of the border-land cases between normal and abnormal minds. An unsound intellect easily interprets the stray impulses of the mind as the intrusion of a distant adversary. In Germany, for instance, a talented writer bombarded the legislatures with his pamphlets, demanding new laws for the punishment of those who produced criminal perversions through telepathic influence. The asylums are full of such ideas. The paranoiacs are always inclined to explain their inner disturbances by the newest startling agencies; their minds are disturbed by Röntgen rays or wireless telegraphy or hypnotic influence from a distance. In this country, such accusations have become familiar to the students of Christian Science. In "Science and Health" Mrs. Eddy wrote: "In coming years the person or mind that hates his neighbor will have no need to traverse his fields to destroy his flocks and herds, . . . for the evil mind will do this through mesmerism, and not *in propria personae* be seen committing the deed." And, again: "Mesmerism is practised both with and without manipulation; but the evil deed without a sign is also done by the manipulator and mental mal-practitioner. The secret mental assassin stalks abroad, and needs to be branded to be known in what he is doing." Or, "That malicious animal power seeks to kill his fellow-mortals, morally and physically, and then to charge the innocent with his crimes."

There ought to be no compromise. The morally ruinous doctrine of "malicious animal magnetism" is a complete distortion of the facts; nothing of that kind is ever possible. Some think that if the surprising facts of hypnotism are possible, such telepathic mesmerism might be possible, too, since the influence looks similar. We might just as well declare that if it is the surprising fact that a hen can be hatched from a hen's egg, it may also be true that a hen can come from a white candy egg, since they look alike. It is exactly the essentials of hypnotism and telepathy which are dissimilar and not to be compared: the latter would be a mystery; the former is no harder to explain than any act of sense impression and attention.

Of course, there is no reason to deny that a person may fall into the hypnotic state while the hypnotizer is in another place. The only condition is that he must have been hypnotized by him before and that his own imagination must have been captured by the thought of the absent hypnotizer. I myself have repeatedly hypnotized by telephone, or even by mail. For instance, I treated a morphinist who at first came daily to my laboratory to be hypnotized; later it was sufficient to tell him over the telephone: "Take out your watch; in two minutes you will fall asleep"; or to write to him: "As soon as you have read this note you will be in the hypnotic state." I thus had the "malicious" influence, even at a distance, but it was not by will power; it was by the power of his own imagination: at the time when he read my note in his suburb, and fell asleep, I was not thinking of him at all. As a matter of course, such influence by correspondence would have been impossible had not repeated hypnotization in personal contact preceded.

Even that may not be necessary if, not complete hypnotization, but only suggestive influence, is in question. A few days ago I received a letter from a Southern lady whom I do not know, whose son, a morphinist, I have never seen. She writes: "My son has been impressed with the belief that your treatment is all he needs to be cured. In a dream, he said, you stood before him, with the finger-tips of your hands trembling, and said, 'I have the power to influence your will.' He woke repeating, 'You have the power to control my will.' That morning he seemed to forget to take the morphine at the regular time, and soon went down to the beach without his morphine outfit in his pocket — an unusual thing," and so forth. He himself was convinced that my will power was working on him, while I did not even know him.

The chief factor is confidence. Any one who saw the hypnotic effects when the greatest master of hypnotism, Professor Bernheim of Nancy, in France, went from bed to bed in the clinics, simply saying, 'Sleep, sleep,' felt that, indeed, no one else could have attained that influence. But it was not because he had a special power: the chief point was that the whole population about Nancy went to him with an exaggerated tension of expectancy and confidence. I remember the case of a suffering woman whom I tried at first in vain to hypnotize; I felt that her mind was full of antagonism. Slowly I found out what troubled her. She had consulted so many physicians who had sent her high bills that she had come to fear that doctors humbug nervous patients for money. I told her frankly that I, as a psychologist, did such work only in the interest of science, and that, therefore, as a matter of course, I had never accepted a cent from any patient anywhere. Two minutes later she was in a deep hypnotic sleep.

The attention and emotion of the subject is, thus, much more important than the power of the hypnotizer. Yet, this does not exclude the possibility that attention and emotion may be stirred up intentionally, perhaps even maliciously, without the conscious knowledge of the victim. There is no special power which produces love, and yet the coquettish schemes of a wilful girl may perturb the peace of any man. Thus a hypnotizer may not wait till the subject lies down with the conscious expectation of being hypnotized, but may work slowly and systematically, by means of a hundred little tricks, on the imagination of a susceptible person. While both the hypnotic eye which fascinates at first glance and the malicious magnetism which destroys from a distance are absurd inventions, the slow and persistent gaining of power over an unresisting mind is certainly possible. A full hypnotic state cannot be reached in such a way; it shades off into the states of submission which belong to our normal social life; there is increased suggestibility in love and fear, in the pupil's feeling toward the teacher and the patient's feeling toward the physician — nowhere a sharp demarcation-line between these most valuable influences of social authority and the abnormal suggestions which have their climax in the complete hypnotic state. Such a semi-hypnotic state can work, of course, for good, but the dangers of its misuse are evident.

I remember the tragic case of a young woman in a Western state who seems to have lived for years a depersonalized social life. She had gone through college and graduate university work, and every one of her instructors and comrades was charmed with the lovely girl. But her finest gifts showed themselves in her delightful family life. Her aged mother and her sisters were her chief thought. The family made the acquaintance of a man who posed as a rich Italian count. He was without means, without education, from the lowest level of society. The girl was disgusted with him, but he managed to see her often. She felt with aversion how his influence grew on her; she felt a shiver when he looked at her; and yet an uncanny sensation crept over her, a strange fascination which she could not overcome: she had to do what he asked and finally what he ordered her to do. She despised him, and yet one day they secretly left the house and were married. At once he took possession of the young woman's considerable property. But it was not only that she gave him all: under his control, she began absurd lawsuits to deprive the family of all they owned; she swore on the witness-stand in court to the most cruel accusations and attacks against her mother, who had never wavered in her devoted love for her daughter; and every one who had known her before felt, from her expression and her voice, that she was not herself any more, but that she was the passive instrument of an unscrupulous schemer. Her own mother said: "Sometimes, for a few minutes, I seemed to get near her; then she would seem gone, miles and miles away. There are no words to describe the horror of it." And a sister wrote: "I should go crazy if I saw her often." Such a weird spectacle of an elusive mind, the continuation of the old personality and yet not of the old self, is not altogether rare in our court-rooms. It is a hypnotic state which

is pregnant with social dangers, but certainly there is no fear that it can be brought about suddenly or from a distance; it needs persistent influence, works probably only on neurotic persons with a special disposition for mental inhibitions, and never reaches complete hypnotism.

To what degreé, then, does the full hypnotic state itself fall within the realm of criminal action? One aspect seems to offer itself at once: the hypnotized person may become the powerless instrument of the criminal will of the hypnotizer. He may press the trigger of the gun, may mix the poison into the food, may steal and forge; and yet, the real, responsible actor is not he who commits the deed, but the other one, who is protected, and who directs the crime by hypnotic suggestion. All this has apparently been demonstrated by experiment a hundred times. I, perhaps, tell a hypnotized man that he is to give poison to the visitor whom I shall call from the next room. I have a sugar powder prepared, and assure my man that the powder is arsenic. I throw it into a glass of water before his eyes, and then I call my friend from the next room. The hypnotized subject takes the glass and offers it to the new-comer; you see how he hesitates and perhaps trembles; but finally he overcomes his resistance and offers the sugar water, which he takes for poison.

The possibilities of such secret crimes seem to grow, moreover, in almost unlimited number through the so-called post-hypnotic suggestions. The opportunity to commit a crime through an unwilling subject in the hypnotic sleep itself is in practical life, of course, small and exceptional; but the hypnotizer can give the order to carry out the act at a later time, a few hours or a few days after awaking. Every experimenter knows that he can make a subject go through a foolish performance long after the hypnosis has ended. "Go this afternoon at four to your friend, stand before him on one leg, and repeat the alphabet." Such a silly order will be carried out to the letter, and only the theoretical question is open, whether the act is done in spite of full consciousness, or whether, at the suggested time, the subject falls again into a half-hypnotic state, under the influence of his own imagination. Certainly he does not know before four o'clock that he is expected to do the act, and yet when the clock strikes four he feels an instinctive desire to run to the house of his friend and to behave as demanded. He will even do it with the feeling of freedom, and will associate in his own mind illogical motives to explain to his own satisfaction his perverse desires — he wants to recite the alphabet to his friend because his friend once made a mistake in spelling. Might he not just as well run to his friend's house and shoot him down, if a criminal hypnotizer afflicted him with such a murderous suggestion? He would again believe himself to act in freedom and would invent a motive. The situation seems the more gruesome when we consider that the criminal might have added the further suggestion that no one else would ever be able to hypnotize him again, and that he would entirely forget that he ever was hypnotized. Experiment seems to prove that all this is entirely possible, and post-hypnotic suggestion thus plays in literature the convenient part of secret agency for atrocious murder as well as for Trilby's wonderful singing.

In contradiction to all this, I have to confess that I have my doubts as to the purity of Trilby's hypnotic singing, and I have more than doubts — yes, I feel practically sure — that no real murder has ever been committed by an innocent man under the influence of post-hypnotic suggestion. It is true, I have seen men killing with paper daggers and poisoning with white flour and shooting with empty revolvers in the libraries of nerve specialists or in laboratory rooms, with doctors sitting by and watching the performance; but I have never become convinced that there did not remain in the mind of the hypnotized a background idea of artificiality, and that this idea overcame the resistance which would be prohibitive in actual life. To bring absolute proof of this conviction is hardly possible, since we cannot really kill for the sake of experiment. There remains, of course, the possible claim that the courts have condemned men for murder for which they were passive instruments; yet it is a fact that, so far, no murder case is known in which the not unusual theory of hypnotic influence seemed probable after all the evidence was in. I have repeatedly received inquiries from lawyers asking whether there would be any basis to stand on if the defense were to claim that the crime was done in a hypnotic or post-hypnotic state. In every case I have replied that, in spite of the many experiments which seem to prove the contrary, it cannot be said that hypnotic suggestion is able to break down the inner resistance against murder. There is, therefore, no danger to be feared from this side. Nevertheless, the frequent claim of defendants that they must have been hypnotized is, mostly, no conscious inventing. Rather, it is the outcome of the fact that the criminal

impulse comes to the unbalanced, diseased mind often like a foreign intruder; it takes hold of the personality without free choice of motives, and the unfortunate sufferer thus interprets quite sincerely his unaccountable perversions as the result of strange outside influences.

But there is another side, and it would be reckless to overlook the difference. You cannot make an honest man steal and kill, but you can make him perform many other actions which are not immoral so far as the action is concerned and which yet have criminal character. A scoundrel, perhaps, gives the post-hypnotic suggestion that his subject call at a lawyer's and deposit with him a last will leaving all his property to the hypnotizer. Here no resistance from moral principle is involved; the man who throws away all he owns acts in accordance with the order because here the impulse is not checked by the habits of a trained conscience. We can add one more step which is entirely possible: the hypnotizer may see an opportunity to give the further post-hypnotic suggestion of suicide. The next day the victim is found dead in his room. Everything indicates that he took his own life; there is not the least suspicion; and the hypnotizer is his heir in consequence of the spurious last will. Similar cases have been reported, and this explanation of them is not impossible. The ease with which any hypnotizer can cover the traces of his crime by special suggestions makes the situation the more dangerous.

In this group belong also the post-hypnotic perjuries. Of course, if the man on the witness-stand knew that he swore falsely, his moral convictions would rebel, as in the case of theft and murder. But he believes what he swears; on his side there is no crime, but merely confusion of ideas and falsified memory: the crime belongs entirely to the one who fabricated the artificial delusion. Other cases refer to simple fraud. The post-hypnotic suggestion may force one man to pay the price of real pearls for glass pearls, and may induce another man to buy a house which is useless to him. The physician who is a trained psychologist will have no difficulty in assisting the court in such situations and in making the right diagnosis; on the other hand, without thorough experience in scientific psychology, no one will be able to disentangle such cases, be he physician or not.

There still remains one important relation between hypnotism and crime. Hypnotization may prevent crime. The moral interest we take in the suppression of criminal impulses inclines us to see a sharp demarcation-line between these socially destructive tendencies and other impulses which are morally indifferent. Psychologically we cannot acknowledge such a distinct line between them. The craving for an immoral and illegal end may take possession of a weak nervous system in the same way in which any neurasthenic impulse becomes rooted, and it seems therefore not unjustifiable to hope, for such a criminal disposition, the same relief by hypnotic treatment as for the neurasthenic disturbance.

Last year I was approached within the same week by two young people who complained in almost identical terms that they could not master their ideas and desires. One suffered from the idea that he wanted to kill certain persons; whenever he saw them, he felt the impulse to knock them down. The other suffered from the idea that she wanted to look alternately from one eye to the other of any person with whom she talked. The impulse to kill was possibly of the greatest legal consequence; the impulse to look from eye to eye was evidently the most indifferent affair. And yet, the second person was the greater sufferer. She had once, by chance, observed in a man's face a striking difference in color between his two eyes, and that led her to look alternately at one and then the other eye. It became a habit which grew stronger than her will, and, when she came to me, it had reached a point where she thought of suicide because life had become intolerable from this incessant impulse to swing from eye to eye. I treated the dangerous killing impulse and the harmless swinging impulse in exactly the same way, by inhibitory suggestions, and they disappeared under the hypnotic treatment in exactly the same time.

But it is evident that criminal impulses cannot be treated simply as an appendix to the neurasthenic states. Most complex and partly moral questions are involved therein. Have we a right to reinforce righteousness by hypnotism instead of by an appeal to spiritual energies? If we cure the depraved boy of his stealing habit by hypnotism, would it not be the simple logical consequence that his whole education and training ought to be left to such a safe and forceful influence? And that opens the widest perspective of social problems. It leads us to a large field which is not ours to enter to-day, as it is a new and separate question: What can the modern psychologist contribute to the prevention and suppression of crime?

GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES AND THEIR MAKING

STREET-RAILWAY FINANCIERS—III

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the preceding article the writer described the financial methods which, by 1902, had reduced the whole Metropolitan system to virtual insolvency. These methods, it will be remembered, included the issue of many millions of stock for no proportionate equivalent, and the wasteful and dishonest expenditure of many more millions in the reconstruction of the surface lines. In these ways and in the resultant stock manipulations it was conservatively estimated that the members of the Whitney-Ryan syndicate and their political and financial allies had made at least $100,000,000 profits in nine years. The syndicate now devoted its attention, not to the physical and financial rehabilitation of a shattered corporation, but to devising new methods of exploiting it.

Whitney and Ryan no longer had the slightest use for the Metropolitan corporation itself; that company had satisfactorily served its purpose. It was originally organized, not as a legitimate enterprise, but as a convenient medium for speculating in the credit of the New York street-railway system. As a proprietary corporation it was largely a fiction; actually it owned very few miles of surface railway in fee, but had acquired nearly everything under lease, and under terms that left very little margin of profit to the Metropolitan itself. The syndicate had simply capitalized this situation at $92,000,000, delivered the securities in large quantities to themselves, advanced their prices in the Stock Exchange to a ridiculous figure, and then sold out to the investing public. By 1902, therefore, the Whitney-Ryan-Widener group had their own profits carefully invested in good dividend-paying securities, and the Metropolitan stock-holders had on their hands a corporation overburdened with debt and an annually increasing deficit. Thus the old Metropolitan Company had in itself no possibilities of further profit. No new stock could be issued and no more money could be raised by the flotation of bonds. However, the surface railway system itself still existed. It had certain assets, especially about $12,000,000 of securities in underlying railroads, and, above all, it had a monopoly in the operation of the surface railways in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Could not some plan possibly be devised by which the old Metropolitan Company itself, in which the inside syndicate now had practically no interest, could be dropped and all this property transferred to a new company which it did control?

A story is told in Philadelphia which well illustrates the mental attitude of the New York street-railway magnates toward problems of this kind. Some one called Mr. Widener's attention to the unsatisfactory condition of his Philadelphia traction interests — to their heavy capitalization, their increasing debts, and the danger of their ultimate insolvency. "What are you going to do about it?" Mr. Widener was asked. "We'll just set the table all over again," he replied. The policy of "setting the table over again" was now adopted with the Metropolitan system.

Jacob H. Schiff

In order to facilitate this program, Whitney and Ryan entered into new and important financial associations. An especially notable

accession was Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, head of the famous banking-house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. In 1902 few men stood so high in the financial community as Mr. Schiff. Next to J. Pierpont Morgan, he was unquestionably the greatest American financier. He had served an apprenticeship in the Frankfort banking-house of the Rothschilds, and, coming to the United States in 1865, had spent several years as a broker in Wall Street. In 1875, having married the daughter of Solomon Loeb, he was admitted as junior partner in the banking-house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. At that time this institution had already achieved much substantial success, but its great progress in the next twenty-five years had been owing almost entirely to the financial genius of Mr. Schiff. Mr. Schiff had also acquired distinction in other lines. He had become the foremost Jewish citizen of the United States; was widely known as a philanthropist, as the founder of the Jewish Theological Seminary, and as a large contributor to educational and charitable institutions of non-sectarian character. He had also taken a prominent part in reform movements of all kinds, and had served upon many citizens' committees working for the betterment of civic conditions. Until 1902 Mr. Schiff's most notable financial achievement had been the reorganization of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the fierce battle, culminating in the Wall Street panic of May 9, 1901, which, with E. H. Harriman, he had waged against J. P. Morgan and J. J. Hill for the control of the Northern Pacific. Mr. Schiff's action at this time, in refusing to take advantage of the financial distress of many Wall Street speculators, was the subject of much favorable comment. Since 1902 his reputation has been extended by his success in largely financing the empire of Japan in the Russian War, and, somewhat less favorably, by his relations to the Equitable Life Assurance Society during the administration of James Hazen Hyde. Mr. Schiff's first connection with the Metropolitan was in 1900, when, on the Metropolitan's guaranty, he raised $35,000,000 for the Third Avenue Railroad. As shown in the preceding article, the Metropolitan has spent at least $12,000,000 of this large sum without materially increasing the assets of the Third Avenue Company. The securities on which this money was obtained, sold to the public at par, now have a market value of 50, and the Metropolitan, which guaranteed their payment, is in a condition of hopeless insolvency.

At the same time Mr. Paul D. Cravath became the leading legal counselor for the Metropolitan syndicate. Elihu Root's duties as Secretary of War had forced him to drop his active association with Metropolitan affairs. Mr. Cravath, who succeeded Mr. Root, was known to the New York public chiefly as a reformer in politics and a leader in many public-spirited enterprises. By a curious stroke of fortune, Mr. Cravath began his law practice in the same office with Charles E. Hughes. They were both selected, at the same time, by Mr. Walter S. Carter, a well-known New York lawyer, as two promising young men who would be desirable accessions to his office staff; and for several years the three, under the firm-name of Carter, Hughes and Cravath, did a large and substantial business. Mr. Cravath has recently come into public notice as the man who, according to Thomas F. Ryan, showed the Metropolitan syndicate what it could "do legally" in the organization of the Metropolitan Securities Company; Mr. Hughes, on the other hand, as Governor of New York State, has been an important instrument in uncovering the facts concerning the Metropolitan's history.

Alliances Made with Trust Companies

A prominent factor in the new transaction was the Morton Trust Company, an institution in which Whitney and Ryan were extremely influential. From the first, the Metropolitan syndicate had used large financial houses in connection with their plans. As far back as December, 1898, they acquired possession of the State Trust Company and began to use liberally the funds of its depositors in their Wall Street flotations. In 1900 the disclosures of conditions in this fiduciary institution provided Wall Street with one of the greatest banking scandals of a decade. Certain directors of the State Trust Company, it appeared, had lent its money to themselves and their political and financial associates on several varieties of unsatisfactory security. Thomas F. Ryan's office-boy, one Daniel H. Shea, who was receiving a weekly salary of $15, had borrowed $2,000,000; Moore and Schley, a brokerage firm which has many times represented William C. Whitney in stock-market operations, had obtained $1,000,000; Louis F. Payn, for many years a notorious lobbyist at Albany, had got $435,000; and the Metropolitan Traction Company, which had gone out of existence three years before, had received $500,000. In making these and many other loans, the responsible directors of the State Trust Company had violated the banking

laws and probably made themselves liable to prosecution. For some reason, however, legal proceedings were never forced, and Whitney and Ryan saved the situation by merging the State with the Morton Trust Company. Ryan himself became vice-president of the new institution and made it the chief fiscal agent of the Metropolitan Company. As will be explained, it has been an essential part of the financial transactions of the last five years.

Metropolitan's Affairs Distributed among Three Corporations

Bringing together these several influences, personal and corporate, the Metropolitan syndicate, in the early part of 1902, announced a plan for the reorganization of the Metropolitan's affairs. The new company which was formed at this time is generally regarded, in financial circles, as the most remarkable transaction in the history of Wall Street. The company was organized for the purpose of holding intact the old Metropolitan system, and at the same time of letting it go; of keeping it alive, but of transferring everything which it had of value to new corporations. In its intricacy, in its precise solution of the particular problems presented, in the speciousness with which it deprived the Metropolitan of all its property and at the same time appeared to serve its best interests, the scheme was the work of a master mind. Its authorship is commonly attributed to William C. Whitney.

It is scarcely worth while to attempt to describe this scheme in great detail. It is so intricate, and involves so many transactions and so many corporations, that only by prolonged and patient study could the reader possibly grasp it in its entirety. At the time the plan was proposed, probably not half a dozen men in Wall Street understood it. The financial writers on the New York newspapers made nothing intelligible of it; the distinguished lawyers who fought the proposition in the courts completely failed to grasp its most important points. Whitney caused this hopeless confusion in Metropolitan affairs by distributing the management and finances of the road among three different corporations. These three corporations were the same and yet they were distinct; they bought and sold each other's securities in the most bewildering fashion, leased each other's property, guaranteed dividends upon each other's stocks, and assumed each other's obligations and assets. This very confusion, in all probability, was an essential part of the program. Had its actual workings been made clear, the plan could never possibly have gone through; and it was hoped that, by completely mixing up the affairs of the Metropolitan system, the precise truth concerning it would never become public property, and that the opportunity for further profit would be furnished the exploiting syndicate.

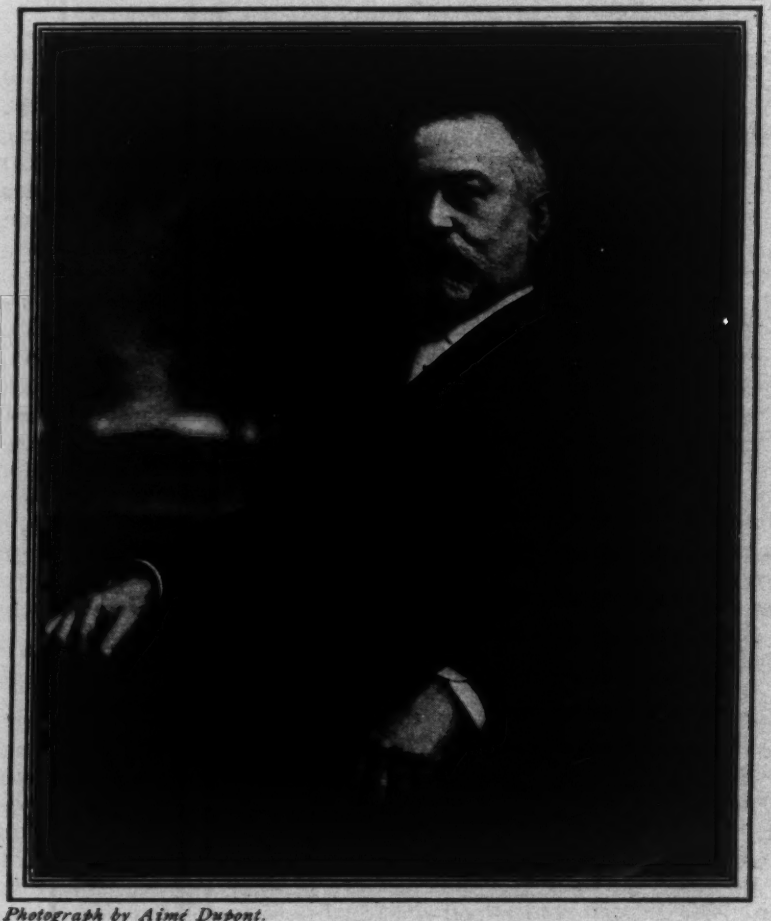
$46,000,000 to be Obtained from the Metropolitan and its Stock-holders

The plan really included the organization of two new companies, each of which was to receive a part of the assets of the Metropolitan system. An operating company, called the Interurban, was organized for the purpose of taking over, in the form of a lease, the physical property of the Metropolitan road. In addition, it was to receive all the securities held in the Metropolitan's treasury, amounting in value to about $12,000,000, and $11,000,000 in new Metropolitan bonds. The second company, the Metropolitan Securities, was to obtain $23,000,000 from Metropolitan stockholders in the form of subscriptions to its stock. In other words, $12,000,000 in securities, $11,000,000 in Metropolitan Street Railway bonds, and $23,000,000 in cash — a total, in money and securities, of $46,000,000 — was to be transferred from the old Metropolitan Street Railway and its stock-holders into the treasuries of these new corporations.

New Companies Controlled by Whitney-Ryan Syndicate

Although these companies were legally separate entities, in reality they were one and the same. The Metropolitan Securities, the nucleus of the whole situation, held every share of the Interurban's stock in its own treasury. Whoever owned the Securities Company, therefore, entirely owned the Interurban. This duality of corporation and this unity of ownership, however, had certain important advantages. It actually gave the Securities Company complete control of the Interurban without assuming any legal responsibility for it. The Securities Company had constant access to the Interurban's assets — could, indeed, transfer them to its own treasury without arousing the slightest protest; for, inasmuch as the Securities Company itself owned all the outstanding stock of the Interurban, there was no one on the outside to complain. If the Interurban should become bankrupt, however, its creditors could levy only against its own assets; the Securities Company could not be held responsible, because its only legal relation was that of a

stock-holder. The transaction was not unlike that of the man who, foreseeing the bankruptcy of his own affairs, transfers all his property to his wife. In the event that is precisely what has happened. Both the Metropolitan and the Interurban companies are now in the hands of receivers; their assets, however, have, to a large extent, been transferred to the Metropolitan Securities Company, or have been dissipated by it in the course of the last five years.



Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

JACOB H. SCHIFF

Head of the banking-house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. With Whitney and Ryan, Mr. Schiff organized the Metropolitan Securities Company, which succeeded the Metropolitan Street Railway in the management of the New York transit system.

The Whitney-Ryan syndicate, in its turn, entirely controlled the Metropolitan Securities Company, and consequently, through it, the Interurban. It is a further tribute to their cleverness that they accomplished this without investing much money of their own. For this purpose they utilized the banking-house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company and certain large financiers closely identified with the great life-insurance companies. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff became the financial sponsor of the scheme, and enlisted the life-insurance company support. Mr. Schiff's own firm subscribed to $6,600,000 Metropolitan Securities Company Stock; in a company capitalized at $30,000,000, a single holding of this size easily controlled the situation. Because of his connection with the Metropolitan Securities Company, Mr. Schiff, for all practical purposes, became a member of the Whitney-Ryan-Widener syndicate. He took a prominent part in organizing the Securities Company; his firm conducted the negotiations in the purchase of the Interurban, and became responsible for the financial success of the scheme. Actual negotiations preparatory to the adoption of the plan were conducted by Mr. Schiff, Paul D. Cravath, Whitney, and Ryan. That is, the old Metropolitan syndicate

and Kuhn, Loeb & Company had formed an alliance, and worked as a unit. Just why Mr. Schiff permitted himself to enter into these relations is variously explained. Representatives of his firm now frankly admit that they were deceived; that Ryan's persuasive abilities proved too much for them, and induced them to become part of a transaction from which their many years' experience as practical bankers ought to have safeguarded them. In other words, they admit that they were duped. On the other hand, it is undeniably true that the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company came out of the transaction with financial profits. However the matter is explained, the fact remains that, because of the understanding existing between Mr. Schiff and the Whitney-Ryan interests, the latter practically had the voting power in this stock, without having any financial interest in it. The elaborate mechanism by which the old exploiters still retained their grip on the Metropolitan Company and $32,500,000* in new available cash without assuming any responsibility of their own and without going appreciably into their own pockets is now complete. For all practical purposes they controlled Mr. Schiff; Mr. Schiff controlled the Securities Company; the Securities Company entirely owned the Interurban; and the Interurban proposed to take over the Metropolitan system and $23,000,000 of negotiable assets.

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AUGUST BELMONT

The American representative of the Rothschilds. In 1900 Mr. Belmont, coming to the aid of John B. McDonald at the eleventh hour, secured control of the New York Subway. In 1906 the wrecked Metropolitan system was merged with Belmont's highly profitable road.

Inevitably some inducement had to be made to Metropolitan stock-holders to persuade them to adopt this amazing program. The Interurban proposed to pay their floating debt of $11,000,000 and to spend $12,000,000 in equipping the still existent horse-car lines with electric power. How well these promises have been kept will appear in the course of

* The original plan, as described above, called for $34,000,000 cash. In the event, however, about $32,500,000 was actually raised. About $22,500,000 was obtained by the sale of Securities stock; and the $11,000,000 bonds were sold to Kuhn, Loeb & Company at a discount of eight per cent.

this narrative. In addition, the Interurban proposed to guarantee Metropolitan shareholders seven per cent. dividends on their Metropolitan stock. Precisely how this agreement has been observed will also presently be described.

"Vote First and Discuss Afterward"

Only one detail was needed to complete the absurdity of this transaction, and that was that the Metropolitan stock-holders should accept it. Their feverish eagerness once more to place their money in the hands of the exploiting syndicate is an interesting illustration of the fatuity of the average corporation share-holder. As already shown, Whitney and his associates owned only a small fraction of Metropolitan stock, and the real stock-holders, had they combined and fought the scheme intelligently, could easily have defeated it. But the old group still had possession of the machinery of the organization; its officers were still their tools, and, from Vreeland down, they slavishly obeyed Whitney's orders. The stock-holders, in the first place, did not understand the proposition; all they saw was that it apparently assured them seven per cent. dividends indefinitely, and with that they were content. They accepted at their face value all the statements concerning the proposed lease issued by the Metropolitan, for the most part over Vreeland's signature. The blind confidence which they manifested shows again the hypnotic power over men's minds exercised by mere financial success. Here were William C. Whitney, a great capitalist, ex-cabinet member, and president-maker; Jacob H. Schiff, one of the world's greatest bankers; and representatives of the three great life-insurance companies: anything proposed by men of their standing could hardly be dishonest or improper. By the time the meeting which was called to accept or reject the Interurban scheme was assembled, therefore, more than four fifths of the Metropolitan stock-holders had placed their proxies unconditionally in the hands of the old syndicate. That is, the great majority voluntarily gave an insignificant minority power to vote away from them their own property and to tax them $23,000,000 at the same time. The Metropolitan syndicate "jammed through" the new lease with a cynical indifference to the rights of the minority that would have done credit to Tammany Hall in its most benighted days. They violated all rules of parliamentary procedure, refused all requests for detailed information, turned a deaf ear to all protests, and arbitrarily shut off all discussion. Peter A. B. Widener presided over this meeting. A minority opposition had developed, led by E. Ellery Anderson, a prominent member of the New York bar. Mr. Anderson asked for information concerning the lease; Mr. Widener attempted to quiet him by the statement that he "didn't propose to have any dilatory motions." Mr. Widener silenced other insurgents by remarking that "all you'll be allowed to do is to vote." He squelched one stock-holder who suggested that the by-laws were being violated by saying that "the by-laws have nothing to do with this meeting." Others loudly demanded that a general discussion of the lease should precede the vote; turning to them in his blandest and politest manner, Mr. Widener said: "You can vote first and discuss afterward."

$76,000,000 of New Capitalization

Although, at the time this transaction was put through, the Metropolitan system was unquestionably insolvent, $76,000,000 of new capitalization was heaped upon it. With this, its total capital stock and bonded indebtedness amounted to $168,000,000. As a basis for this, the Metropolitan actually owned fourteen miles of electric railway and nine miles of horse-car lines. The actual cash invested in these properties, exclusive of the franchise, could not have exceeded $4,000,000. In addition, the Metropolitan had $12,000,000 of valuable unpledged securities. What the capitalization represented, for the most part, was the earning power of the leases made by the Metropolitan with its subsidiary lines. By 1902, however, when the Interurban lease was made, the Metropolitan Company was not taking money enough out of these lines to pay the rentals. On the Third Avenue road alone the Metropolitan had a large annual deficit on operation.

The Interurban not only took over these obligations, but piled Pelion on Ossa by guaranteeing, in addition, seven per cent. dividends on the stock of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company itself. In this way it assumed fixed charges of $5,000,000 a year, in addition to the deficits on these subsidiary lines. What can possibly be the explanation for such incredible financial methods as these? There are probably several good reasons for this seven-per-cent. guaranty. It is generally believed, though, of course, not definitely proved, that the insiders had purchased largely of Metropolitan stock just before the lease was made, with the intention of selling out afterward. Manifestly, if their stock bore a

guaranteed dividend of seven per cent. it would be readily salable. It must be remembered that the public was not in possession of the facts which we now have concerning the Metropolitan and its history, and did not have the slightest suspicion of its deplorable financial condition. A seven-per-cent. guaranty on the stock of a railroad company which had a monopoly of the entire surface transit in Manhattan and the Bronx would not seem unreasonable to those who had not penetrated the secrets of the organization. Again, it was only by continuing dividends that the company could be kept intact and out of the bankruptcy courts. A cessation of the dividend would immediately precipitate a panic in Metropolitan stock and produce a situation which would end in a receivership. This would probably take the property out of the hands of the inside syndicate and lead to a disclosure of its history. Above all, the guaranteed dividend was the main inducement offered Metropolitan stockholders to persuade them to adopt the new plan, deliver their railroad and its assets to the new Interurban, and subscribe $23,000,000 to the Securities Company stock. Without the guaranty the plan would never have been accepted.

The Metropolitan's Books Destroyed

That one end aimed at by the controlling manipulators was to conceal the financial history of the road is proved by the fact that, after the Interurban lease, they destroyed all the Metropolitan's books. They did this at a time when the company was under fire, and when litigation was pending in the courts of New York State that might at any time have led to a demand for these books as evidence. In 1903 Mr. William N. Amory,* an experienced street-railway expert, brought to the attention of District Attorney Jerome criminal charges against the Metropolitan's officers. At about the same time Mr. Isidor Wormser brought suit to annul the Interurban lease on the ground of fraud. In the face of these charges and this litigation, the Metropolitan destroyed all the ledgers, journals, checks and vouchers, and other documents that contained its financial history since its organization in 1893. The company sold these papers for $117 to a junkman, who agreed, in writing, to grind them into pulp, so that they would be "safe from prying eyes." At this time the Metropolitan Street Railway was still an existent corporation and its books were essential to the legitimate and intelligent conduct of its affairs.

* Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Amory for his persistent and intelligent exposure of Metropolitan corruption. Had it not been for his five years' warfare upon this corporation, it is safe to say that the facts would never have become known.

The books of the Metropolitan Securities Company, however, are largely intact, and from them the history of the last five years is reasonably clear. These books, recently produced before the Public Service Commission of New York, show how the syndicate has disposed of much of the $32,500,000 in cash and $12,000,000 in securities obtained from the Metropolitan and its stock-holders in 1902.

Of the $32,500,000 cash, the Securities Company immediately transferred $11,000,000 to Thomas F. Ryan's Morton Trust Company. According to the official explanation, this large sum was delivered in payment of the Metropolitan Company's floating debt. "I had been practically carrying $11,000,000 of the floating debt of the Metropolitan," said Mr. Ryan on the witness-stand in 1903. The precise facts concerning this money have never been ascertained; the official explanation, however, is not entirely satisfactory. In a statement to Metropolitan stock-holders in 1902, President Vreeland declared that this $11,000,000 floating debt represented, to a great extent, the cost of purchasing a majority interest in the stock of the Third Avenue Railroad. The Third Avenue Railroad, however, was purchased by Ryan and Whitney in the winter of 1900 and turned over to the Metropolitan Company. In May of the same year the Metropolitan issued $7,000,000 of new stock, which sold in the open market for $11,000,000. In a sworn statement to the Railroad Commission, Mr. Vreeland declared that part of this money was to be used to pay for stocks recently purchased in subsidiary lines—including, one must inevitably assume, the controlling interest in the Third Avenue Railroad Company. If the Metropolitan, as seems clear, paid for these securities in 1900, why was so large a sum of money needed for the same purpose in 1902? The Metropolitan has been asked this question many times, but has made no explanation so far. Whatever the real situation may be, the fact that misrepresentation was resorted to in connection with this large payment shows that there must have been something which the Metropolitan's managers wished to conceal.

$6,000,000 Distributed to "Insiders" in Five Years

Of the original $32,500,000 cash, nearly $6,000,000 has been distributed directly to insiders, in the form of bonuses, underwriting profits, and lawyers' fees, or in money wasted in the purchase of worthless property and franchises. In the course of five years, the treasury of the Securities Company has become a kind of grab-bag into which financiers, con-

tractors, politicians, and political parties have constantly dipped their hands. Immediately after the lease was made the insiders distributed a million and a half dollars among themselves, in the guise of profits in an "underwriting syndicate." To guarantee the subscription by Metropolitan stock-holders of $23,000,000 Securities stock, Kuhn, Loeb & Company formed a "syndicate"; its compensation for this guaranty was $1,500,000. William M. Ivins, counsel for the Public Service Commission, has declared in open court that the syndicate assumed absolutely no risk in guaranteeing this $23,000,000. If this is so, it was of course not entitled to compensation. Kuhn, Loeb & Company kept $600,000 of this money for itself, passed $300,000 on to the Morton Trust Company, and distributed the rest among the old Metropolitan group. William C. Whitney received $125,000; Ryan and his allies shared, though to precisely what extent has not been ascertained. In addition to their underwriting profits, Kuhn, Loeb & Company purchased $11,000,000 in Metropolitan bonds at about 92, sold them to the public at about par, and thus made a profit of nearly $800,000. From facts already ascertained, therefore, Mr. Schiff's firm made not far from $1,400,000 by the Securities Company transaction.

$2,165,000 Wasted on Worthless Franchises

The insiders also wasted $2,165,000 in the purchase of entirely useless franchises and street railways. Mr. Anthony N. Brady had acquired possession of a franchise nominally granting him authority to build a street railway in Wall, Pine, and William streets, and in other high-class thoroughfares in the financial district. This remarkable privilege was awarded several years ago, in the old days when the Board of Aldermen, if sufficient inducements were offered, would grant a franchise for almost anything. Of course, the proposition was never taken seriously. The idea of building a street railway in Wall and Pine streets is too grotesque for a moment's consideration; the financial public which needs every available foot of space for its own purposes would never permit it; and such a road, if built, could never possibly pay. This franchise was passed back and forth for several years among the speculators, Mr. Brady finally becoming its proprietor. In May, 1902, the Metropolitan Securities Company entered into a contract to purchase this paper railroad for $965,607. Mr. Brady received a check for the full amount, kept about $250,000 for himself, sent five checks, each amounting to $111,652.72, to William C. Whitney, Thomas F. Ryan, Thomas Dolan, P. A. B. Widener, and William L. Elkins, and one check for $134,102 to Moore and Schley, the Wall Street brokers who have always been conspicuously identified with William C. Whitney.* The Metropolitan, of course, has never attempted to build the railroad in question, and never will.

At about the same time, the Securities Company paid a syndicate of politicians $1,200,000 for two miles of trolley line and three cars in Mount Vernon, New York. It was these properties which the Securities Company organized into the Interurban, to which they leased the Metropolitan system. A syndicate of politicians had paid $177,000 for the franchises three years before they sold them to the Interurban for $1,200,000. Nearly all these politicians are dead and the details of the transaction are unknown. Under the most favorable explanation, more than one million dollars was wasted by the deal.

A Million Dollars in Lawyers' Fees

The Securities Company has distributed nearly another million in lawyers' fees in the last five years. Paul D. Cravath has been the chief beneficiary on this account. For drawing the Interurban lease Mr. Cravath's firm received $75,000, and its total compensation for five years' work has amounted to $435,000.† The Metropolitan Securities Company has distributed sums, large and small, without preserving any records which explain the expenditures. Money spent on newspaper men, politicians, and "leaders of public sentiment" has been charged to "property and franchise"; that is, it appears to-day on the balance-sheet as "assets." John B. McDonald gets $250,000 for leaving the employ of August Belmont; J. Sergeant Cram, a Tammany leader, gets $10,000 for purposes unexplained; at several times, just preceding political elections, large amounts, varying from $60,000 to $250,000, disappear from the Securities Company's treasury; a contribution of $10,000 is made in support of the National Civic Federation's investigation of

* Mr. Brady's compensation, according to his testimony, amounted to precisely what he paid for the franchises, with interest. Messrs. Dolan and Widener and the estate of William L. Elkins explain that their checks represent the payments of loans made by them to William C. Whitney about a year and a half before. It has been pointed out that this statement does not explain why Mr. Whitney should have paid himself and Mr. Ryan precisely the same amounts paid Widener, Elkins, and Dolan. Mr. Ryan and the estate of William C. Whitney have made no attempts to explain the transaction. Grant B. Schley, of the firm of Moore and Schley, has testified that the check for $134,102 sent to his firm was credited to the account of William C. Whitney.

† It is fair to add that this included certain amounts paid by Mr. Cravath to other lawyers.

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PAUL D. CRAVATH

Leading counsel for the Metropolitan since 1902. Mr. Cravath started in law practice as a partner of Charles E. Hughes, now Governor of New York State.

the workings of municipal ownership; several sums, varying from $37,000 to $250,000, are deposited in certain trust companies; $38,000 is paid to the gentleman who has figured for several years as the Metropolitan press-agent; and, on the books of the Securities Company, these payments are entirely unaccounted for or charged up to "property and franchise." Worse still, the Metropolitan's officers have frequently taken money out of its treasury without leaving any explanation of the purposes for which it is to be used. In the last eight years President Vreeland has received, in addition to his regular salary, $113,000, merely giving in return blanket receipts without specifying the purposes for which the payments were made, and $185,000 without any vouchers at all. Three years ago Thomas F. Ryan obtained $24,000, and there is no record on the Securities Company's books to explain the transaction. Though Mr. Ryan received the money four years ago, he has never paid it back, and the item is still carried among the undistributed accounts of the Metropolitan. On August 7, 1903, Mr. Ryan obtained $28,500 from the Metropolitan Securities Company, for which, up to the present writing, he has submitted no vouchers.

These items, with others of a similar nature, account for nearly $17,000,000 of the $32,500,000 raised when the Metropolitan Securities Company was formed. Complete details concerning the rest have not yet been made public. Enough is known, however, to justify the general statement that it has been improperly spent. In 1902 Mr. Vreeland promised Metropolitan stock-holders that $12,000,000 would be used in equipping with electricity eighty miles of railway still operated by horse-power. It was upon this understanding that the stock-holders subscribed the money. Mr. Vreeland has equipped with electricity only thirty-six miles, at an expenditure of perhaps $5,400,000; and the rest of the money, probably about $6,600,000, has disappeared. The $10,000,000 obtained by the sale of Metropolitan bonds has likewise been expended without increasing the assets of the Metropolitan. Unquestionably this and other capital funds have been largely drawn upon in the payment of Metropolitan dividends. In other words, Metropolitan stock-holders subscribed, five years ago, to stock in the Metropolitan Securities Company; and many millions of this money has been since returned to them in the form of dividends in Metropolitan Street Railway. Securities Company stock, which they subscribed to at par, now sells for five cents on the dollar.* In all probability, the $12,000,000 in securities obtained from them in 1902 has been used for the same purpose. At present these securities repose in the vaults of Thomas F. Ryan's Morton Trust Company, where they have been deposited as collateral for loans — the money having been obtained for the payment of Metropolitan dividends.

Schiff Compels Ryan to Buy Back his Stock

The Metropolitan Securities Company had just got safely under way when a serious defection occurred in its ranks. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, it will be recalled, had financed the

* This is the recent quotation for Interborough-Metropolitan common, for which Securities Company stock has been exchanged.

company upon its organization, and subscribed for $6,600,000 in its stock. In 1902 this stock was quoted on the Exchange at $130 a share — a value which was entirely the result of manipulation. Soon after the Interurban deal, Securities Company's stock began to decline rapidly. About this time Mr. Schiff became much dissatisfied with his bargain and much aggrieved at his part in the transaction. One day about a year after the formation of the Securities Company, Mr. Schiff sent for Thomas F. Ryan and asked him to explain certain doubtful points in the Metropolitan's affairs. He informed Ryan that the situation had been misrepresented and that he would be no longer identified with the company. In this and in several subsequent interviews Mr. Schiff demanded that Ryan take off his hands the $6,600,000 stock which Kuhn, Loeb & Company had subscribed. It is generally reported, and has been published in the daily press, that Mr. Schiff threatened Ryan with legal proceedings and an exposure of the whole Metropolitan situation if he did not accede to this request. Whatever the nature of these negotiations, and whatever the merits of the dispute, the fact is that Ryan bought from Kuhn, Loeb & Company the stock in question. It is said that at this time Ryan appealed to Whitney to help him out, but that Whitney washed his hands of the whole business and refused to purchase a penny's worth of the securities.

The Metropolitan Securities Company kept the Metropolitan system intact for about four years. By the latter part of 1905 nearly all its money had disappeared in the fashion described above. The Metropolitan system again found itself in almost precisely the same position to which it had been reduced in 1902; that is, it again faced insolvency. Manifestly, in Widener's phrase, the time had come "to set the table again." Ryan accomplished this seemingly impossible task in a manner which has aroused the greatest admiration for his ingenuity and resourcefulness.

In the preceding three years an independent and extremely profitable transit system had developed in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Its basis was the new subway, which the city had constructed, at a cost of $35,000,000, and leased to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. The subway represented the fruition of a rapid-transit plan which had been under discussion for fifteen years. During this long period the people of New York had attempted, in every conceivable way, to secure adequate and comfortable transit service. On the other hand, the interests in control of the surface system had utilized their energies to prevent the construction of new rapid-transit lines. In the various subterranean methods they understood so well, they succeeded in defeating every new scheme proposed until 1895, when the citizens of New York, driven to desperation, voted to build a subway system with public money. For five years the Whitney interests prevented the execution of this plan. The Metropolitan group ridiculed the idea of an underground railway both as an engineering and as a financial proposition. The Tammany government which was elected, largely by Metropolitan influence, in 1897, used all its resources, in the face of a constantly rising popular indignation, to delay the new undertaking. In 1899, when it seemed likely that the public could no longer be restrained, Whitney and Ryan offered to build the road themselves, provided they were given a perpetual franchise, exempted from all taxation, and authorized to charge a ten-cent fare. When the newspapers criticized these terms as absurd, the Metropolitan withdrew its offer, because, as its officers explained, it had been actuated in making it chiefly by a philanthropical desire to render a great public service, and felt aggrieved that the people had not accepted the proposition in a grateful spirit. In the early part of January, 1900, the Rapid Transit Commission formally presented its proposals and asked for bids. The scheme which was adopted provided that the city should pay the entire cost of building the new road and award the contract to the lowest bidder. It also stipulated that the successful bidder, after finishing the subway, should equip it at his own expense and lease it from the city for fifty years. On these terms, John B. McDonald, a well-known contractor, offered to build the subway for $35,000,000, and received the contract.

McDonald Meets Difficulties

In the events which now rapidly followed, the enormous power acquired by the Metropolitan was forcefully shown. McDonald's contract provided that he should file a bond of $1,000,000, and, before submitting his bid, he had arranged with the three largest surety companies in New York to furnish this bond. When he obtained the contract, however, all three of these companies suddenly refused to fulfil their agreements. One of these the Whitney-Ryan group practically controlled; the New York representatives of the other two were well-known politicians whom Whitney and Ryan could easily dominate. There is plenty of ground for a reasonable suspicion that the Metropolitan, seconded, perhaps, by the owners

of the elevated system, prevented these corporations from acting as McDonald's sureties. For several days the successful bidder for the subway, with a contract in his pocket which assured immediate profits of many millions and ultimate control of the greatest transportation system in the world, walked about Wall Street, knocking at door after door, and finding no one willing to go upon his bond. One avenue of possible support, however, McDonald's enemies had forgotten to close. The Metropolitan syndicate, therefore, awoke one morning and found that Mr. August Belmont had come to McDonald's relief, would furnish all the bonds necessary to enable him to accept the subway contract, and would become a joint partner with him in the enterprise.

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JOHN B. McDONALD

Builder of the New York Subway. He received $250,000 for leaving Belmont's employ and joining Ryan's staff. He also has a contract with the Interborough-Metropolitan guaranteeing him or his heirs $50,000 a year for five years—"whether he works or not."

At that time August Belmont was popularly known as a sportsman — a builder of racing yachts, a breeder of fast horses, a man whose chief title to fame was his inherited wealth and financial associations. He was the son of August Belmont, a Jewish banker of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, who came to the United States in 1837 as a representative of the Rothschilds, acquired a large fortune, and received many civic and political honors. The elder Belmont died in 1890, his second son and namesake inheriting the larger part of his fortune and business responsibilities. Until 1900, as already said, the latter had done little to justify so splendid an inheritance. Small and somewhat stooping in stature, with an unprepossessing personality, vain and luxury-loving, and not especially shrewd or fitted for large affairs, Belmont had made little impression upon Wall Street. It is said that Whitney and Ryan, when busily engaged shutting off all available sources of supply from McDonald, never for a moment imagined that Belmont could enter the transit situation. They were somewhat amazed, therefore, when they found that the man whom they despised, slipping in at the eleventh hour, had snatched this splendid property from beneath their very noses. If the latter had experienced any chagrin because Wall Street had depreciated him for many years, his satisfaction must now have been complete. On every hand, his shrewdness, his courage, and his brilliant foresight were widely acclaimed. Investors and financiers rushed to his support; the stock of the new Interborough Company, which he organized to finance the McDonald contract, was many times over subscribed; and in a few weeks Belmont found himself the head of a group of capitalists comprising many of the foremost leaders in American finance.

Ryan Plans to "Merge" the Metropolitan with the Subway

The subway justified all these anticipations. It was pushed to completion without delay, without graft or scandals of any kind. It was a credit to Belmont, to McDonald, and to the city of New York. A few months before it was formally opened, Belmont's Interborough Company leased the whole system of elevated roads, and, by greatly improving the service, secured another title to public gratitude. This transaction proved so profitable that the Interborough Company, whose main property was the subway, began paying dividends before the subway was opened. Its stock sold for more than $200 a share, and, soon after the underground road began to operate, paid nine per cent. dividends. Everybody perceived that Belmont had the finest and the cleanest street-railway proposition in the country and probably

in the world. No one saw this more clearly than Thomas F. Ryan, who now determined to lay hands upon the Interborough Company. His Metropolitan was losing $3,000,000 a year; Belmont's subway had a surplus of nearly $4,000,000; what was more simple and desirable than to take Belmont's surplus to make good his own deficiency? Naturally, Wall Street was amazed when Ryan's scheme first became publicly known. This seemed too audacious even for him. Belmont, when first approached on the subject of merging the Interborough and the Metropolitan companies, rejected the idea with horror. He knew its history and its condition, and had no ambition to attach to his own vital transit system that body of death.

Ryan Enters the Subway Field

Ryan's genius shows to exceptional advantage in the methods which he now adopted in bringing his adversary to terms. He showed himself an expert in the art of using public opinion for his private purposes, and in converting the several agencies of government into instruments for the accomplishment of his personal ends. He found his great opportunity in the pressing public demand for additional transit facilities. The new subway, successful as it had proved, only in a slight degree satisfied the requirements of a constantly increasing population, and, months before the first car was in operation, the people demanded extensions. If any new subways were built, Belmont naturally believed that he should build them. His original line was far from complete. Below Forty-second Street he had a four-track road on the east side of the city; above Forty-second Street he had similarly a four-track line on the West Side. He now desired to extend his West Side line south to the Battery, and his East Side road north to the Harlem River—and thus obtain a complete trunk system on both the East and West sides of Manhattan Island. The Rapid Transit Commission and the best public sentiment indorsed this idea; and, in all probability, had not new rivals suddenly appeared, Belmont would have received the contracts for these extensions. But at this juncture Thomas F. Ryan suddenly became interested in subway work. In a long letter to the Rapid Transit Commission, he announced that the Metropolitan would compete for the privilege of building a new subway. The Metropolitan, however, had no desire to adopt the route which Belmont had selected, and suggested one of its own. Its purpose was apparent on the surface. For a large part of the line it paralleled Belmont's existing subway; at other places it penetrated the most profitable territory in New York. With this proposition the Metropolitan made an offer which immediately aroused popular enthusiasm. If the Metropolitan built the subway, said Ryan, he would make it an integral part of the surface railway system, and exchange free transfers at all points where the street railways and the new underground roads intersected. This meant, of course, free intercourse between the remotest parts of the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx for a five-cent fare. As Belmont controlled no surface roads, he naturally could not duplicate Ryan's offer.

"Accelerating" Public Opinion

When this proposal was made, the Belmont-Ryan war began in earnest. Ryan had every advantage on his side. Free transfers between surface and underground lines meant such an enormous improvement in transit conditions that the public, the newspapers, and all representatives of disinterested public sentiment indorsed the new idea. To control this enthusiasm and thus work upon Belmont's nerves, Ryan engaged the services of Lemuel E. Quigg, an ex-newspaper man and politician who had already rendered much service to the Metropolitan as a lobbyist at Albany. Quigg himself has suggested the word which perfectly describes his work in the Belmont war. He did not himself create public sentiment favorable to Ryan's ambitions; he merely "accelerated" it. He found the public everywhere well disposed to Ryan's plan, and by a discriminate distribution of Metropolitan checks he kept this enthusiasm at a white heat. In this work he consumed, in a few months, about $151,000 which rightfully belonged to the stock-holders of the Metropolitan Securities Company. Everywhere, in New York City, certain so-called "civic associations" were formed overnight. These organizations apparently had one unanimous object in view: they all demanded that no future subway contracts should be awarded that did not provide for free interchange of passengers to the surface lines. In other words, they demanded that the contracts should be awarded to Ryan and not to Belmont. Until recently it has been supposed that these associations arose spontaneously, and that their leaders were actuated solely by an unselfish regard for the public interest. Mr. Quigg has recently confessed that he inspired the organizations himself; that Metropolitan money paid all the expenses, that the leaders were in the pay of the Metropolitan Company, and that the speakers at their meetings had Metropolitan checks in

their pockets. At about the same time, some mysterious agency started on its way a "monster citizens' petition" to the Rapid Transit Commission, begging it to award no subway contracts that did not provide for transfers to the surface lines. Mr. Quigg now acknowledges that he was the power behind this manifestation of public opinion. Everybody signed; even the school-children rushed to put themselves upon the Metropolitan side. Mr. Quigg paid his canvassers five cents for every name secured; in this way he collected a million signatures, had the document tastefully bound in twenty volumes, and rendered a bill to the Metropolitan for $50,000. All these expenditures now appeared on the Metropolitan's books as "assets," being charged to "property and franchise."

Naturally, this activity seriously disturbed August Belmont. As an offset, he proposed that the city abandon the building of new subways and rely for increased service upon adding third tracks to the elevated roads — which, of course, Belmont controlled. Then Ryan and Quigg once more set their "civic associations" in motion. From all parts of the city came a deafening howl against the further "desecration" of the streets with elevated structures. At the same time, Belmont got a taste of Ryan's power in the New York legislature. Belmont had purchased an outlawed franchise for a tunnel under the East River from Long Island City to Manhattan Island; and, at the session of 1905, he had caused a bill to be introduced which would make it legal. Against this bill appeared, among other distinguished citizens, Mr. John Ford, who had made something of a reputation as a tireless fulminator against corporations, and who was recently elected a Supreme Court judge on the Hearst ticket. Ford harangued long and loudly against the "Belmont grab," and was paid $1,500 by the Metropolitan for the service. Delegations of citizens appeared at Albany against the measure, their railroad tickets having been unobtrusively supplied by the Metropolitan. In this and in other ways Ryan defeated Belmont's tunnel franchise. At the same time, he secured the passage of a law which took away from the aldermen their power to act on subway franchises. In the interest of this bill, the Metropolitan financed a "labor uprising" which was led by one A. L. Dixon, a well-known New York labor leader.

Ryan now assailed Belmont more directly. He succeeded in persuading John B. McDonald, the builder of the first subway, to leave his adversary's employ. Ryan paid McDonald out of the treasury of the Metropolitan Securities Company $250,000.* A few months afterward Ryan brought from Washington to New York, with an agreement that he should be the head of his projected subways and the surface traction system, Mr. Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

Ryan Purchases Hyde's Interest in the Equitable

Few now believe that Ryan seriously intended to construct the new roads; it is generally thought that he was simply engaging in a magnificent game of bluff, his object being to frighten Belmont into such a panic that he could unload upon the Interborough Company the wrecked Metropolitan system. When the excitement was at its height, Ryan, by a single masterful achievement, suddenly became famous as one of the greatest and most formidable financiers of the time. Internal dissensions in the Equitable Life Assurance Society had called public attention to the corruption and demoralization that prevailed in its management. James Hazen Hyde, having inherited a majority interest in its stock, absolutely controlled the institution. Certain large Wall Street interests, by playing upon Hyde's inexperience and well-known weaknesses of character, had obtained a predominant influence in its management and were using it for their personal ends. The scandal that resulted seemed likely to disrupt the Society. Its board was so torn with internal dissensions, the disturbance had precipitated such a scramble among conflicting financial interests for the control of the institution, that its complete destruction seemed the inevitable and logical consequence. The one apparent fact was that young Hyde could retain his property interest in the Equitable only at the cost of its dissolution. A situation was thus created which appealed to Ryan's peculiar genius. From the first he has manifested a talent for profiting from the quarrels of other men. He is the greatest opportunist among American financiers. He has always been able to maintain his own poise as a disinterested outsider while the fiercest battles have raged, and then, stepping in quietly at the proper moment, has usually borne away the prize. He now perceived in the violent and disgraceful Equitable situation the chance to get personal control of this institution.

* When the Interborough-Metropolitan Company was formed, it made a contract with Mr. McDonald guaranteeing him $50,000 a year for five years — $250,000 in all. This money is to be paid, in the event of Mr. McDonald's death, to his heirs. As compensation for his services, Mr. McDonald is thus assured $500,000 and has already received $250,000. Up to the present time, he has done practically nothing in return for this money.

Ryan had never played for so enormous a stake as this. A majority interest in the Equitable stock, nominally valued at $51,000, gave control of assets aggregating $500,000,000, a surplus of $70,000,000, a weekly income requiring investment of $1,500,000, the entire direction of trust companies having combined resources of $70,000,000, and an influential voice in fifteen financial institutions.

Already many capitalists had attempted to purchase Hyde's stock. Edward H. Harriman, Henry C. Frick, George W. Young, and George J. Gould had made generous proposals, all of which had been rejected. Ryan went quietly to Hyde, offered to pay him $2,500,000 for his 501 shares, and proposed, as part of the transaction, to place its control in the hands of three trustees. By what persuasive arts Ryan induced Hyde to accept these terms is one of the mysteries of Wall Street; the fact is, however, that he accomplished the task. Ryan insisted before he paid his money that Mr. Paul Morton, whom he had brought to New York to be the head of his traction interests, should be made president of the Equitable and that the resignation of all its officers should be placed in Mr. Morton's hands. In this way, although Ryan actually gave for five years the voting power on his stock to Grover Cleveland, George Westinghouse, and Morgan J. O'Brien, his representatives secured control of the actual working machinery of the Equitable. Ryan adroitly used Harriman in securing Mr. Morton's election. Before completing the purchases, Ryan had a talk with Harriman, told him that he wished to work in entire harmony with him in the Equitable matter, and suggested that, as his part in the transaction, Harriman should aid in securing Mr. Morton's election to the presidency. Mr. Harriman did this, apparently in the belief that Ryan would share the control of the Society with him. When he came around to demand his *quid pro quo*, Ryan smilingly refused to deliver; and from that moment dates the famous Ryan-Harriman feud. Ryan has always asserted that, in purchasing the Equitable, he was aiming to perform a genuine public service by forestalling a financial panic and rescuing a great fiduciary institution from impending ruin. Public confidence in his motives, however, has been shaken by the new methods of management which he has introduced into the Washington Life. He acquired control of this insurance company in 1904, about eight months before he purchased Hyde's Equitable stock. Immediately the Washington Life began calling in its real-estate mortgages and investing its money in Wall Street securities. Many of these were what are distinctively known as Ryan stocks. The Washington Life began increasing its deposits in the Morton Trust Company and dealing through the brokerage firm of A. A. Ryan & Brother, which was composed of Ryan's sons. The trusteeship established by Ryan for the conduct of the Equitable's affairs expires in 1910, and he is under no legal obligation to renew it.

Belmont Surrenders to Ryan

Ryan's purchase of the Equitable Life bore directly upon the traction war in that it enormously increased Ryan's power and prestige, and might place at his disposal a great money reservoir which could be drawn upon in building and equipping new subway lines. By the latter part of 1905 Belmont was willing to discuss the terms of the proposed merger. Ryan dissipated whatever lingering doubts Belmont may have had by offering to add to the already grossly overcapitalized system $100,000,000 of bonus common stock. In yielding to Ryan, Belmont violated the trust confided to him by the city of New York. The municipality built the subway for the purpose of furnishing sorely needed transit facilities, and not for the purpose of furnishing opportunities for the issue of valueless stock. In 1902, as has been explained, Ryan and Whitney added $76,000,000 new securities to the insolvent Metropolitan system. In 1906 Ryan and Belmont increased the capitalization of the Interborough and Metropolitan roads by $100,000,000; in other words, $176,000,000 of stock, for which not a vestige of value could be honestly claimed, had been added in five years.

The new Interborough-Metropolitan Company issued its own stock in exchange for that of the Metropolitan Securities and the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, and its collateral trust bonds in payment of the Interborough Company, controlling the elevated and the subway lines. As practically all the holders of street-railway securities accepted this proposition, the Interborough-Metropolitan Company became the responsible and controlling factor in all the surface, elevated, and subway lines. The actual management of the property was placed in the hands of a voting trust, in which, at the present writing, Thomas F. Ryan has apparently the most influential voice. It is hardly necessary to give, in detail, the history of this new corporation. In its main outline it merely repeats that of the Metropolitan and the Interurban companies.

It is another record of unfulfilled promises, of intricate financing, of accumulating deficits, of heavy borrowings for dividends, of stock-market manipulations, and of constant outrages upon a long-suffering public. Not one single advantage has the city obtained from this amalgamation. As soon as Ryan secured control of the subway, he abandoned all his ideas in favor of free transfers. Though now he controlled every foot of elevated, underground, and surface roads, he managed them as entirely independent companies. The service on the subway and elevated roads immediately deteriorated. In order to reduce expenses and possibly earn some dividends upon its enormous capitalization, the train service has been curtailed and passengers packed to a degree unknown even in New York. With all its other disadvantages, the latest merger postponed the evil day for only eighteen months. In September of the present year the New York City Railway,* which operates the Metropolitan system, publicly confessed insolvency and was placed in the hands of receivers. Its deficit at this time was nearly $20,000,000. In the operation of its lines it loses about $10,000 a day.

It only remains to indicate the effect upon the city's transit interest of the dominance of the Whitney-Ryan-Widener syndicate. Probably no street-railway capitalists ever had so rich an opportunity for legitimate profit. The combined transit lines of Manhattan and the Bronx transport to-day 1,259,000,000 passengers a year, which is 400,000,000 more than are carried by all the steam railroads in the United States. The income from nickel fares amounts to $37,000,000 a year. In spite of this, the whole Metropolitan system is in a condition of deplorable decay. The story of the road, and the enormous fortunes which have been made by its exploitation, is clearly written in its physical dilapidation. Crazy vehicles, with broken platforms, cracked panels, and machinery so out of joint that its rattling can be heard blocks away, are running upon the most pretentious thoroughfares. Their filthy condition renders them a constant menace to the public health. The quality of the employees, according to a statement recently made by Oren Root, the Metropolitan's general manager, is constantly deteriorating. The men are so poorly paid that only those desperately in need of work join the Metropolitan force. Of the 11,000 motormen and conductors employed, only 1,600 have been with the Metropolitan for more than five years. The surface cars are not provided with the most ordinary safety-devices. New York is the only large city in the country where the old-fashioned hand-brake is still in use. The Third Avenue road, before the Metropolitan acquired it, used power-brakes on all its cars; the first act of the Metropolitan, when it assumed control, was to remove these safety-appliances, and the explanation usually accepted is that the management feared that the successful use of power-brakes on one railroad would cause the public to demand that the reform be extended to all the lines. As a consequence of this failure to use proper safety-appliances and of the inexperience of the employees, the casualty list is a heavy one. An investigation recently made showed that in 27 days there had been 5,500 accidents on the street railways of New York City; 42 people were killed outright, 10 skulls were fractured, 10 limbs amputated, 44 limbs broken, while 83 other passengers were seriously injured. In proportion to the traffic, the New York street railways killed eight times as many people as those in Liverpool. Their record is surpassed only by the Widener-Elkins roads in Philadelphia, which killed 801 passengers last year. As a result of its accidents, the Metropolitan spends annually nearly a million and a half dollars in damage suits.

As a citizen the Metropolitan has had a most unfortunate effect upon the municipality. It has corrupted both political parties and nearly every department of government. It has even been accused of exercising great influence in the courts of justice. Two years ago one William H. Tillinghast, who is now serving a term in Sing Sing, made a confession that for several years he had acted as a professional juryman for the Metropolitan. His business, he said, was to sit on juries before which Metropolitan damage suits were tried and to prevent a rendering of verdicts against that corporation. The company is the most backward taxpayer on the rolls. As compensation for its enormous franchise privileges, it has made certain agreements to pave parts of the streets, to pay car-license fees and a certain percentage of its receipts. For years the city of New York has had the utmost difficulty in collecting these stipends. In taxes and other charges the Metropolitan now owes the city treasury more than $10,000,000. It has not been forced to pay these obligations because of the political influence it has enjoyed.

The purpose of these articles has been to show, in concrete form, the methods by which great fortunes have been accumulated, in the last twenty-five years, by the exploitation of

* The New York City is the new name of the Interurban, which leased the Metropolitan Street Railroad Company in 1902.

street railways in American cities. New York has been selected, not because the fundamental conditions described are peculiar to it, but because the opportunities there have been exceptional in extent and the fortunes realized have been exceptionally large. In the two greatest American cities, next to New York, the surface systems have been exploited by Widener and Elkins, leading members of the Metropolitan syndicate. In these cities the results have been practically the same. Everywhere they have utilized the surface railways essentially as objects of speculation. It is a striking commentary upon their methods that in these three great cities the street-railway companies are in a condition of actual or virtual insolvency and that their physical condition has reached the breaking-point. In New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia the surface systems, after undergoing complete financial reorganization, will have to be reëquipped in order to satisfy the most elementary requirements of the traveling public. That is, the transit necessities of nearly 8,000,000 people have been deliberately sacrificed in order that half a dozen men might accumulate enormous fortunes by speculating in them. But the story, on a smaller scale, might be written of many other American cities. It is the financial history of what might be called the trolleyization of the country. The opportunity has been furnished by the great growth of American cities, the adaptation of electricity to the uses of local transportation, and an easy public conscience which has permitted unscrupulous men to convert the agencies of government into instruments for building up their personal fortunes.

HIS ANGEL TO HIS MOTHER

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

WHAT would you do for your fairest one,
Wild as the wind and free as the sun,
Born a fugitive, sure to slip
Soon from secular ownership?
Men, in search of the heart's desire,
Wearily trampling flood and fire,
Rove betimes into some abyss
Darker far than eternity's.
(Ah, the hazard! it stills one so. . . .)

And shall it be thus with the boy, or no?—
Sweet, if you love him, now let him go.

Happy the Frontier to have gained,
Undetaining and undetained,
Quick and clean, like a solar ray
Shot through spindrift across the bay!
Men would follow a long, vain quest,
Feed on ashes, and forfeit rest,
Bleed with battle and flag with toil,
Only to stifle in desert soil.
(Ah, the failure! it stings one so. . . .)

And shall it be thus with the boy, or no?—
Sweet, if you love him, now let him go.

Vats fill up, and the sheaves are in:
Never a blessing is left to win,
Saving the myrtle coronal
Round the urn at the end of all.
Men will clutch, as they clutched of old,
Souring honey or dimming gold,
Not the treasure-trove o' the land
Here shut fast in a rose-leaf hand.
(Ah, the folly! it irks one so. . . .)

And shall it be thus with the boy, or no?—
Sweet, if you love him, now let him go.

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

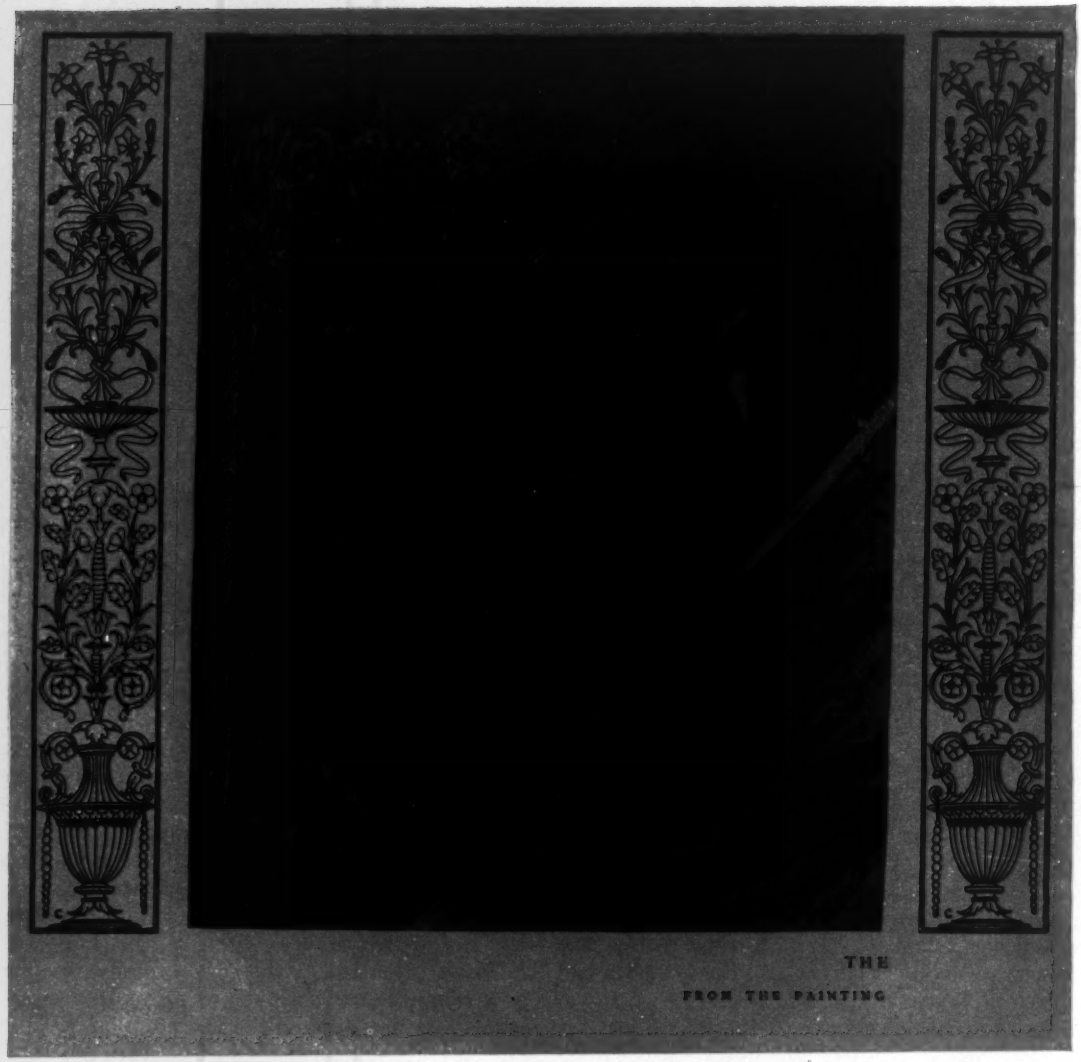
AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

ANNUNCIATIONS—PART I

IN the representation of stories or incidents taken from the history of the Church, there is a double current of intention worth our thinking of. There is an encouragement of such representation by the Church as a form of teaching, as a manner of reminder, especially in days when the picture was a form of book. There is also the sympathetic, spiritual choice of those who ordered such things from the painters because a special subject appealed directly to some previous desire or reminiscence. There was also, very especially, and there still remains, somewhat of a belief that the act itself of placing such a memorial is one to bring spiritual benefit upon the donor, apart from the usual credit we obtain from our joining in the usual forms of worship. And we must remember that such memoranda of pious belief were not simply for the adornment of public worship, but that they were used for every one, more or less, to catch the eye at moments, or to be the fixed station which would call to prayer. With the invention of engraving there came for the vast public, and especially for the poor, the possibility of having at any moment, at small prices, the benefit of these means of grace. Conversely, then, the men who did these things for the public filled the great commercial need. They worked to supply a market; they worked to express the wishes, the fancies, of patrons, and to do so according to the fashion of the time. The makers of these images, therefore, are not absolutely free agents; they are talking for others. And they rarely have such a free expression as we attribute to the work of art. But occasionally the sympathy of the artist with the subject required of him is so complete that the result seems a free offering on his part. In the choice of some religious subjects it might be possible to single out a few which are types of the unity of religious intention. One of the many reasons why religious art has given us so many masterpieces is an apparent contradiction. This reason is that the subject has been used before, is very well known, and has been the source of complete successes. On that account comes the strong desire to sing the old song again in newer meters, and another success is added from the very difficulty of the conditions.

The field of religious painting is so great that one hesitates in a choice. The representation, however, of the Annunciation, the Angelic Salutation, is so delicate a theme that the very undertaking of the picture seems to have eliminated the more commonplace results. To take three out of so many seems an arbitrary decision. We shall take three of a period so early as to keep intact the bloom of mediæval feeling, and yet of a date late enough to allow the artist a sufficient knowledge of the painter's art.

The earliest representation of the story, in the West, is in the dark vault of one of the tombs in the cemetery of Priscilla, where, upon



THE

FROM THE PAINTING

the crumbling plaster, is represented what we see to mean a woman, seated in a red chair, who looks astonished as a young man stretches out his right hand to her in annunciation. This first form of the story will scarcely change for centuries — until the general love and passionate interest and devotion to the Mother of Christ, the help of sinners, who are too conscious of their infirmities to address Him directly, invents new methods. The modest figure of Mary, a mere symbol in the Catacombs, becomes a Byzantine priestess and then a queen of glory. Lastly, with this glorification of womanhood, with the romance of chivalry, is born the idea of the Madonna, the symbol of the purity of maternal love, the unselfishness of feminine devotion. In the same way, the perfunctory archangel in the rude fresco of the Catacombs becomes in the Byzantine mosaics and sculptures some hero of the skies, resplendent in color and light, until transformed in later art into some shape of sweet and innocent sympathy almost childlike in its smile. But the main line of attitude remains intact, preserving the teaching of the fathers in accordance with the candid legends of early date. Even the small detail of legend that told how the Virgin had been busy with household duties, spinning and drawing water, is kept in many early images. Always the posture of Mary remains with some meaning of gospel story: either the shrinking modesty of attitude, withdrawing from the messenger, or the absolute trust in God which makes her kneel to receive the divine command. As the representations increase in number with the greater reverence for her personality, either in opposition to heresy or from the inevitable trend of devotion to the idea, the divine messengers partake more and more of the feelings that fill

ANNUNCIATION
BY PISANELLO

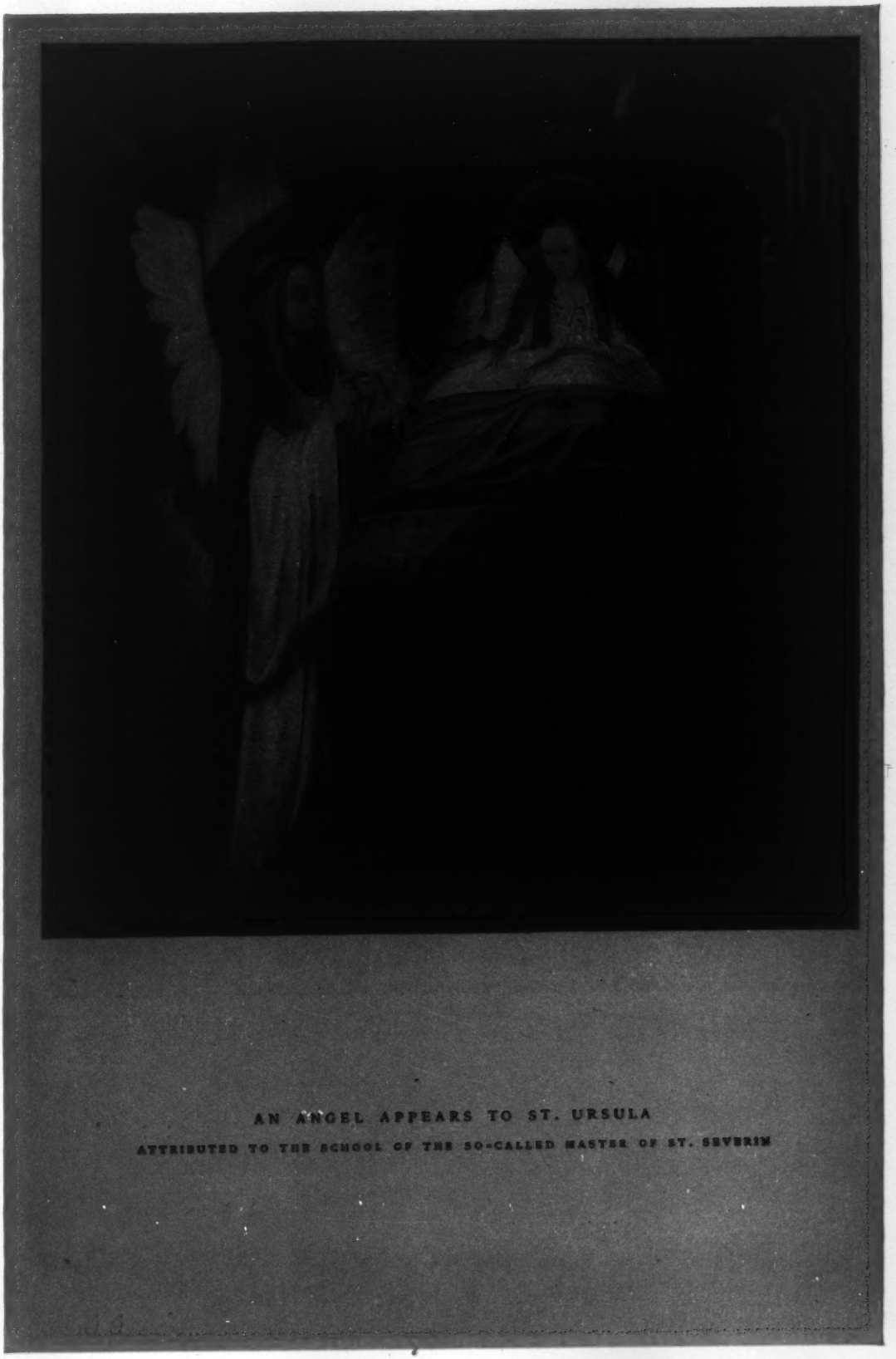
the hearts of worshipers. They, too, salute the "Help of Christians, the Tower of Ivory," so that Dante asks of St. Bernard, in heaven, "Who may be the angel, keeping within his eyes the Queen of Heaven, so enamoured that he appeared to be of fire?" Instead of the merely extended hand or the Byzantine staff of office, Dante and the painters give the messenger of Heaven the branch of palm or the scepter of lilies. Before the steps of the angel and under his feet bloom the flowers of Paradise. Or, again, in more austere simplicity, but with still more tender sympathy, the angel bows, pressing his hands to his breast, in worship of the humility which meets his salutation.

So, in two of those paintings which we have chosen, each actor in the scene expresses this feeling of submissive respect to the divine order. The first one is by a lesser artist, whose tradition is not that of a specially devout mind; what we have of him is astonishing, however, for the quality of sincerity and for a perception of the real which gives to even his driest studies an importance rivaling the accomplishments of the greater men. The damaged fresco here copied is disturbed still more than through decay of time, by the placing before it of modern sculpture. The figures of doves on one side and a little dog on the other in the corners are a form of signature well known to those who have followed the many studies of animals in the drawings of the great collections by our artist, Pisano, called Pisanello. I doubt if here they have any special symbolism, but, as I hinted in the beginning of this notice, we must remember that the artist of past time, as the decorative artist of to-day, was often required to insert some new fancy of his patron, more or less willingly, as it might fit into the scheme, which he was naturally forced to make for him-

self. This small point, as well as the very important one of the space within the space and shape in which the artist is ordered to place his work, is one of the hidden problems that give most trouble, that are the inevitable basis of design and yet are unexplainable usually to the ordinary eye. Here the painter, fond of reality, has built all the accuracies of a real scene — the chest upon which the Virgin sits, the Oriental carpet, which must have seemed to him a proof of Eastern residence, the little footstool put aside, the orderly bed far back in a Gothic recess, the leaves of trees spotting the sight through the little windows, even, perhaps, the little lap-dog, looking in doubt at the celestial messenger. And his intense perception of life sends the angel down, whirled as if a big bird, just lighted, with wings still quivering, the gown outstretched, the head bent low, the hands folded on the arms, all in the hurry of immediate message. Perhaps the doves in the foreground outside the house came naturally to his mind on thinking of what Dante called "the divine bird," the angel above. But all — the head and wings and folds of drapery, and closed arms, open mouth, and fluttering hair, even to the little bit of palm in the hand — make a series of line expressing devout respect and obedience. And the Virgin's pose, her hands together on the knees, her placid listening, her being all wrapped up in a big mantle that contains her, show her in this lovely realism as modest and resigned as the angel is hurried and anxious to fulfil his order. This is Italian realism.

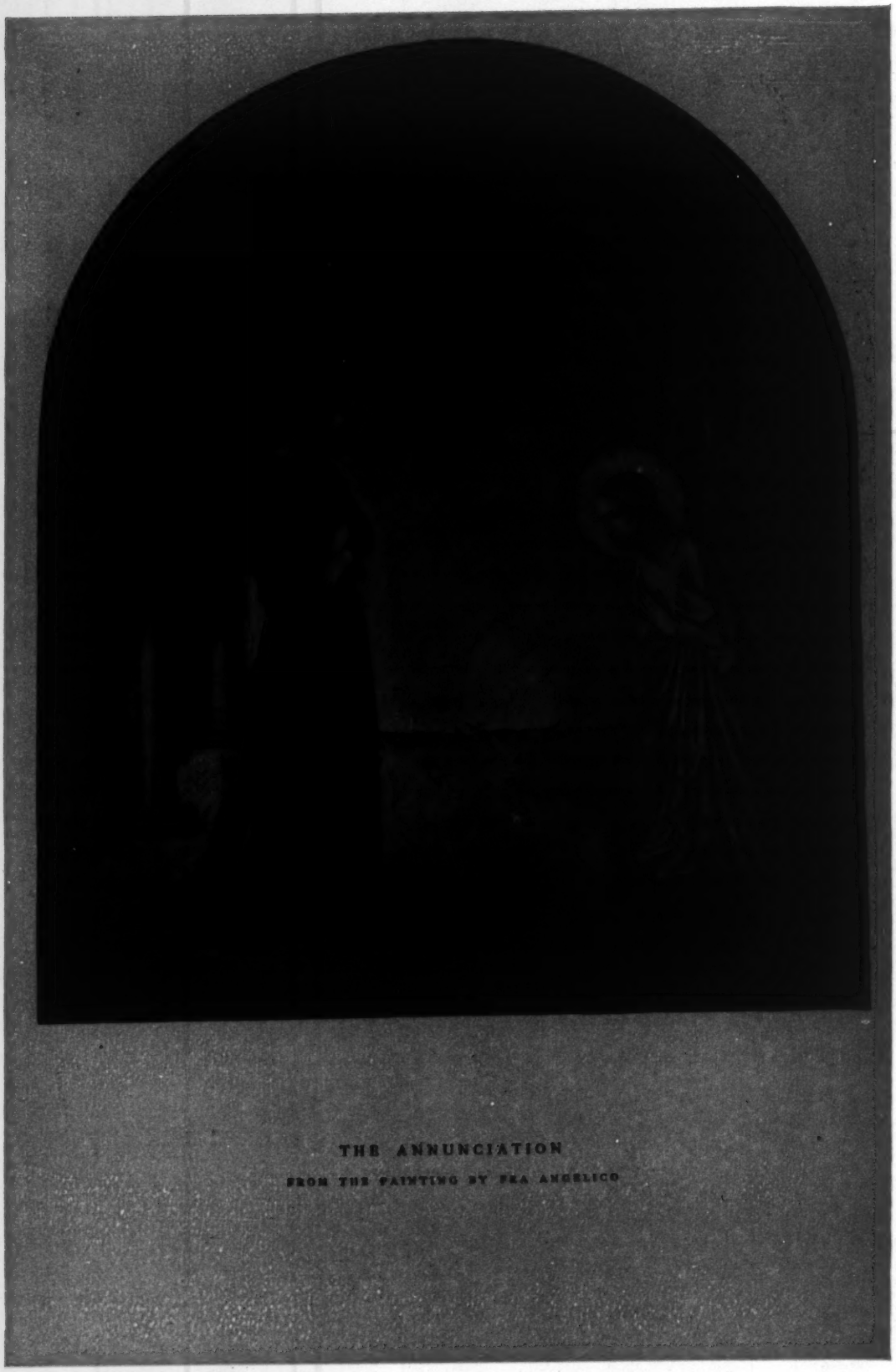
Another example is not an annunciation of the gospel story: it is the appearance of an angel messenger to a maiden saint — the mythical St. Ursula, delight of many painters. The painter has told the story of such a message in the manner of a dream, out of the stuff that dreams are made of. This is German realism, still belonging to the Middle Ages. It is German of the Rhine, the place sacred to the story of St. Ursula. Hence, also, it connects with Burgundian and Flemish origins, and the master who painted it is so far unknown except by some other work. But it has been given to him, in the innocence of his integrity, to combine the most simple, almost childish realism with the sense of the marvelous — the reality of a dream. For this is the way that our dreams are real: we are sure of all sorts of little every-day matters, and feel them about us, while the impossible happens to us, in what we do not know to be sleep. From such a sleep the very youthful virgin saint awakes, only just disturbed enough to show that there is something strange. She makes a slight attempt to sit up in her bed, wherein she is shut off from the outside world by the heavy curtains, in the fashion of that very day, except where, on one side, again in the old way, the curtain is bunched in a great homely fold, and there stands an angel lighting up this little artificial room. Like the good priests and preachers of the day, dressed in a great ecclesiastical cope, he tells his story, as from the pulpit, stating it upon his fingers, as the preacher does when he argues and divides his text. His face, reminiscent, also, of the kindly faces of ecclesiastics, is anxious for the accuracy of his message. It is such a dream as might happen in any kindly family accustomed to its ecclesiastical instruction, and, were it not for the gorgeous wings, the invading light, and the drapery ending in nothing (as it does in dreams), the angel might be some kindly minister preaching from a godly text to some sweet, girlish soul. But there is no doubt of the supernatural: every prosaic detail confirms it more and more. And to the experienced artist the manner of this impression is visible through the singular use of some of the simplest means. Note the great perpendicular lines of the angel and the canopy, and that ordinary detail of an embroidered seam which, crossing the bed, repeats line after line of level spread, and melts into the long sleeves of the angelic messenger, disappearing again — as everything does in the nothing of a dream — where the edges of clothes and bed on the firm stand of solid things melt into the shaded floor. It may be that once upon a time Dante Gabriel Rossetti may have seen this picture, if the dates of his trips to Belgium allow it. He has used a similar treatment on similar lines; but, however beautiful the result, however romantic the conception of the Virgin, there is no such suggestion of a miracle in the wilful modern work of art as in the still more realistic image of the unknown painter. It is only because of its being forced upon my memory that I allow myself a comparison which must contain some inevitable injustice.

In the same way, how impossible to compare the Annunciation which Fra Angelico painted, along with many other pictures, in his convent of San Marco of Florence. There are just so many cells for the monks, and in forty of them are frescos painted on the walls by himself or his disciples. This is in the one called by the number three. Its shape echoes the opening of the window — that must have made another lookout, another pleasing space in the absolute bareness of the little rooms. Somebody has prettily said, "One opened on this world, and the other on the spiritual." This was some-



AN ANGEL APPEARS TO ST. URSULA

ATTRIBUTED TO THE SCHOOL OF THE SO-CALLED MASTER OF ST. SEVERIN



THE ANNUNCIATION

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRA ANGELICO

what after 1443, when the convent was completed, having been built by the Brothers' friend, the great architect Michelozzo. It was a gift of Cosimo of the Medici to the Dominican Brotherhood, of whom Brother Angelico was one. He must have been forty-six years old, approaching the maturity of his artistic talent and well confirmed in religious life. Into that he had entered thirty-five years before with his brother Benedetto. He was then called Guido da Vecchio. Thereafter he is known as Brother John (Giovanni) Angelico, and, we add, of Fiesole. He had probably learned to paint before he entered the Dominican order, moved to do so, apparently, by one of the revivals of faith which passed occasionally through a country sufficiently skeptical and worldly. He became a great master, and he is one of the precursors of the new forms of art. But his growth is so slow, or rather so difficult to analyze, that he can be taken also as a part of an earlier day. In reality, he was connected with the newer movement, but as his work is preëminently the expression of his meaning, less notice has been taken that his manner of painting, what is called technique, meets amply all that is asked of it. And that he did also a great deal of little work — shop-work, it might be called — for the use of churches or the devout has made him appear sometimes less of a master of art than he really was. And this spiritual life so struck the imagination of his time and of the future that we think of him more as a saint who was a painter than as a painter who was a saint. The account of him given by Vasari, the recorder of Italian art, expresses this double character. "Rightly indeed was he called Angelico, for he gave his whole life to God's service, and to the doing of good works for mankind and for his neighbor. He kept himself unspotted from the world, and, living in purity and holiness, he was so much the friend of the poor that I think his soul is now in heaven. Rich indeed he might have been, yet for riches he took no thought. He might indeed, had he so chosen, have lived in the world in greatest comfort, and, beyond what he himself already possessed, have gained whatsoever he wanted more, by the practice of those arts of which, while still a young man, he was already a master. He was wont to say that true riches consist in being contented with little. He might have borne rule over many, but he did not choose to do so, believing that he who obeys has fewer cares and is less likely to go astray. It was in his power to have held high place, both within his order and without it; but he cared nothing for such honors, affirming that he sought no other dignity than the attainment of Paradise. He used often to say that he who practised art had need of quiet, and of a life free from care, and that he who had to do the things of Christ ought to live with Christ."

Disengaging what he did from the necessary hand-work of his assistants, it is certain that the world is right in its acceptance of Vasari's belief that his paintings expressed his inner life. And in the painting of the Annunciation, the little fresco easily painted on the wall, we have the mark of one side of his art, the ineffable peace and reticence of the cloister. It is a cloister room in which Mary kneels, on the plain wooden bench of a monk, in the form of obedience of which Vasari speaks, and the angel speaks to her, like another devotee of obedience to the Lord's will, self-contained and reticent under the order from on high. Just outside, half seen, is the great founder of the order, St. Dominic, who looks with uplifted hands at this scene from the gospels, which is visible to *his mind;* and he blesses, as it were, the hand-work of his spiritual son, the painter. The story could not be told more simply, in a more fitting way, for the cloister, as if the mere record of the fact were enough for the beauty of the subject.

"HER COUSIN'S ARMS WERE AT LAST AROUND HER IN WELCOME"

THE WAYFARERS*

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

IV

IT was a bright, fresh morning in November, the day after Dosia had begun her journey, that Justin Alexander started out to take possession of the office and factory. The departure from his old place was a thing of the past, the preparations for entering into the new business were at an end. Every evening during the last month had been taken up in consultations with Leverich and Foster, and every other spare minute had been given to looking over the furnishings and mechanism of the factory and visiting or writing letters to people connected with the project. It was sheer joy to him to exercise a grasp of intellect hitherto perforce in abeyance, and he did not see the frequent glance of satisfaction which his two backers often gave each other across the table as he propounded his views. The people in the old place had been good to him; his leaving had been celebrated with a dinner and honest expressions of regret from his former companions. The only one he had been really sorry to leave was Callender; it would seem odd not to have him at his elbow any more.

But all the preliminaries were finished, and he was master now. For a man who has barely lived each month upon his earnings, to have fifty thousand dollars in the bank subject to his order is a fairly pleasurable sensation. Justin had always inveighed against the idea that character, like other products, is controlled by wealth, but he insensibly put on a bolder front as he buttoned himself into his overcoat and walked from the ferry to his office. The morning had certainly developed a larger manner in him. The ease of affluence is first assimilated in thought, which acts upon the muscles. Justin did not know that the buoyancy of a golden self-confidence had communicated itself to the very way in which he nodded to a friend or shouldered his closed umbrella, or that his step upon the sidewalk had a new ring in it. It is a transmutation of metal into the blood — the revivifying power which the seekers after the philosopher's stone recognized so thoroughly.

He had come to town on an earlier train than he was accustomed to take, and the people whom he passed were not familiar to him. There was a newness to the bright day, even in that, that marked the novel undertaking. The air was cold, but the light was golden. Men went by with yellow chrysanthemums pinned to their coats and a fresh and eager look upon their faces. The clang of the cable-cars had an enlivening condensation of sound in distinction to the hard rumble and jar of the wagons, but all the noises were inspiriting as part of a great and concentrated movement in which the day awoke to an enormous energy — an energy so pervading that even inanimate objects seemed to reflect it, as a mirror reflects the expression of those who look upon it.

His way lay farther up-town than he had been wont to go, above the Wall Street line of work and into that great city of wholesale industries which stretches northward. The streets at this hour were new to him and filled with new sights and sounds: the apple-stands at the corners, being put in order for the day, the sidewalk venders with their small wares, were fewer and of a different order from those he had been used to seeing. The passers-by were different. There were a great many girls in bright hats and shabby jackets, who talked incessantly as they walked, and disappeared down side streets which looked dark and cold and damp in contrast to the bright glitter of Broadway. He turned into one of these streets himself, and walked eastward toward the river.

As it appeared to him to-day, so had it never appeared to him before, and never would again. He might have been in a foreign city, so keenly

* The first instalment of this novel appeared in the December McCLURE'S.

did he notice every detail. The street was filled at first with drays, loading up with huge boxes from the big warehouses on each side, at the entrances of which men in shirt-sleeves pulled and hauled at the ropes of freight-elevators. Then he came to grimy buildings in which was heard the whir of machinery, and he caught a glimpse of men, half stripped, moving backward and forward with strange motions. From across the street came the busy rush of sewing-machines as some one threw up a window and looked out, and a row of girls came into view with heads bent forward and bodies swaying shoulder to shoulder. Beyond were men bending over, pressing, and the steam from the hot irons on the wet cloth poured out around them. And all these toilers seemed no beaten-down wage-earners, but the glad chorus in his own drama of work. Between the factories began to show neglected narrow brick dwelling-houses, with iron railings and mean, compressed doorways, fronted by garbage-barrels; basement saloons; tiny groceries with bread in the windows and wilted vegetables on the sidewalk, where women with shawled heads were grouped; attenuated furnishing-stores for men, with an ingratiating proprietor in the doorway. In the midst of this district, taking up a salient corner, was the large and ornate building of a patent-medicine concern, towering high into the air, and seeming to preach with lofty benevolence to those below that to be truly respectable and happy you must be rich.

Beyond this the scene repeated itself with slight differences — the houses were not so many, and the factories gave place to warehouses again. The influence of those tall masts at the foot of the street began to be felt, although the signs as yet did not speak of oakum or ships' stores. Among the warehouses, however, was one brick dwelling that attracted Justin's particular attention, wedged in as it was between the taller buildings on either side. It varied from the others he had seen by the depths of its squalor. The stone steps were defaced and broken; the windows as well as the arched fan-light over the entrance — a relic of bygone days — had only a few jagged pieces of glass left; and a black hallway was revealed to view through the open door. The windows were so near the street that it was easy to see into the front room — an interior so sordid and forbidding that Justin involuntarily paused to view it.

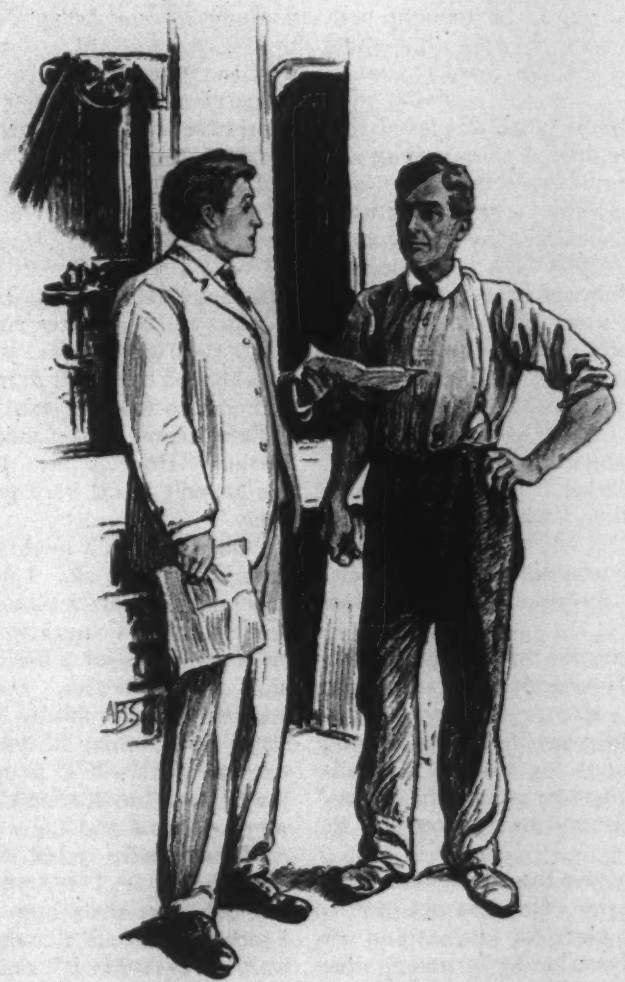
The room was empty. The walls had been covered once with a brown-flowered paper which now hung from them in great patches, showing the green mold beneath. Under the black marble mantelpiece, thickly covered with white dust, was a grate piled high with ashes. Ash-heaps stood also out on the floor, flanked with empty black bottles and broken remnants of furniture. In the background was a hideous black haircloth sofa. Heaven only knows with what past it had been associated to give that creeping feeling in the veins of the sober and practical man who gazed at it. It seemed the outward and visible sign of ruin. The unseen and abnormal still keeps its irrelevant and unexplained hold on the human intelligence, with no respect of persons. It gave Justin a momentary chill to think of passing this each day. Then he looked up, half turning as he felt that some one was observing him, and met the eye of a man who was walking on the other side of the street. He remembered suddenly that they had been almost keeping pace together since he had turned into this street from Broadway.

The smile of this unknown foot-farer spoke of a conscious comradeship which surprised Justin, who held himself a little more stiffly and hurried forward at a quicker pace to reach his destination, which was now in sight. His eye approved the new paint and the air of decent reserve which appertained to the building. The new sign at the side of the hallway bore the legend of the typometer, with his name conspicuously above. As Justin entered he turned again involuntarily, and the man on the other side of the street, who was himself on the point of entering a hallway, turned also. This time Justin smiled in response. The opposite building, as he knew, bore a sign much resembling his own, with the name of Angevin L. Cater upon it. The air of proprietorship bespoke Mr. Cater himself. The meeting gave a welcome pleasure to rivalry, and brought back the dew of the morning.

The offices were in the second story, his own especial one railed off near the front windows and covered with a new green rug. To one side were the compartments of his subordinates and the open desk-room of the lower clerks; beyond these was the packing department of the factory; from above was heard the ceaseless whirring and clicking of machinery. The larger parts of the instrument — the copper tubing and the steel bars — were bought in the rough, so to speak, and shaped to their proper functions here, where, also, the more intricate portions were manufactured.

The undertaking, briefly told, rested on the merits of a timing-machine invented and patented some years before in Connecticut, and sold to a manufacturer there, who had taken it as a side issue and failed properly to exploit it. The right to it had changed hands several times, during which it was pushed with varying

energy, being finally domiciled in New York. In the meantime other machines, differing slightly in construction, had also been patented and put on the market in various cities, none of them with any great success until the present moment. Then the public began to wake up suddenly to the value of timing-machines, and Leverich and Foster, organizers of corporations, seized the opportunity of buying all the rights to the Warford Standard Typometer — so called because, in addition to measuring stated periods of elapsed time, it mechanically produced a type-written statement of it. The Warford, as the first invention, had some merits never quite attained by the later ones, in the eyes of its present purchasers. They said all it needed now was push.



"THE FOREMAN STEPPED OUT FROM AMONG THE MACHINERY TO GREET HIM"

Thousands of little books entitled "Sixty Seconds with the Typometer" had been sent abroad in the last month, setting forth with attractive brevity, and in large black print that could be read without glasses, Why you wanted a typometer, Which was the best one to buy, and Where you could buy it. Long articles advertising it appeared in the daily papers, in which the sales of the machine reached an effective aggregate.

The business, in fact, showed signs of seriously forging ahead under the renewed efforts of Leverich and Foster, and their portrayal of its future was within the bounds of possibility. The foreman of the factory was one of the original workmen, and some of the men had also been associated with the machine for several years, so that the running-gear ran with fair smoothness. The head bookkeeper and manager, an elderly man, had also remained a fixture through all the fluctuations, and had been the great dependence of the new purchasers. If he had possessed the requisite mental capacity, it is doubtful whether Justin's services would have been needed at all.

As Justin went up to the factory floor on this morning, the foreman stepped out from among the machinery to greet him. He was a slight man with deep-set, swiftly observant eyes and a mouth that drooped at the corners. His sleeves were rolled up over his thin, muscular arms.

To Justin's pleasant good morning he responded, with a quick gleam of pleasure in his eyes:

"Good morning, sir. I'm glad to see you here so early. You've perhaps heard of the big order that came in last night from Cincinnati."

"No," said Justin; "I came up here first. That's good news, Bullen."

"Yes, sir. I've made a list of the stock we'll need as soon as we can get it in. I sent it down to your desk, sir, a moment ago. I'll want to see you later, Mr. Alexander, about taking on more men."

"Very well," said Justin. His step was jubilant as he descended to the office, to be greeted with the same congratulatory news from Harker, the assistant manager.

"And I think these letters mean more orders, Mr. Alexander," he said.

They did. The next mail brought more. As

Justin opened them, one by one, it was impossible not to feel the sharp thrill of mastery, of gratified ambition. It was his efforts in the new line which were bringing in this first harvest. All the time he had been outwardly listening to Foster and Leverich, his mind had run steadily on its own gearing. He had weighed their propositions and conclusions in a secret balance. He meant, within due limits, to conduct this business as he thought best. If orders came in every day like this — and why should they not? if not now, at least in the near future——

The atmosphere of the office was festal that day, imbued with the smell of fresh varnish and new rugs. The complications that arise later on as one gets down into the solid experience of an undertaking, hampered by the work of yesterday and the future work of to-morrow, were beautifully absent. Everything was clear and possible; every one was busy, and the master busiest of all. To write out checks for money which has been furnished by some one else is a keen pleasure at the first blush. The store and the coffers seem illimitable to him who has not earned it. Afterward——

"By the way, Harker," he asked once, in an interval of waiting, "what is the concern across the street?"

"It's much the same as ours, Mr. Alexander."

Justin looked up, surprised. "I never knew that."

"Oh, Mr. Cater calls his machine by a different name; it's the Timoscript. But it amounts to the same thing, after a fashion — not as good as ours, by a long shot. It clogs horribly after you've worked it for a while. They've got one in the billiard-room around the corner."

"And this Mr. Cater — has he been in the business long?"

"He was here when we came, two years ago."

Justin said no more. He went out later to search for a decent place for luncheon in this unfamiliar city, and was hardly surprised, when he seated himself by a little white table in a small, rather dark room, to look up and recognize opposite him the smiling face of Mr. Angevin L. Cater.

"I was wondering how soon you'd find this place out," said the latter. He spoke with a Southern drawl. "You don't get a very large repertoire here, but what they do give you is sort of catchy. They fry well, and that's an art. And it's clean."

"Yes," said Justin shortly. It was his untoward fate to be usually spoken to by strangers, and he had a much more social feeling toward those who let him alone. But even the shadows of this golden day were translucent.

"I reckon you know who I am — Angevin L. Cater. Angevin's a queer name, isn't it? French — several generations back."

To this Justin made no reply, conceiving that none was required. After a moment Mr. Cater began again:

"Perhaps you think it's strange — my speaking to you in this way. Of course I've seen you coming to Number 270, and knew that you were taking charge there, but that's not the whole of it. I'm from Georgia — got a wife and two children and a mother-in-law in Balderville now." He paused to give this impressive fact full weight. "You've some relatives there, haven't you, by the name of Linden?"

"My wife has," said Justin, with new attention.

"Well, I reckon I heard of you some this fall when I was home. Miss Theodosia was talking of spending the winter North with you. She asked me if I knew Mr. Justin Alexander, and I had to tell her no. I didn't think I'd meet up with you so soon. Heard from her lately?"

"We expect Miss Linden to-morrow," said Justin. "How is Mr. Linden getting on? We haven't heard very good accounts of him lately."

"Oh, Linden's a mighty fine man; he ain't successful, that's all. I find a heap of mighty fine men that ain't successful, don't you? I don't think it's anything against a man that he ain't successful. Besides, old man Linden ain't got his health. Had the janders once, and it's kinder stuck by him ever since. You can't do anything if you haven't got your health. His wife's a mighty fine lady — pretty, too; but she ain't much on dressin' up; stays at home and takes care of her children. And Miss Dosia — well, Miss Dosia's a peach. Talented, too — I tell you, she can bang the ivories! But she's been kinder pinin' lately. I reckon she needs a change — though a change isn't always what it's cracked up to be. I've found that out, haven't you? I changed into a New York business two years ago, and it's taken all my strength to buck up against it till now. I reckon maybe it'll carry me along all right — now."

"You're in the same line that I am, I understand," said Justin, who had been eating while the other talked.

"Why, yes, you might call it that. I guess both machines started in Connecticut. A cousin of mine owned one. He said Warford stole his idea and got it patented first. I don't know. When he died he left me what money he had, and I took up the concern. I've got a Yankee side to me as well as a Southern

"'I DIDN'T THINK I'D MEET UP WITH YOU SO SOON'"

side. Sometimes I get tuckered out tryin' to combine 'em."

"You say that trade is looking up now?" asked Justin.

"Well, yes, it is. The public is beginning to learn the value of time as recorded by the timoscript." His eyes twinkled. "Our machine is put together better than the Warford. I feel it my duty to say that, Mr. Alexander. It's simpler, for one thing — there ain't so many little cogs to catch and get out of order. No complex mechanism; a child can run it — that's what my circulars say. I believe in advertising, same as you. I don't object to your booming trade. The more people there are, now, who know there is a time-machine, the more there'll be to find they've had a long-felt want for one, no matter what you call it. And — you shouldn't hurry over your luncheon so, Mr. Alexander," for Justin had thrown down his napkin and was rising.

"I've got to be back at the office by two," said Justin, glancing at the clock, which showed five minutes of the hour.

"Oh, you can walk it in three minutes; but of course you're not down to that yet. I'm glad to have met up with you, sir, and I hope to see you often. I reckon this town's big enough for two of a kind."

"Thank you," said Justin, glad to escape. He had been telling himself during the conversation that he would take care to avoid Mr. Angevin L. Cater's favorite haunt for the future, but he was surprised to find a change gradually stealing over him after he had left the man. There are some persons, distinctly agreeable at first, whose absence materializes an unexpected aversion to their further acquaintance; others, whose company one has found tedious, leave a wholesome flavor, after all, behind them. Mr. Cater appeared to be of the latter class. Justin found himself smiling with real kindliness once or twice as he thought of his opposite neighbor.

But there was little time for turning aside during the afternoon. The evening as well as the morning were component parts of that golden day. The orders that came in gave a wonderful effect of luck, although they were largely the legitimate outcome of well-planned efforts. Justin thought the work of the last six months was bringing its fulfilment now. But this clear stream of accomplishment showed him the way to a mighty ocean. Power, power, power! The sense of it was in his finger-ends as he focused his mind on world-embracing schemes. With that impelling current of strength, he could have turned even failure to success, and he knew it.

The hours were all too short for transacting the business that had to be done, and for all the consultations as to ways and means. It would take some time to put these preparations on a larger scale.

Justin was ready to leave at six o'clock, with a bundle of price-lists under his arm to look over when he got home. The last mail was handed to him just as he was locking his desk.

"There is no use in my looking over these to-night, Harker," he said. "You can get at them the first thing in the morning. I will be down even earlier than to-day. Stay—" His eye had caught sight of an envelop with the name of a well-known Chicago firm on it. He tore it open, ran his eye rapidly over the contents, and then handed it, with a gesture as of abdication, to Harker. The bookkeeper was the first to break the silence.

"I thought we were getting along pretty rapidly to-day," he said, "but it seems that we haven't even started. This tops all. We'll have to get a big move on, Mr. Alexander. They're giving us very short time."

"Yes," said Justin. He lingered irresolutely, and then laid down his papers with the hat which he held ready to put on, and went over to the safe. He took from it five new ten-dollar bills and tucked them into his waistcoat pocket. They sent a glow to his heart, for they were intended as a little gift to his wife. It seemed to him that this last good fortune had given him the right to make her a visible sharer in it.

As he ran up the steps of his home, he collided with a small boy who was holding a bicycle with one hand and proffering a yellow envelop through the open doorway with an outstretched arm. Lois was taking it. She and Justin read the telegram at the same moment, before it fell fluttering to the ground between them, as both hands dropped it.

"I cannot possibly go," he said, staring at her.

"Oh, Justin! I will, then—some one *must*."

"No, no, *you* can't; that's nonsense. Great heavens! for this to come at such a time!" He broke off again, staring helplessly before him. Leverich was in St. Louis, Foster at his home ill. "Why didn't the girl start last week, as she intended to?"

"Oh, the poor child—don't blame *her*. The accident must have been so terrible!"

"Yes—yes, indeed." He sat down in the hall chair, while his wife signed the telegraph-book which the boy incidentally held open for her as he chewed gum. When she finished, she saw that Justin was poring over the time-table in an evening paper. He laid it down to say:

"If I start back for town in ten minutes I can catch the eight-thirty train south, and get home again to-morrow night or the morning after, if Theodosia is able to travel. That will only make me lose one day." One day! He shook his head in bitter impatience.

"Oh, I hate to have you go in this way! Shall I send word to the office for you?"

"No; I'll write some telegrams on the way in. I'll run up-stairs and put a few things in the bag, and kiss the children good night—I hear them calling." He put his hand in his pocket and hurriedly drew out the crisp roll of bills and looked at them ruefully.

"I brought this for you, Lois, but I'll have to take it with me, I'm afraid, for I might run short." He put his arm around her for a brief instant, in answer to her exclamation. "No, don't get me anything to eat; I haven't time, I tell you. I'll get what I want later, on the train." In the strong irritation which he was curbing he felt as if he would never want to eat again. He was in reality by nature both kind and compassionate, but the worst sting of trouble lies often in the fact that it is so inopportune.

V

"Are we near New York?"

"Yes," said Justin, smiling encouragement at his young companion. He stood up and took down from the rack above them Dosia's jacket, which had been reclaimed from the wreck, soaked and torn, and a boy's cap in lieu of her missing hat.

"You had better put these on now, and then you can rest again for a little while before we have to move."

It was unavoidable that after the enforced journey the sight of Dosia's white face and imploring eyes should have filled him with a rush of tender compassion which completely blotted out the previous reluctance from his memory. Few men spend their time regretting past stages of thought, and he had naturally accepted her tremulous thankfulness for his solicitude.

After the long day of travel in Justin's company, the color had begun to return faintly to Dosia's lips and cheeks. She was also growing to feel a little more at home with him. He had seemed too much a stranger and she had been too greatly in awe of him at first to ask many questions. He himself had spoken little, but had been kind in numberless ways, and thoughtful of her comfort, and always smiled encouragingly when he looked at her. Now, at the journey's end, he began to talk, in a secret restlessness which he could not own. His mind

had been busy all day with the typometer and his plans for the morrow; but as he neared home he could not shake off a haunting premonition of something unpleasant to come.

"Lois and the children will all be drawn up in line expecting the new cousin," he said.

"Will they?" asked Theodosia, with pleased interest. "But they will be looking out for you as well as for me."

"Yes, I suppose so; I very seldom go away from home. But I was wrong in saying that the children would be up, for it will be nearly seven when we reach the house, and they go to bed at six. Perhaps Zaidee will be there. I hope you like children, or you will have a bad time of it at our house."

"I love children," said Dosia, with the solemnity of a profession of faith.

"I think you will like Zaidee, then. She is a little girl who has her hair tied up with bunches of blue ribbon, and the rest of it straggles around in light wisps, or is gathered into an inconceivably small pigtail at the back of her neck. She has a pug-nose, round blue eyes, little white teeth, and an expression of great responsibility and wisdom, because at the age of six she is the eldest daughter — and that means a great deal, you know."

"Oh," said Dosia, "I am an 'eldest daughter.'" She choked, momentarily, as she thought of the family at home. "Was it only last night that you started for me?" she asked, after a pause during which she had looked hard out of the car-window.

"Yes; I've made pretty good time, I think. It was lucky that we could catch that eight-thirty express this morning; if we hadn't it would have put us back nearly twenty-four hours — and that would have been bad," he added under his breath.

"Perhaps it was hard for you to leave even for one day," said Dosia timidly. She felt somehow away outside of his inner thought, as if she had no inherent place in his mind at all. "You are just starting in business, aren't you?"

"Oh, that is all right. We are both starting in new ventures — Dosia and the typometer appear on the scene at the same moment, starting out on a career together; and for this time Dosia had to take precedence, that is all. I hope we'll both be equally successful."

"Yes, indeed." She responded to his smile, and tried to rally her failing powers.

"I am very glad I went for you." He regarded her with anxiety. "You could not have made the journey alone."

"Oh, I could have — but I am so glad you came!" said Dosia. She leaned against the window, with closed eyes, to rest—her wan face, her dress, crumpled and stained, the negligence of her hair, which she had been unable to arrange properly, and her air of fatigue making a pitiful contrast to the girl who had started out so gaily on her travels in her trim attire two days before. Now, as in many another moment of silence, she felt once more the hurtling fall, the pressure of darkness, and the ravages of the rain and wind; the nightmare horror of the wreck was upon her. Only the remembered clasp of a hand held her reason firm. She had spent half the day in thinking of that unknown friend, and the thought seemed to put her under some obligation of high and pure

"'I BROUGHT THIS FOR YOU, LOIS, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT WITH ME, I'M AFRAID'"

living, in a cloistered gratitude. A girl who had been saved in that way ought to be worthy of it. Some day or other — some day — it must be meant that she should meet him again and tell him what his help had been to her. She imagined herself engaged in some errand of mercy — supporting the tottering footsteps of an old woman as she crossed a crowded street, or carrying a little sick child, or kneeling by a fever-touched bedside in a tenement-house, or encouraging a terror-stricken creature through smoke and fire. She would meet him thus, and when he said, "How good and brave you are!" she might look up and say: "I learned it from you. Do you remember the girl you helped the night the train was wrecked? I am she." And when he asked, "How did you know it was I?" she would answer: "By the tones of your voice. I would know that anywhere." And then he would take her hand again ——

Her eyes ached with unshed tears at the lost comfort of it. She tried to see his form through the blur of darkness that had enveloped it,— a swinging step, a square set of the shoulders, an effect of strong young manhood,— and she pictured his face as noble and beautiful as his care for her. Her reverie passed through different grades. She found herself after a while idly scanning Justin's face and wondering if it embodied all that was high and good to her cousin Lois. After one was married a long time, say six or seven years, did it still matter how a man looked? She felt herself a little in awe of his keen blue eyes, in spite of his kindness. She thought she preferred a dark man.

She clung to Justin's arm at the crossings and ferry, and hardly heard his words, bewildered by the unaccustomed sights and sounds and the weakness of her knees. Her feet slipped on the cobblestones, the hurrying people made her dizzy, and the electric lights danced before her eyes.

As they were standing on the boat, two men came up to speak to Justin. She gathered that they had heard of the accident and of his journey from Mrs. Alexander at the whist club the night before, and stopped now to make courteous inquiries. One, who was short and stout, with a pleasant if commonplace face, passed on, after his introduction to Dosia; but the other turned back, as he was following, to say:

"By the way, I see that there was a fire in your new quarters to-day, Alexander."

"A fire! For Heaven's sake, Barr ——"

"Oh, I don't think it amounted to much. There's just a line in the evening paper about it. Here, read for yourself —'fire confined to one floor, machinery slightly damaged.' Insured, weren't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes — that isn't the point now. We can't afford to be kept back a minute. I'm glad you told me; I must go — I must go back at once and see for myself." He stopped and looked hopelessly at Dosia.

Short as the journey was now, he could not let her continue it by herself; yet every fiber in him was quivering in his wild desire to get over to the scene of disaster. He looked at his informant, who, in his turn, was regarding the girl beside Justin.

"I can go on by myself," said Dosia, divining his thought, and wondering when this terrible journey would ever end. "Truly, I can. I know you want to go and see about the fire. Please, please do! Oh, please!"

"Barr, will you take charge of Miss Linden?" asked Justin abruptly. He did not particularly like Barr, but this was an emergency. "Will you take her to Mrs. Alexander?"

"I will, indeed," said the new-comer, with responsive earnestness.

"Very well, then; I'll go back on this boat. I'll be out on a later train, tell Lois." He started to make his way to the other end of the boat, to be in readiness for the return trip, and turned back once more to give the girl her ticket; then he was lost to sight, and Theodosia was left, for the third time, on the hands of an unknown man.

This one only spoke to give her the necessary directions as they joined the usual rush for the train, and refrained from talking, to her great relief, after he had settled her comfortably in the car for the last half-hour of traveling. She leaned against the window-casing, as before, as far away from him as possible, suddenly and wretchedly aware of her dilapidated appearance and the boy's cap that covered the fair hair curling out from under it. Her cheeks were whiter than ever, and the corners of her mouth had the pathetic droop of extreme fatigue.

She looked, without knowing it, very young, very forlorn, and very frightened, and the hand in which she held the ticket given her by Justin trembled. She was morbidly afraid that this new person would question her as to the accident, about which she shrank from speaking; but after a while, encouraged by his silence, she tried to turn her thoughts by stealthily observing him.

If her friend of the voice and hand of the night before had been only a tall blur in the darkness, the man beside her was effectively concrete. Neither tall nor large, he gave an impression of strength and vitality in the ease

and quickness of his motions, which bespoke trained muscles. She decided that he was rather old — perhaps thirty. Dark-skinned, black-haired, with a thin face, a low forehead, deep-set eyes, a high, rather hooked nose, and a mustache, he was somewhat of the Oriental type, although, as she learned later, a New Englander by birth and heritage. Dosia was not quite sure whether the effect was pleasing or the reverse. There seemed to be something about him different from the other men she had seen, even in his clothing, although it was plain enough.

Interspersed with these observations were the increasing throbs of homesickness that threatened to overwhelm her. Kind as Justin had been, she had felt all the time outside of his thought and affection. This new companion had shown consideration for her; she was grateful for it, but — She was unprepared to have him lean suddenly toward her, as a tear trembled perilously on her lashes, and say, with twinkling eyes:

"I beg your pardon, but do I look like him?"

"Like — like whom?" asked Dosia, in amazement.

"Like a person to be approved of."

"I haven't considered the subject," said Dosia, with swift dignity.

"Ah, you see, it's the reverse with me. As soon as Mrs. Alexander told me she was expecting you, my mind was filled with visions of a sweet young thing from the South. All sweet young things from the South have dreams; mine was to embody yours. And when I saw you, I said to myself — I beg your pardon, do you think I am getting too personal, on such short acquaintance?"

"Yes," answered Dosia, dimpling in spite of herself, "very much too personal." She turned her head away from him, that she might not see those sparkling, quizzical eyes so close.

"Very well; I will finish the sentence to-morrow, as you suggest. In the meantime, let me ask you if you have ever made a collection of conductors' thumbs?"

"No!" said Dosia, in astonishment, turning around again to face him.

"I am told that there is a great deal of character in them; it is given by the broad, free movement of punching tickets. I have thought of collecting thumbs for purposes of study — in alcohol, of course. But why do you look so surprised?"

"I am surprised that you have no collection already," said Dosia, with spirit; "you seem to be so enterprising."

He shook his head sadly. "No. How little you know me! I'm not enterprising in the least; I have no heroic virtues, I'm only — loving."

"Oh!" cried Dosia, and stopped short in a ripple of merriment that was more invigorating than wine, and that brought a rush of color to her cheeks.

"No? well, not until the day after to-morrow, then, if you say so. You're so very, very good to me, Miss Linden; it's not often I find any one so considerate as you are. And have you come up North to make your entrance into society?"

"I have come North to study music," said Theodosia impressively.

"Music! Ah, there you have me." He spoke with a new soberness.

"Do you like it?"

"I like it almost better than anything else in the world — too much, and yet not enough, after all." He shook his head with a quick, somber gesture. "I'll help you with the music, if you'll let me. Did you notice how very quickly we became acquainted? Yes? I know now why; it puzzled me at first. It was the music in you to which I responded. I can tell you just what little song of Schubert's your smile is from, if you'll give me time."

"No," said Dosia, "it isn't from Schubert at all; and you'll never find the key-note to it, so you needn't try." She could not help daring a little, in her girlishness.

He laughed. "Oh, I shall make it my business to find out. For what else was I constituted your guardian at the beginning of your career? And it's so good of you to say that I can come to-morrow and pour out my heart to you! Shall it be at five? No, please don't trouble to answer; I like to look at your ear in that position — it's so pearly. Too personal again? Then let us converse about your Old Kentucky Home."

"It isn't in Kentucky," interpolated Dosia desperately, but there was no stopping him. He was so irrelevantly absurd that she succumbed at last entirely, and hardly knew when they left the train. When they walked up the path to her cousin's door, they were both laughing causelessly and irresponsibly, in delightful comradeship.

He turned to Dosia after he had rung the bell and said, "Good night."

"Aren't you coming in to see my cousin?"

"Oh, yes; but this is our farewell. Please make it as touching as you can."

She looked up frankly as she gave him her hand and said:

"Thank you for taking charge of me."

"And making a fool of myself? It was in a

"SHE WAS UNPREPARED TO HAVE HIM LEAN SUDDENLY TOWARD HER"

good cause, at any rate. But what I wanted you to say was ——"

She did not hear, for the door had opened, and he only waited a moment inside the house to explain her husband's absence to Mrs. Alexander. The news arrested her greeting to Dosia, whom she held tentatively by the hand as she repeated:

"Justin went back to the fire! Oh, I'm so sorry! Do you think that it was very bad?"

"The paper said not."

"It must be out now, anyway. I'm so disappointed that he did not come home, and I have such a nice little dinner. Will you not stay, Lawson?"

"Thank you — I wish I could." There was a penetrative, lingering flash of those still quizzical eyes at Dosia as he made his adieus, and then he was gone. Why should she feel alone?

Her cousin's arms were at last around her in welcome, the warmer for being deferred; and the little Zaidee, whom she would have known from Justin's description of her, was standing first on one tiptoe and then on the other, waiting to be kissed before going off to bed, as she announced. From above came the sound of small running feet, and a child's voice calling:

"Cousin Dosia — I want to see my Cousin Dosia!" A bare foot and leg surmounted by a fluttering scrap of white raiment was thrust through the balusters. A protesting scream arose as his nurse heavily pursued the fugitive.

"Come back, Reginald, come back!" There was the noise of a scuffle as Dosia, with her escort, laughingly ascended the stairs, to elicit a shriek of terror and a rear view of the mercurial Reginald in full flight for the nursery door, which banged after him, and behind which he still raised his voice, to the shrill accompaniment of the nurse.

"*I'll* go in and keep him quiet," said Zaidee reassuringly, in answer to her mother's look of appeal; and she also disappeared beyond the prison bars, after a whisk of her short crisp pink skirt, and a smile at Dosia in which her little white teeth gleamed in an infantile glee that only accentuated her air of preternatural capability.

Her cousin's kindly hands helped Dosia to remove the traces of travel, when she had definitely refused the offer pressed upon her to be undressed and go to bed and have her dinner brought up to her. It was sweet to be in feminine care once more, and be pitied for the terrors she had undergone, and feel the bond of relationship assert itself in spite of the fact that the cousins had not seen each other since Dosia's early childhood. She did not want to be alone up-stairs, and sat instead in Justin's place at the table, clad in a soft silken tea-gown of Lois' that was in itself restful, trying to eat and drink and keep up her part in the conversation about her journey and the absent members of the family. Changes had crowded so upon poor Dosia that she felt as if she were living in a kaleidoscope that rattled her every minute or two into a new position. The glittering table and her cousin's form would presently dissolve, and leave her perhaps out in the crowded, unknown streets, with wild-eyed faces pressing near her.

After all, she only changed to an arm-chair in the little drawing-room, with her head against a cushion and her feet on a foot-stool, and her cousin still beside her, pulling back the window-curtains once in a while to take a peep outside for her missing husband. In spite of the real kindness of her welcome, Dosia felt a certain preoccupation in it. Her coming was only accessory to the real importance of his, when she herself should have been the event; the warmth of heart which she had expected to feel toward her cousin somehow seemed to fail of expression in this attitude. At the same time, Lois was also conscious of a lack of response, a dullness, in Theodosia. Perhaps the likeness of relationship was answerable for a certain reserve of manner, a formality which neither knew how to break then or at a later time, and which was to last until the barriers were swept away by a mighty flood; but the real cause of the lack of sympathy lay in something much deeper. The strong thought of self as inevitably insulates as the possession of a live wire. Dosia, whose young life had all been spent in

unselfishness, was experiencing unexpectedly the other swing of the pendulum in an intense and absorbing desire to have everything now as she wanted it. She was tired of thinking of other people; the scene should be set now for *her*. This desire was a huge mushroom growth, sprung up in a night; it had no real root in her nature, and would vanish as suddenly as it had come: but the shadow of it distorted her.

The house was very much smaller than Dosia had imagined, and her eyes roved over the little drawing-room in some perplexity, trying to make it come up to her anticipation. All dwellers in small country places, where economy is Heaven's first law, expect to be dazzled by the grandeur and elegance of "the city." People in Balderville never dreamed of buying new furniture from towns twenty or thirty miles away; as chair-legs broke off, or rockers split, or tables came to pieces, all sorts of domestic devices were resorted to by all but shiftless householders who tamely submitted to ruin, in coaxing the article into seeming wholeness and keeping it still in active use. The best families were learned in all the little ways and capabilities of string and wire, and wooden cleats and old hinges and tacks, and pieces of tin cut from tomato-cans, and in the gluing on of piano-keys, black-walnut excrescences, ornaments, and sofa-arms.

Mended furniture has, however, a deprecating expression of its own, not to be concealed by any art. Dosia recognized the absence of it in these trim chairs that stood nattily on their slender curved legs, in the little shining tables which did not require to be hidden by a hanging cloth, and in the china and bric-à-brac placed boldly where they could be seen on all sides. She wondered a little at the low wicker arm-chair in which she was sitting, for they had wicker furnishings at the Balderville hotel; but the blue-skyed water-color sketches on the walls caught her fancy, and the vista of a blue-and-white dining-room, seen through half-closed reddish portières, was charming. For all the shine and polish and multiplicity of small ornaments in the tiny apartment, it seemed to lack a kind of comfort to which she was used, and of which she had caught a glimpse in the sitting-room as she passed it. She gave an exclamation of delight as her eyes fell on a stand in one corner of the room on which stood a long glass filled with pink roses.

"How beautiful these are! I haven't seen any finer ones in Balderville, and you know we are famed for our roses there."

"Oh," said Lois, "to think that you have been in the house for over an hour and I never told you about them! Justin's not coming upset everything. They were sent to you this afternoon."

"Sent to me?"

"Yes — by Mr. Sutton. Didn't you say you met him with Justin on the boat? — a short, stout man with sandy hair."

"Yes, Justin introduced him, but he hardly spoke to me."

"That doesn't make any difference. He sent them before he saw you at all. I told him you were coming, and these arrived this afternoon. You needn't feel particularly flattered; he sends them to everybody."

"Sends them to everybody!" Dosia looked amazed.

"Oh, yes; he's rich, and devoted to girls. They laugh at him, but I notice that they are quite ready to accept his flowers and candy and tickets for the opera. I believe that he wants to get married. But he really is sensible and quite nice underneath it all."

"Oh!" said Dosia, indefinably revolted. "And — and is Mr. Barr like that, too?"

"Who, Lawson? Oh, dear, no; he can't even support himself, let alone sending presents."

"He said such queer things," ventured Dosia, with a shy desire to talk about him. "I did not know what to make of it at first."

"Oh, nobody pays any attention to what Lawson says," said Lois indifferently.

ZAIDEE

Dosia longed to ask why, with an instant wave of resentment at this way of speaking. A cloud seemed suddenly to have descended upon the glittering possibilities of her future. She fixed her eyes on her cousin, who sat in a high, slender chair, one arm gowned in yellow silk thrown over the back of it, and her cheek upon her arm. Her rich coloring, the grace of her attitude, the sweep of her long black skirt, made a deep impression on the mind of the little country girl, who seemed slight and meager and insignificant to herself. And this other woman had been loved — she had passed through all the experiences to which Dosia looked forward. Was it that which gave her this charm thrown over her like a gauzy veil?

"What a beautiful waist you have on!" she said impulsively. "Yellow is such a lovely color."

"Do you think so?" said the other. "This is an old thing that I mended to wear because Justin always likes it. I do wish he'd come." She rose and walked restlessly to the window. "I'm worried about him."

"Yes," said Dosia, still looking, and pleased that the remark bore out her fancy. But she wondered. Married women in Balderville looked different — the hot Southern sun had burnt the color out of their cheeks, and the gowns they mended were of cotton, not of yellow silk. This fresh youthfulness and self-sufficiency both attracted and repelled, it seemed so beyond her. Her heart bounded at the thought that Aunt Theodosia had sent money for her clothes as well as for her music lessons.

She did not resist the second attempt to send her to bed, although Justin was still absent. Lois had brought her all the things she needed in the absence of her wrecked luggage, and kissed her good night with tenderness, saying, "I hope you'll be very happy here, Dosia," and she answered, "Thank you so much for having me."

In spite of her helpless fatigue, she lay awake for a long time in her tiny room. The brass bed, the polished floor with the crimson rug on it, the dainty dressing-table, had all seemed charmingly luxurious and like a book; but now that she was in darkness, she only saw vividly a pair of sparkling eyes looking into hers, and caught the sound of a kind, half-mocking voice. Every word of the conversation repeated itself again to her excited mind. It was delightful to remember, because she had acquitted herself so well; if she had replied stupidly she would have died of vexation now. How clever he had been, and how really considerate! — for she was glad to think that he had said foolish things to her to keep her from breaking down.

"Do I look like a person of whom you would approve?" "I haven't considered the subject." She flashed the answer back again, and laughed, with her cheek glowing on the pillow. Why had Lois spoken of him so strangely? She vainly strove to fathom the significance of the words, which she resented, although they had coincided with an instinctive feeling she had that he was not at all the kind of man she would ever want to marry. She had already taken that provisionary leap into a mythical future which is one of the perfunctory attitudes of maidenhood.

But who wanted to think of marrying now, anyway? That was something so far off that it seemed like the end of all things to Dosia, who at present only innocently desired plenty of emotions to live upon — costlier living than she knew, poor child! The very instinct that warned her against it added a heightened charm to the perilous pleasure. And the other man — Mr. Sutton — had already sent her flowers! Oh, this was life, life — the life she had read of and longed for, where dark eyes looked at you and made you feel how interesting you were; where you could have pretty clothes, and look like other people, and be brilliant and witty and sought after. She blushed with pleasure and excitement. Then she said a little prayer, with palm pressed to palm under the covers, and the glamour faded away as a sweet and pure feeling welled up from the clear depths of her heart. Her hand was once more held in safety. In her drowsiness, it was as if she had lifted her soft cheek to be kissed.

To the eager inquiries of Lois, Justin answered that he had had his dinner long before and wanted nothing.

He asked if she and the children were all right,— his usual question,— and she waited until he had dropped down in the arm-chair in the sitting-room up-stairs, after changing his shoes for slippers, before questioning him. Then she sat down by him and asked:

"Well, how was it?"

She spoke with eagerness, holding one of his hands in hers tenderly, although it hung limp after the first strong, responsive clasp.

"The fire was out before I got there."

"Do they know how it started?"

"Not yet."

"Was the place burned much?"

"No, not much."

"Did it do any damage to the machinery?"

"Some."

Lois looked at him in despair.

"Aren't you going to tell me *anything?*"

"There really isn't anything to tell, dear." He strove to speak with attention. "You know just about as much of it all as I do."

"Oh, but I'm so sorry for you! Will it put you back any?"

"I suppose so."

"Oh, *dear!*" she moaned helplessly. "Isn't it too bad! If only you had not been obliged to take that journey! Do you suppose it would have happened if you had stayed at home?"

"I really can't tell. The fire might have been discovered earlier. It started at noon, when most of the clerks were out at lunch."

"I see. But no one can hold you responsible."

"I am responsible for everything. If you do not mind, Lois, I'll go to bed. I'm tired; I didn't get any sleep last night."

"Yes, of course." She smoothed his hair with her fingers in remorseful tenderness, leaning against him, with her laces touching his cheek. "Such a long, long, tiresome journey! It's such a pity you had to go."

"Oh, well, I had to, and that's the end of it. Don't let's talk about it any more. I hope that poor girl gets some sleep to-night; she needs it. She can't hear us, can she?"

"No. Didn't you think she was sweet?"

"Yes, she seemed nice enough; she's pretty — a little stupid, perhaps."

"Oh, poor Dosia!" said Lois, "stupid! I should think she might have been, after all she had gone through. But then, you're so used to my cleverness!" She looked up at him with provocative eyes, into which he smiled faintly, in recognition of what was expected of him. Then he said, with a sudden appealing change of tone, "I'm *very* tired, Lois."

She kissed him good night tenderly, with magnanimous concession to his unresponsiveness. There was no room for her in his thoughts to-night, and she had been so longing to see him! But she would tell him all about it to-morrow.

Justin laid his head upon the pillow, but his eyes burnt into the darkness. There was a proud and bitter disappointment at his heart, even while reason adjusted his losses to their proper place. Before him in disagreeable force

"'YOU HAVE BEEN IN THE HOUSE FOR OVER AN HOUR, AND I NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT THEM!'"

came the face of Leverich, and it was not the face of a man to whom one would care to make excuse or from whom one would challenge reproof; he could see the heavy jowl, the piercing eyes, the half-pompous, half-shrewd expression of one who respected nothing but success. This tangle up of the machinery, unusual and costly in its parts and appointments — Heaven only knew what far-reaching complications the delay of its repair might occasion! Justin had seen only too well in others how a false step at the first may count.

Whether or not Dosia and the typometer were united in their destinies, they had at least one thing in common — they were both embarked upon perilous ways.

TO BE CONTINUED

A SERMON IN BLACK AND WHITE

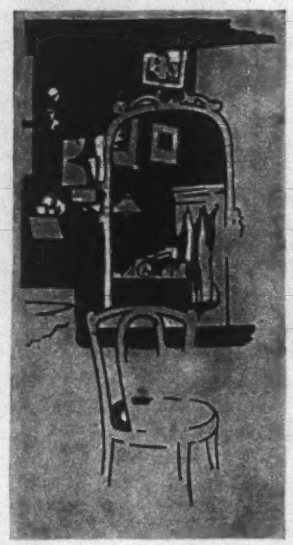
BY ROSALIE M. JONAS

DE hebbens done open! de Lord come down!
(Glory!)
He brung His chillun er hebbenly crown!
(Oh, yes!)
An' whar does yer reckon is He let it res'?
On folks wid money an' de loudes' dress?
What ac' lak de debbil an' preach lak saint?
No, sirree, Bob! you betcher He ain't!

Is He borned His Son in er fedder-baid?
(Oh, no!)
Jus' cow-fodder res' little Jesus' haid!
(In-deed!)
But dey ain't no fodder an' dey ain't no feed
Hide de light f'um shinin' till de Wise Men seed:
Dey come er-runnin', an' dey shout an' pray!—
Dat light it shinin' ter dis livin' day!

Christ die in dawkness: but He riz in light!
(Halleluiah!)
Is He die fur on'y de rich an' white?
(Oh, no!)
He die fur de rich, an' He die fur de po';
He die fur de high, an' He die fur de low;
He 'scuse de pagin, an' He 'scuse de Jew;
He 'low: "O Lord! dey ain't know what dey do!"

Now, bredren — *an'* sistren, it "up ter us,"
(Listen!)
Widout no quar'lin' an' widout no fuss,
(Hyar *me!*)
Ter *prove* dat Jesus is die for *we*,
By 'scusin' de meanes' "white trash" dat be!
An' 'lowin' — lak Him — "Dey so monst'us slow!
What dey *doin'*, Lord! dey ain't rightly *know*."



Ellen Terry's dressing-room
From a woodcut by her son
Gordon Craig

FIRST YEARS AT THE LYCEUM*

THE STORY OF WHAT HENRY IRVING DID FOR THE ENGLISH STAGE

BY

ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS AND DRAWINGS BY ERIC PAPE

Ellen Terry
From a woodcut by her son
Gordon Craig

IT was under Mr. Hare's management that I married again. I had met Mr. Charles Wardell, who acted under the stage-name of Kelly, before I went to the Court; he had been with Charles Reade; but it was at the Court that we found out that we liked each other. He had not been bred an actor, but a soldier. He was in the 66th Regiment, and had fought in the Crimean War—been wounded, too; he was no carpet-knight. His father was a clergyman, vicar of Winlaton, Northumberland, a charming type of the old-fashioned parson—a friendship with Sir Walter Scott in the background and many little possessions of the great Sir Walter's in the foreground to remind one of what had been. Charlie, owing to his lack of training, had to be very carefully suited with a part before he shone as an actor. But when he was suited—his line was the bluff, hearty, kindly, soldierlike Englishman—he was better than many people who had twenty years' start of him in experience. This is absurdly faint praise. In such parts as Mr. Brown in "New Men and Old Acres," the farmer father in "Dora," and Diogenes in "Iris" no one could have bettered him. His most ambitious attempt was Benedick, which he played with me when I first appeared as Beatrice at Leeds. It was in many respects a splendid performance, and better for

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HENRY IRVING
FROM AN EARLY PORTRAIT

* *Copyright, 1907, by Ellen Terry (Mrs. Carew)*

the play than the more polished, thoughtful, and deliberate Benedick of Henry Irving.

Physically a manly, bulldog sort of man, Charles Kelly possessed, as an actor, great tenderness and humour. It was foolish of him to refuse the part of Burchell in "Olivia," in which he would have made a success equal to that achieved by Terriss as the Squire; but he was piqued at not being cast for the Vicar (which he could not have touched), and "turned nasty." Alas! many actors are just as blind to their true interests.

We were married in 1876, and after I left the Court Theatre for the Lyceum, we continued to tour together in the provinces when the Lyceum was closed. During these tours I played for the first time in "Dora" and "Iris," besides doing a steady round of old parts. These tours were very successful, but I never worked harder in my life. When we played "Dora" at Liverpool, Charles Reade, who had adapted the play from Tennyson's poem, wrote:

"Nincompoop! What have you to fear from me for such a masterly performance? Be assured, nobody can appreciate your value and Mr. Kelly's as I do. It is well played all round."

I also appeared for the first time as Lady Teazle — a part which I wish I were not too old to play now, for I could play it better. My performance in 1877 was not finished enough, not light enough. I think I did the screen scene well. When the screen was knocked over, I did not stand still and rigid, with eyes cast down. That seemed to me an attitude of guilt. Only a *guilty* woman, surely, in such a situation would assume an air of conscious virtue. I shrank back and tried to hide my face — a natural movement, so it seemed to me, for a woman who had been craning forward listening in increasing agitation to the conversation between Charles and Joseph Surface. I shall always regret that we never did "The School for Scandal" or any of the other classic comedies at the Lyceum. There came a time when Henry was anxious for me to play Lady Teazle, but I opposed him, as I thought that I was too old. It should have been one of my best parts.

Drawn by Eric Pape

HENRY KEMBLE AS SIR OLIVER SURFACE

Kemble was a member of the company which Ellen Terry and Charles Kelly took about the provinces in 1880. "The School for Scandal" was at this time one of their most popular performances.

"Star" performances for the benefit of veteran actors retiring from the stage were as common in my youth as they are now. About this time I played in "Money" for the benefit of Henry Compton, a fine comedian who had delighted audiences at the Haymarket for many years. On this occasion I did not play Clara Douglas, as I had done during the revival at the Prince of Wales', but the comedy part, Georgina Vesey. John Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Henry Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and, last but not least, Benjamin Webster, who came out of his retirement to play Graves — "his original part" — were in the cast.

I don't think that Webster ever appeared on the stage again, although he lived on for many years in an old-fashioned house near Kennington Church, and died at a great age. He has a descendant on the stage in Mr. Ben Webster, who acted with us at the Lyceum, and who is now well known both in England and America.

Drawn by Eric Pape, from a photograph taken about 1880

ELLEN TERRY AS BEATRICE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

"SHE MUST BE ALWAYS MERRY, AND BY TURNS SCORNFUL, TORMENTING, VEXED, SELF-COMMUNING, ABSENT, MELTING, TEASING, BRILLIANT, INDIGNANT, SAD-MERRY, THOUGHTFUL, WITHERING, GENTLE, HUMOROUS, AND GAY, GAY, GAY!"

Extract from Ellen Terry's diary

Adelaide Neilson

Henry Compton's son Edward was in this performance of "Money." He was engaged to the beautiful Adelaide Neilson, an actress whose brilliant career was cut off suddenly at its height. One day, riding in the Bois, she drank a glass of milk when she was overheated, was taken ill, and died. I am told that she commanded seven hundred pounds a week in America, and in England people went wild over her Juliet. She looked like a child of the warm South, although she was born, I think, in Yorkshire; and her looks were much in her favour as Juliet. She belonged to the ripe, luscious, pomegranate type of woman. The only living actress with the same kind of beauty is Maxine Elliott. Adelaide Neilson had a short reign, but a most triumphant one. It was easy to understand it when one saw her. She was so gracious, so feminine, so lovely. She did things well, but more from instinct than from anything else. She had no science.

Adelaide Neilson was about thirty-two years old at the time of her death. She had been on the stage fifteen years, and during that time had made four visits to America, appearing first at Booth's theatre as Juliet.

During these provincial tours my brother George acted as my business manager. His enthusiasm was not greater than his loyalty and industry. When we were playing in small towns, he used to rush into my dressing-room after the curtain was up, and say excitedly:

"We've got twenty-five more people in our gallery than the —— Theatre opposite!"

Although he was very delicate, he worked for me like a slave. When my tours with Mr. Kelly ended in 1880, and I promised Henry Irving that in future I would go to the provincial towns with him, George was given a position at the Lyceum, where, I fear, his scrupulous and uncompromising honesty often got him into trouble. "Perks," as they are called in domestic service, are one of the heaviest additions to a manager's working expenses, and George tried to fight the system. He hurt no one so much as himself.

One of my productions in the provinces was an English version of "Frou-Frou," made for me by my friend Mrs. Comyns Carr, a gifted and charming woman who for many years designed the dresses that I wore in different Lyceum plays. "Butterfly," as Frou-Frou was called when it was produced in English, went well; indeed, the Scots of Edinburgh received it with overwhelming favour, and it served my purpose at the time: but when I saw Sarah Bernhardt play the part, I wondered that I had had the presumption to meddle with it. It was not a case of my having a different view of the character and playing it according to my imagination, as it was, for instance, when Duse played "La dame aux camélias," and gave a performance that one could not say was *inferior* to Bernhardt's, although it was so utterly *different*. No people in their right senses could have accepted my Frou-Frou instead of Sarah's. What I lacked technically in it was *pace*.

Of course, it is partly the language. English cannot be phrased as rapidly as French. But I

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THE LYCEUM THEATRE

This famous play-house was first opened in 1772. Its history is a curious one. Until 1884 it was obliged to confine its performances
succeeded in monopolizing the right to play Shakspere and classic drama. It was furthermore nearly crushed out of existence by the
periods of brilliant management, the career of the Lyceum was so frequently marked by catastrophe that at the time Henry Irving
period from 1878, when Irving took over the Lyceum and engaged Ellen Terry as his leading lady, until the close of his

have heard foreign actors, playing in the English tongue, show us this rapidity, this warmth, this fury,—call it what you will,—and have just wondered why we are most of us so deficient in it.

Fechter had it; so had Edwin Forrest. When strongly moved, their passions and their fervour made them swift. The more Henry Irving felt, the more deliberate he became. I said to him once: "You seem to be hampered in the vehemence of passion." "I *am*," he answered. This is what crippled his Othello, and made his scene with Tubal, in "The Merchant of Venice," the least successful to *him*. What it was to the audience is another matter. But he had to take refuge in speechless rage, when he would have liked to pour out his words like a torrent.

In the last act of "Butterfly," where the poor woman is dying, her husband shows her a locket with a picture of her child in it. Night after night we used a "property" locket; but on my birthday, when we happened to be playing the piece, my husband, Charles Kelly, bought a silver locket of Indian work, and put inside it two little colored photographs of my children, Edy and Teddy, and gave it to me on the stage instead of the "property" one. When I opened it, I burst into very real tears! I have often wondered since if the audience that night knew that they were seeing *real* instead of assumed emotion! Probably the difference did not tell at all, unless it told against me.

Charles Brookfield and the Bath-chairs

In the company which Charles Kelly and I took round the provinces in 1880 were Henry Kemble and Charles Brookfield. Young Brookfield was just beginning life as an actor, and he was so brilliantly funny off the stage that he was always a little disappointing *on* it. My old manageress, Mrs. Wigan, first brought him to my notice, writing in a charming little note that she knew him "to have a power of *personation* very rare in an unpractised actor," and that if

STRAND, LONDON

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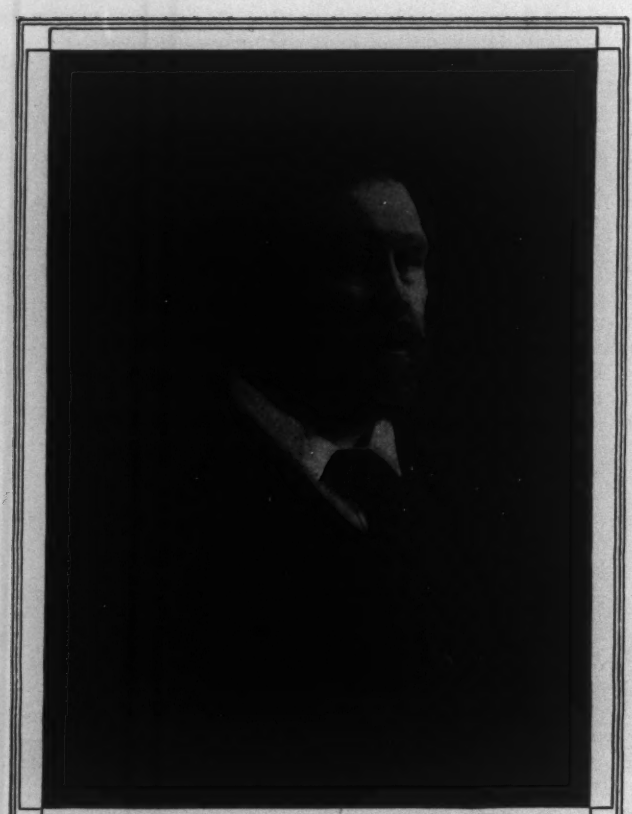
to comic opera, vaudeville, and three-act plays, owing to the fact that the big houses of London, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, had restriction which allowed it to be open only during the summer months, while its powerful rivals were closed. In spite of occasional undertook the management it was generally regarded by the theatrical profession as an unlucky theatre. Nevertheless, during the management, twenty years later, the Lyceum became celebrated for all time in the chronicles of the stage and of London.

we could give him varied practice she would feel it a courtesy to her.

I had reason to admire Mr. Brookfield's "powers of personation" when I was acting at Buxton. He and Kemble had no parts in one of our plays, so they amused themselves during their "off" night by hiring bath-chairs and pretending to be paralytics! We were acting in a hall, and the most infirm of the invalids visiting the place to take the waters were wheeled in at the back and up the centre aisle. In the middle of a very pathetic scene I caught sight of Kemble and Brookfield in their bath-chairs, and could not *speak* for several minutes.

Mr. Brookfield does not tell this little story in his "Random Reminiscences." It is about the only one that he has left out! To my mind, he is the prince of story-tellers. All the cleverness that he should have put into his acting and his play-writing (of which, since these early days, he has done a great deal) he seems to have put into his life. I remember him more clearly as a delightful companion than as an actor, and he won my heart at once by his kindness to my little daughter Edy, who accompanied me on this tour. He has too great a sense of humour to resent my inadequate recollection of him. Did he not, in his own book, quote gleefully, from an obituary notice published on a false report of his death, the summary: "Never a great actor, he was invaluable in small parts. But, after all, it is at his club that he will be most missed."

At Leeds we produced "Much Ado about Nothing." I never played Beatrice as well again. When I began to "take soundings" from life for my idea of her, I found in my friend Nan Codrington (now Lady Winchelsea) what I wanted. There was before me a Beatrice — as fine a lady as ever lived, a great-hearted woman — beautiful, accomplished, merry, tender. When Nan Codrington came into a room it was as if the sun came out. She was the daughter of an admiral, and always



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BRAM STOKER

The business manager of the Lyceum under Irving. "His 'Reminiscences of Irving,'" writes Ellen Terry, "have told, as well as it ever *can* be told, the history of the Lyceum Theatre under Irving's direction. . . . He filled a difficult position with great tact, and was not so universally abused as most business managers, because he was always straight with the company and never took a mean advantage of them."

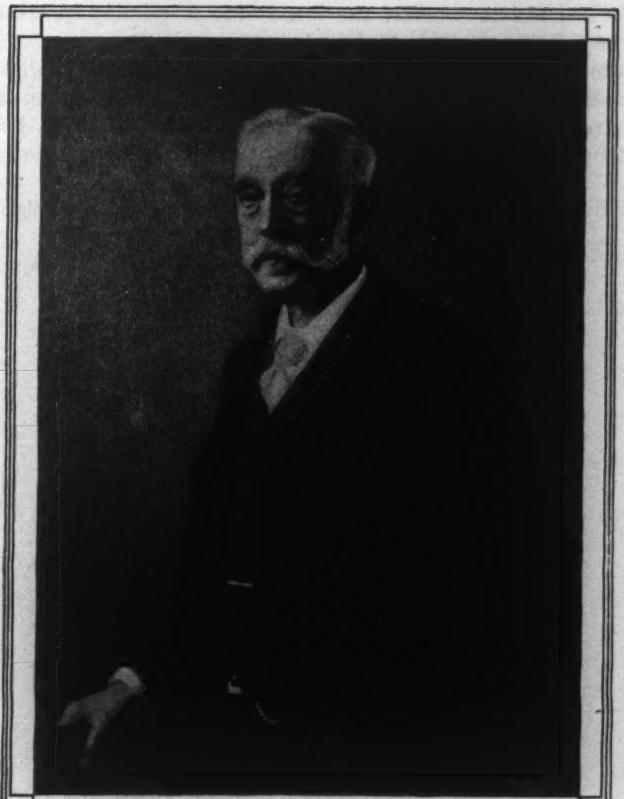
tried to make her room look as like a cabin as she could. "An excellent musician," as Benedick hints Beatrice was, Nan composed the little song that I sang at the Lyceum in "The Cup," and very good it was, too.

A Disagreement with Irving

When Henry Irving put on "Much Ado about Nothing,"— a play which he may be said to have done for me, as he never really liked the part of Benedick,— I was not the same Beatrice at all. A great actor can do nothing badly, and there was much to admire in Henry Irving's Benedick; but he gave me little help. Beatrice must be swift, swift, swift! Owing to Henry's rather finnicking, deliberate method as Benedick, I could never put the right pace into my part. I was also feeling unhappy about it because I had been compelled to give way about a traditional "gag" in the church scene with which we ended the fourth act. In my own production we had scorned this gag, and let the curtain come down on Benedick's line: "Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead: and so, farewell." When I was told that we were to descend to the buffoonery of:

Beatrice. Benedick, kill Claudio.
Benedick. As sure as I'm alive, I will!

I protested, and implored Henry not to do it. He said that it was necessary; otherwise the "curtain" would be received in dead silence. I assured him that we had often had seven and eight calls without it. I used every argument, artistic and otherwise. Henry, according to his custom, was gentle, would not discuss it much, but remained obdurate. After holding out for a week, I gave in. "It's my duty to obey your orders, and do it," I said; "but I do it under protest." Then I burst into tears. It was really for his sake just as much as for mine. I



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H. J. LOVEDAY

The stage-manager of the Lyceum under Irving. Ellen Terry writes: "When Irving first met him he was conducting a little orchestra in some obscure country theatre. I forget the precise details, but I know that he gave up his position to follow Henry, . . . and that when the Lyceum became a thing of the past he still kept the post of stage-manager. He was literally 'faithful unto death,' for it was only at Henry's death that his service ended."

thought it must bring such disgrace on him! Looking back on the incident, I find that the most humorous thing in connection with it was that the critics, never reluctant to accuse Henry of "monkeying" with Shakspere if they could find cause, never noticed the gag at all!

II

THE "HAMLET" REHEARSALS OF 1878 — MY FIRST NIGHT AT THE LYCEUM

I HAVE already told how Henry Irving came to see me in Longridge Road and engaged me to play Ophelia, the part in which I entered upon my association with the Lyceum. I come now to the Lyceum rehearsals of November, 1878. Although Henry Irving had played Hamlet for over two hundred nights in London, and for I don't know how many nights in the provinces, he always rehearsed in cloak and rapier. This careful attention to detail came back to my mind years afterward when he gave readings of "Macbeth." He never gave a public reading without first going through the entire play at home — at home, that is to say, in a miserably uncomfortable hotel.

During the first rehearsal he read every one's part except mine, which he skipped, and the power that he put into each part was extraordinary. He threw himself so thoroughly into it that his skin contracted and his eyes shone. His lips grew whiter and whiter and his skin more and more drawn as the time went on, until he looked like a livid thing, but beautiful.

He never got at anything *easily*, and often I felt angry that he would waste so much of his strength in trying to teach people to do things in the right way. Very often it only ended in his producing actors who gave colourless, feeble, and unintelligent imitations of him. There were exceptions, of course.

When it came to the last ten days before the date named for the production of "Hamlet," and my scenes with him were still unrehearsed, I grew very anxious and miserable. I was still a stranger in the theatre, and in awe of Henry Irving personally, but I plucked up courage and said:

"I am very nervous about my first appearance with you. Couldn't we rehearse *our* scenes?"

"We shall be all right!" he answered, "but we are not going to run the risk of being cooked by a gasman or a fiddler."

Irving's Musical Intuition

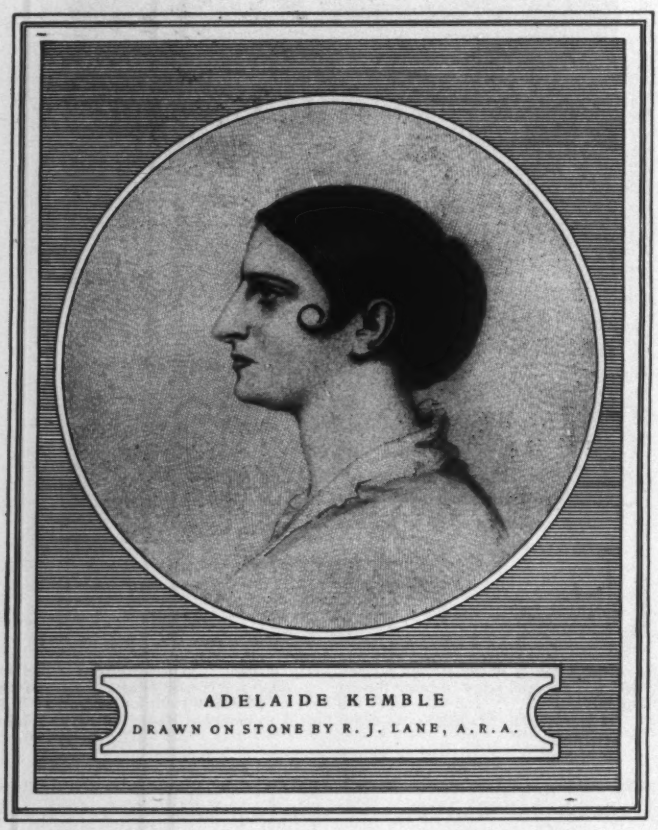
When I spoke, I think he was conducting a band rehearsal. Although he did not understand a note of music, he felt through intuition what the music ought to be, and would pull it about and have alterations made. No one was cleverer than Hamilton Clarke, Henry's first musical director and a most gifted composer, at carrying out his instructions. Hamilton Clarke often grew angry and flung out of the theatre saying that it was quite impossible to do what Mr. Irving required.

"Patch it together, indeed!" he used to say to me indignantly, when I was told off to smooth him down. "Mr. Irving knows nothing about music, or he couldn't ask me to do such a thing."

But the next day he would return with the score altered on the lines suggested by Henry, and would confess that the music was improved. "Upon my soul, it's better! The Guv'nor was perfectly right."

His Danish march in "Hamlet," his Brocken music in "Faust," and his music for "The Merchant of Venice" were all, to my mind, exactly *right*. The brilliant gifts of Clarke, before many years had passed, "o'erleaped" themselves, and he ended his days in a lunatic asylum.

The only person who did not profit by Henry's ceaseless labours was poor Ophelia. When the first night came, I did not play the part well, although the critics and the public



Adelaide Kemble (Mrs. Sartoris) and her sister Fanny came of a famous family of actors. Their father, Charles Kemble, was a member of the Covent Garden Company during Edmund Kean's time, and in 1828 played on alternate nights with Kean at the Lyceum during a temporary closing of Covent Garden. Their uncle, John Philip Kemble, and their aunt, Mrs. Siddons, were two of the most celebrated players of their day. Adelaide Kemble became a well-known opera-singer.

were pleased. To myself, I *failed*. I had not rehearsed enough. I can remember one occasion when I played Ophelia really well. It was in Chicago, some ten years later. At Drury Lane in 1896, when I played the mad scene for have been told that Ophelia has "nothing to do" at first. I found so much to do! Little bits of business which, slight in themselves, contributed to a definite result, and kept me always in the picture.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

Fanny Kemble made her début as Juliet in 1829 at the Covent Garden, under her father's management. Her appearance, which was designed as a sort of financial *coup* to retrieve the fortunes of her family, resulted in immediate and remarkable success. In 1832 she came with her father to this country and opened at the Park Theatre in New York. Her famous Shaksperean readings, of which Ellen Terry speaks, were first given in Boston in 1848.

Nelly Farren's benefit and took farewell of the part forever, I was just *damnable!*

Ophelia only *pervades* the scenes in which she is concerned until the mad scene. This was a tremendous thing for me, who am not capable of *sustained* effort, but can perhaps manage a *cumulative* effort better than most actresses. I

Studying Ophelia in a Madhouse

Like all Ophelias before (and after) me, I went to the madhouses to study wits astray. I was disheartened at first. There was no beauty, no nature, no pity, in most of the lunatics. Strange as it may sound, they were too *theatrical* to

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IRVING AS LOUIS XI.

Irving put on "Louis XI." at the Lyceum March 9, 1878. The play had formerly been adapted from the French for Charles Kean. From the first, Irving gave a notable and popular impersonation of the part. "He could have played Louis XI. three times a day 'on his head,'" writes Ellen Terry.

teach me anything. Then, just as I was going away, I noticed a young girl gazing at the wall. I went between her and the wall to see her face. It was quite vacant, but the body expressed that she was waiting, waiting. Suddenly she threw up her hands and sped across the room like a swallow. I never forgot it. She was very thin, very pathetic, very young, and the movement was as poignant as it was beautiful.

I saw another woman laugh with a face that had no gleam of laughter anywhere—a face of pathetic and resigned grief.

My experiences convinced me that the actor must imagine first and observe afterward. It is no good observing life and bringing the result to the stage without selection, without a definite idea. The idea must come first, the realism afterward.

Perhaps because I was nervous and irritable about my own part from insufficient rehearsal, perhaps because his responsibility as lessee weighed upon him, Henry Irving's Hamlet on the first night at the Lyceum seemed to me less wonderful than it had been at Birmingham. At rehearsals he had been the perfection of grace. On the night itself he dragged his leg and

seemed stiff from self-consciousness. He asked me, later on, if I thought the ill-natured criticism of his walk was in any way justified, and if he really said "Gud" for "God," and the rest of it. I said straight out that he *did* say his vowels in a peculiar way, and that he *did* drag his leg.

"I think," I added, "it is because you stand too long at the wing before you go on. You get self-conscious."

He said he would think it over. When we first played "The Merchant of Venice," I noticed that he had given up that dreadful, paralysing waiting at the side for his cue. He came to me and said very simply that he had adopted my plan, "with great comfort to himself."

A Diplomatic Episode

He was very diplomatic when he meant to have his own way. He never blustered or enforced or threatened. My first acquaintance with this side of him was made over my dresses for Ophelia. He had heard that I intended to wear black in the mad scene, and he intended me to wear white. When he first mentioned the subject, I had no idea that there would be any opposition. He spoke of my dresses, and I told

Drawn by Eric Pape

ELLEN TERRY AS BEATRICE

Ellen Terry played Beatrice for the first time in 1880, at Leeds, while touring with her husband, Charles Kelly. She says: "I never played Beatrice as well again. . . . When Henry Irving put on 'Much Ado about Nothing' I was not the same Beatrice at all." Nevertheless, in the Lyceum performance two years later she scored one of her greatest triumphs.

him that, as I was very anxious not to be worried about them at the last minute, they had been got on with early and were now finished.

"Finished! That's very interesting — very interesting. And what — er — what colours are they?"

"In the first scene I wear a pinkish dress. It's all rose-coloured with her; her father and brother love her, the prince loves her — and so she wears pink."

"Pink," repeated Henry thoughtfully.

"In the nunnery scene I have a pale-gold amber dress — the most beautiful colour! The material is a church brocade. It will tone down the colour of my hair. In the last scene I wear a transparent black dress."

Henry did not wag an eyelid.

"I see. In mourning for her father."

"No, not exactly that. I think *red* was the mourning colour of the period. But black seems to me *right* — like the character, like the situation."

"Would you put the dresses on?" said Henry gravely.

At that minute Walter Lacy came up — that very Walter Lacy who had been with Charles Kean when I was a child, and who now acted as adviser to Henry Irving in his Shaksperean productions.

"Ah, here's Lacy. Would you mind, Miss Terry, telling Mr. Lacy what you are going to wear?"

Rather surprised, but still unsuspecting, I told Lacy all over again. Pink in the first scene, yellow in the second, black ——

You should have seen Lacy's face at the word "black." He was going to burst out, but Henry stopped him. He was more diplomatic than that!

"They generally wear *white*, don't they?"

"I believe so," I answered, "but black is more interesting."

"I should have thought you would look much better in white."

"Oh, no!" I said.

And then they dropped the subject for that day. It *was* clever of him!

The next day Lacy came up to me:

"You didn't really mean that you are going to wear black in the mad scene?"

"Yes, I did. Why not?"

"*Why not?* My God! Madam, there must be only one black figure in this play, and that's *Hamlet!*"

I did feel a fool. What a blundering jackass I had been not to see it before! I was very thrifty in those days, and the thought of having been the cause of needless expense worried me. So, instead of the crêpe de chine and miniver which had been used for the black dress, I had for the white dress bolton-sheeting and rabbit, and I believe it looked better.

The incident, whether Henry was right or not, led me to see that, although I knew more of art and archæology in dress than he did, he had a finer sense of what was right for the *scene*. After this he always consulted me about the costumes; but if he said, "I want such and such a scene to be kept dark and mysterious," I knew better than to try and introduce pale-coloured dresses into it.

III

THE LYCEUM UNDER HENRY IRVING — IRVING'S METHOD OF PRODUCING PLAYS

WHEN I am asked what I remember about the first ten years at the Lyceum, I can answer in one word: *work*. I was hardly ever out of the theatre. What with acting, rehearsing, and studying, — twenty-five reference-books were a "simple coming in" for one part, — I sometimes thought I should go blind and mad. It was not only for my parts at the Lyceum that I had to rehearse; from August to October I was still touring in the provinces on my own account.

Of course there were always injudicious friends to say that I had not "chances" enough at the Lyceum. Even my father said to me, after "Othello":

"We must have no more of these Ophelias and Desdemonas!"

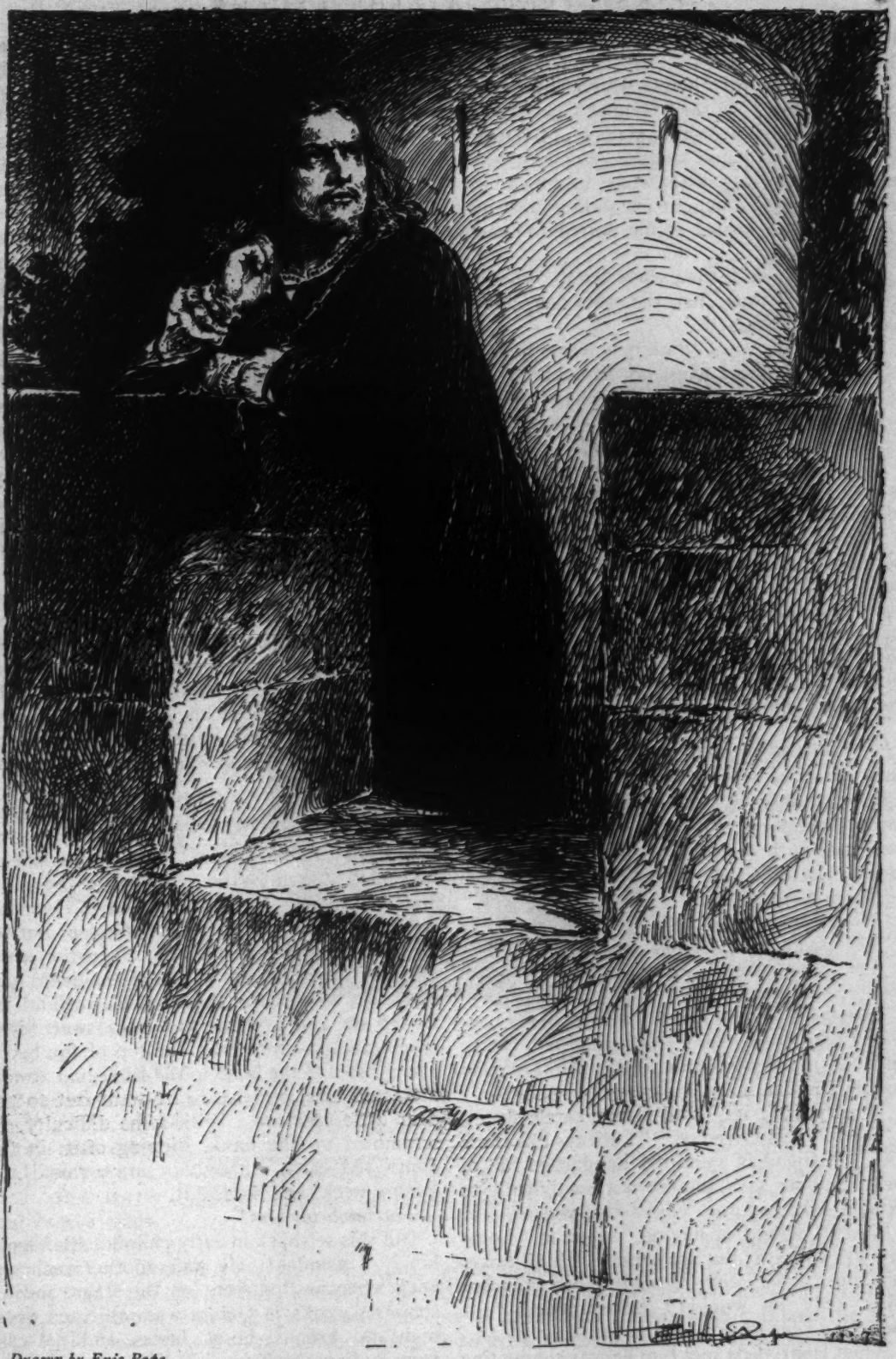
"*Father!*" I cried out, really shocked.

"They're second-fiddle parts — not the parts for you, Duchess."

"Father!" I gasped out again; for, really, I thought Ophelia a pretty good part, and was delighted at my success with it.

But, granting these *were* second-fiddle parts, I want to make quite clear that I had my turn of first-fiddle ones. "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Olivia," and "The Cup" all gave me finer opportunities than they gave Henry. In "The Merchant of Venice" and "Charles I." they were at least equal to his.

I have sometimes wondered what I should have accomplished without Henry Irving. I might have had "bigger" parts, but it doesn't follow they would have been better ones, and if they had been written by contemporary dramatists my success would have been less durable. "No actor or actress who doesn't play in the 'classics' — in Shakspere or old comedy — will be heard of long," was one of



Drawn by Eric Pape

CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER AS HAMLET

Fechter conducted the management of the Lyceum from 1863 to 1867, during the height of his fame as an actor. In May, 1864, he revived "Hamlet." The London *Times*, in its comment on the performance, said: "To name two characters that particularly stand apart from the rest, we would select the Ophelia of Miss Kate Terry and the Grave-digger of Mr. H. Widdicombe." Fourteen years later Ellen Terry appeared on the same stage for the first time as the Ophelia in Henry Irving's revival of "Hamlet."

Henry Irving's sayings, by the way, and he was right.

It was a long time before we had much talk with each other. In the "Hamlet" days Henry Irving's melancholy was appalling. I remember feeling as if I had laughed in church when he came to the foot of the stairs leading to my dressing-room and caught me sliding down the banisters! He smiled at me, but didn't seem able to get over it.

"Lacy," he said, some days later, "what do you think? I found her, the other day, sliding down the banisters!"

Some one says — I think it is Keats in a letter — that the poet lives, not in one, but in a thousand worlds; and the actor has, not one, but a hundred natures. What was the real Henry Irving, I used to speculate!

His religious upbringing always left its mark on him, though no one could be more raffish and mischievous than he when entertaining friends at supper in the Beefsteak Room, or chaffing his valued adjutants, Bram Stoker and Loveday! H. J. Loveday, our dear stage-manager, was, I think, more absolutely devoted to Henry than any one except his fox terrier Fussy. Loveday's loyalty made him agree with everything that Henry said, however preposterous; and didn't Henry trade on it sometimes!

Getting a Rise from Loveday

Once, when he was talking to me while making up, he absently took a white lily out of a bowl on the table and began to stripe and dot the petals with the stick of grease-paint in his hand. He pulled off one or two of the petals and held it out to me.

"Pretty flower, isn't it?"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, Henry!" I said.

"Oh, you wait!" he said mischievously. "We'll show it to Loveday."

Loveday was sent for on some business connected with the evening's peformance. Henry held out the flower obtrusively, but Loveday wouldn't notice it.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said Henry carelessly.

"Very," said Loveday. "I always like those lilies. A friend of mine has his garden full of them, and he says they're not so difficult to grow, if only you give 'em enough water."

Henry's delight at having "taken in" Loveday was childish; but sometimes I think Loveday must have seen through these innocent jokes, only he wouldn't have spoiled "the Guv'nor's" bit of fun for the world.

When Henry first met him he was conducting a little orchestra in some obscure country theatre. I forget the precise details, but I know that he gave up this position to follow Henry, that he was with him during the Bateman régime at the Lyceum, and that when the Lyceum became a thing of the past he still kept the post of stage-manager. He was literally "faithful unto death," for it was only at Henry's death that his service ended.

Bram Stoker, whose recently published "Reminiscences of Irving" have told, as well as it ever *can* be told, the history of the Lyceum Theatre under Irving's direction, was as good a servant in the front of the theatre as Loveday was on the stage. Like a true Irishman, he has given me some lovely blarney in his book. He has also told *all* the stories that I might have told, and described every one connected with the Lyceum except himself. I can fill *that* deficiency to a certain extent by saying that he was one of the most kind and tender-hearted of men. He filled a difficult position with great tact, and was not so universally abused as most business managers, because he was always straight with the company and never took a mean advantage of them.

Stoker and Loveday were daily — nay, hourly — associated for many years with Henry Irving, but, after all, did they or any one else *really* know him? And what was Henry Irving's attitude? I believe, myself, that he never wholly trusted his friends, and never admitted them to his intimacy, although they thought he did, which was the same thing to *them*.

Henry Irving and the Lamb

From his childhood up, Henry was lonely. His chief companions in youth were the Bible and Shakspere. He used to study "Hamlet" in the Cornish fields, when he was sent out by his aunt, Mrs. Penberthy, to call in the cows. One day, when he was in one of the deep, narrow lanes common in that part of England, he looked up and saw the face of a sweet little lamb gazing at him from the top of the bank. The symbol of the lamb in the Bible had always attracted him, and his heart went out to the dear little creature. With some difficulty, he scrambled up the bank, slipping often in the damp red earth, threw his arms round the lamb's neck, and kissed it.

The lamb bit him!

Did this set-back in early childhood influence him? I wonder! He had another such setback when he first went on the stage, and for some six weeks in Dublin was subjected every night to groans, hoots, hisses, and cat-calls from audiences who resented it because he had taken the place of a dismissed favourite. In such a situation an actor is not likely to take stock of *reasons*. Henry Irving only knew that

the Dublin people made him the object of violent personal antipathy. "I played my parts not badly for me," he said simply, "in spite of the howls of execration with which I was received."

The bitterness of this Dublin episode was never quite forgotten. It coloured Henry Irving's attitude toward the public. When he made his humble little speeches of thanks to them before the curtain, there was always a touch of pride in the humility. Perhaps he would not have received adulation in quite the same dignified way if he had never known what it was to wear the martyr's "shirt of flame."

This is the worst of my trying to give a consecutive narrative of my first years at the Lyceum. Henry Irving looms across them, reducing all events, all feelings, all that happened and all that was suggested, to pygmy size.

Let me speak *generally* of his method of procedure in producing a play.

First, he studied it for three months himself, and nothing in that play would escape him. Some one once asked him a question about "Titus Andronicus." "God bless my soul!" he said. "I never read it, so how should I know?" The Shaksperean scholar who had questioned him was a little shocked — a fact which Henry Irving, the closest observer of men, did not fail to notice.

"When I am going to do 'Titus Andronicus,' or any other play," he said to me afterward, "I shall know more about it than A—— or any other student."

There was no conceit in this. It was just a statement of fact. And it may not have been an admirable quality of Henry's, but all his life he took an interest only in the things which concerned the work that he had in hand. When there was a question of his playing Napoleon, his room in Grafton Street was filled with Napoleonic literature. Busts of Napoleon, pictures of Napoleon, relics of Napoleon, were everywhere. Then, when another play was being prepared, the busts, however fine, would probably go down to the cellar. It was not *Napoleon* who interested Henry Irving, but *Napoleon for his purpose* — two very different things.

Drawn by Eric Pape

MACREADY AS SHYLOCK

Macready was a contemporary and rival of Kean, Young, and Charles Kemble, and was perhaps the greatest immediate representative of the "old school," the theatrical traditions of which Irving's acting so directly challenged. "My father, who worshipped Macready," says Ellen Terry, "put Irving above him because of Irving's *originality*."

The Readings in the Beefsteak Room

His concentration during his three months' study of the play which he had in view was marvellous. When, at the end of the three months, he called the first rehearsal, he read the play exactly as it was going to be done on the first night. By that time he knew exactly what he, personally, was going to do on the first night, and the company did well to notice how he read his own part, for never again until the first night, though he rehearsed with them, would he show his conceptions so fully and completely.

These readings — which took place sometimes in the green-room or Beefsteak Room at the Lyceum, sometimes at his house in Grafton

Street — were wonderful. Never were the names of the characters spoken by the reader, but never was there the slightest doubt as to which was speaking. Henry Irving swiftly, surely, acted every part in the piece as he read. While he read, he made notes as to the position of the characters and the order of the crowds and processions. At the end of the first reading he gave out the parts.

The next day there was the comparing of the parts. Generally it took place on the stage, and we sat down for it. Each person took his own character and took up the cues, to make sure that no blunder had been made in writing them out. Parts at the Lyceum were written or printed, not typed.

These first two rehearsals — the one devoted to the reading of the play and the other to the comparing of the parts — were generally arranged for Thursday and Friday. Then there was two days' grace. On Monday came the first stand-up rehearsal on the stage.

The Rehearsals

We then did one act straight through, and after that straight through again, even if it took all day. There was no lunch interval; people took a bite when they could, or went without. Henry himself generally went without. The second day, exactly the same method was pursued with the second act. All the time, Henry gave the stage his personal direction, gave it keenly and gave it whole. He was the sole superintendent of his rehearsals, with Mr. Loveday as his working assistant and Mr. Allen as his prompter. This despotism meant much less wasted time than when actor-manager, "producer," literary adviser, stage-manager, and any one who likes to offer a suggestion are all competing in giving orders and advice to a company.

Once, during the rehearsals of "Hamlet," I saw him growing more and more fatigued with his efforts to get the actors who opened the play to perceive his meaning. He wanted the first voice to ring out like a pistol-shot: "*Who's there!*"

"Do give it up," I said. "It's no better!"

"Yes, it's a little better," he answered quietly, "and so it's worth doing."

From the first, the scenery or substitute scenery was put up on the stage for rehearsal, and the properties or substitute properties were at hand.

After each act had been gone through twice each day, it came to half an act once in a whole day, because of the development of detail. There was no detail too small for Henry Irving's notice. He never missed anything that was cumulative, that would contribute something to the whole effect.

The messenger who came in to announce something always needed a great deal of rehearsal. There were processions and half processions, quiet bits when no word was spoken. There was *timing*. Nothing was left to chance.

In the master carpenter Arnott we had a splendid man. He inspired confidence at once, through his strong, able personality, and as time went on deserved it, through all the knowledge he acquired and through his excellence in never making a difficulty. "You shall have it," was no bluff from Arnott; you *did* have it.

Arnott's Ingenuity

We could not find precisely the right material for one of my dresses in "The Cup." At last, poking about myself in quest of it, I came across the very thing at Liberty's — a saffron silk with a design woven into it by hand with many-colored threads and little jewels. I brought a yard to rehearsal. It was declared perfect, but I declared the price prohibitive.

"It's twelve guineas a yard, and I shall want yards and yards!"

In these days, I am afraid, they would put such material not only on to the leading lady, but on to the supers, too! At the Lyceum *wanton* extravagance was unknown.

"Where can I get anything at all like it?"

"You leave it to me," said Arnott. "I'll get it for you. That'll be all right."

"But, Arnott, it's a hand-woven Indian material. How *can* you get it?"

"You leave it to me," Arnott repeated in his slow, quiet, confident way. "Do you mind letting me have this yard as a pattern?"

He went off with it, and, before the dress rehearsal, had produced about twenty yards of silk which on the stage looked better than the twelve-guinea original.

"There's plenty more, if you want it," he said dryly.

He had had some raw silk dyed the exact saffron. He had had two blocks made, one red and the other black, and the design had been printed; and a few cheap spangles had been added to replace the real jewels. My toga looked beautiful. This was but one of the many emergencies to which Arnott rose with talent and promptitude.

With the staff he was a bit of a bully — one of those men not easily roused, but, being vexed, nasty in the extreme. As a craftsman he had wonderful taste, and could copy antique furniture so that one could not tell the copy from the original.

The great aim at the Lyceum was to get everything "rotten perfect," as theatrical slang has it, before the dress rehearsal. Father's test of being rotten perfect was not a bad one: "If you can get out of bed in the middle of the night and do your part, you're perfect. If you can't, you don't really know it!"

Henry Irving applied some such test to every one concerned in the production. I cannot remember any play at the Lyceum which did not begin punctually and end at the advertised time, with the exception of "Olivia," when some unwise changes in the last act led to delay.

Stage Effects

He never hesitated to discard scenery if it did not suit his purpose. There was enough scenery rejected in "Faust" to have furnished forth three productions, and what was finally used for the famous Brocken scene cost next to nothing. Even the best scene-painters sometimes think more of their pictures than of scenic effect. Henry would never accept anything that was not right *theatrically* as well as pictorially beautiful. His instinct in this was unerring and incomparable.

I remember that at one scene rehearsal every one was fatuously pleased with the scenery. Henry sat in the stalls talking about everything *but* the scenery. It was hard to tell what he thought.

"Well, are you ready?" he asked at last.

"Yes, sir."

"My God! Is that what you think I am going to give the public?"

Never shall I forget the astonishment of stage-manager, scene-painters, and staff! It was never safe to indulge in too much self-satisfaction beforehand with Henry. He was always liable to drop such bombs!

He believed very much in "front" scenes, seeing how necessary they were to the swift progress of Shakspere's diverging plots. These cloths were sometimes so wonderfully painted and lighted that they constituted scenes of remarkable beauty. The best of all were the wall in "Romeo and Juliet," and the exterior of Aufidius' house in "Coriolanus."

We never had electricity installed at the Lyceum until Daly took the theatre. When I saw the effect on the faces of the electric footlights, I entreated Henry to have the gas restored, and he did. We used gas footlights and gas-limes there until we left the theatre for good in 1902. To this I attribute much of the beauty of our lighting. I say "our," because this was a branch of Henry's work in which I was always his chief helper. Until electricity has been greatly improved and developed, it can never be to the stage what gas was. The thick softness of gaslight, with the lovely specks and motes in it, so like *natural* light, gave illusion to many a scene which is now revealed in all its naked trashiness by electricity.

Make-up

The artificial is always noticed and recognized as art by the superficial critic. I think this is what made some people think Henry was at his best in such parts as Louis XI., Dubosc, and Richard III. He could have played Louis XI. three times a day "on his head," as the saying is. In "The Lyons Mail," Dubosc was easy enough,— strange that the unprofessional looker-on always admires the actor's art when it is employed on easy things! — but Lesurques, the good man, the "double" in the same play, was difficult. Any actor skilful in the tricks of the business can play the drunkard, but to play a good man sincerely, as Henry did here, to show that double thing, the look of guilt which an innocent man wears when accused of crime, requires great acting.

In dual parts Henry depended little on make-up. Make-up, indeed, was always his servant, not his master. He knew its uselessness when not informed by the *spirit*. "The letter (and in characterisation grease-paint is the letter) killeth, the spirit giveth life." His Lesurques was different from his Dubosc because of the way he held his shoulders; because of his expression.* He opened his eyes wide; as Dubosc he kept them half closed. Dubosc spoke with the assurance of innocence; Lesurques with the hesitation of guilt.

Irving's Rank as an Actor

Of the characters played by Henry Irving before "Macbeth," I think every one knows that I considered Hamlet to be his greatest triumph. Sometimes I think that was so because it was the only part that was big enough for him. It was more difficult, and he had more scope in it than in any other. If there had been a finer part than Hamlet, that particular part would have been his finest.

I have no doubt in the world of Irving's genius, no doubt that he is with David Garrick and Edmund Kean — not with John Philip Kemble, Macready, Charles Kean, and other actors of great talents and great achievements,

* He always took a deep interest in crime (an interest which his son has inherited) and often went to the police-court to study the faces of the accused. He told me that the innocent man generally looked guilty and hesitated when asked a question, but that the round, wide-open eyes corrected the bad impression. The result of this careful watching was seen in his expression as Lesurques.

actors who rightly won high opinions from the multitude of their day, but who have not left behind them an impression of that inexplicable thing which we call genius.

Since my great comrade died I have read many biographies of him, and nearly all of them denied what I assert. "Now, who shall arbitrate?" I find no contradiction of my testimony in the fact that he was not appreciated for a long time, that some found him like olives, an acquired taste, that others mocked and derided him.

My father, who worshipped Macready, put Irving above him because of Irving's *originality*. The old school was not usually so generous. Fanny Kemble thought it necessary to write as follows of one who had had his share of misfortune and failure before he came into his kingdom, and made her jealous, I suppose, for the dead kings among her kindred:

"I have seen some of the accounts and critiques of Mr. Irving's acting, and rather elaborate ones of his Hamlet, which, however, give me no very distinct idea of his performance and a very hazy one indeed of the part itself as seen from the point of view of his critics. Edward Fitzgerald wrote me word that he looked like my people, and sent me a photograph to prove it, which I thought much more like Young than my father or uncle. *I have not seen a play of Shakspere's acted I do not know when. I think I should find such an exhibition extremely curious as well as entertaining.*"

Fanny Kemble's "Hamlet"

Now, shall I put on record what Henry Irving thought of Fanny Kemble? If there is a touch of malice in my doing so, surely the passage that I have quoted gives me leave.

Having lived with "Hamlet" nearly all his life, studied the part when he was a clerk, dreamed of a day when he might play it, the young Henry Irving saw that Mrs. Butler, the famous Fanny Kemble, was going to give a reading of the play. His heart throbbed high with anticipation, for in those days *tradition* was everything — the name of Kemble a beacon and a star.

The studious young clerk went to the reading.

An attendant came on to the platform first, and made trivial unnecessary alterations in the position of the reading-desk. A glass of water and a book were placed.

After a portentous wait, on swept a lady with an extraordinary flashing eye, a masculine and muscular outside. Pounding the book with terrific energy, as if she wished to knock the stuffing out of it, she announced in thrilling tones:

"'Ham-a-let,' by Will-y-am Shak-es-pere."

"I suppose this is all right," thought the young clerk, a little dismayed at the fierce and sectional enunciation.

Then the reader came to Act I, Scene 2, which, to leave the Kemble reading for a chestnut, the old actor who had but a hazy notion of the text began:

"Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be — memory be — [what *is* the blasted colour?] *green*" —

When Fanny Kemble came to the scene the future Hamlet began to listen more intently.

Gertrude. Let not thy mother lose *her* prayers, Ham-a-let.

Hamlet. I shall in all my best obey *you*, madam.
[Obviously with a fiery flashing eye of hate upon the King.]

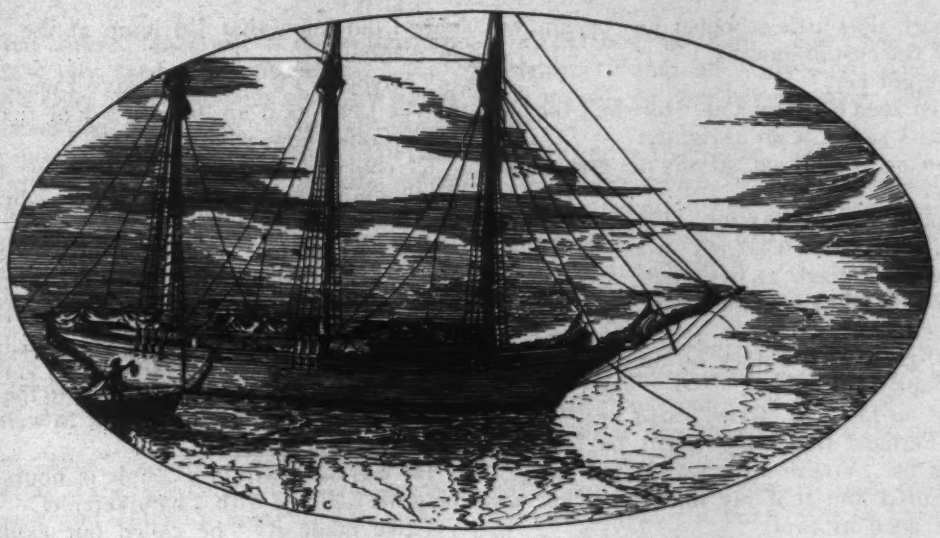
When he heard this, and more like it, Henry Irving exercised his independence of opinion and refused to accept Fanny Kemble's view of the gentle, melancholy, and well-bred Prince of Denmark.

He was a stickler for tradition, and always studied it, followed it, sometimes to his detriment; but he was not influenced by the Kemble Hamlet, except that for some time he wore the absurd John Philip feather, which he would have been much better without!

Let me pray that I, representing the old school, may never look on the new school with the patronising airs of "Old Fritz" and Fanny Kemble. I wish that I could *see* the new school of acting in Shakspere. Shakspere must be kept up or we shall become a third-rate nation.

Henry told me this story of Fanny Kemble's reading without a spark of ill nature. He told me at the same time of the wonderful effect that Adelaide Kemble (Mrs. Sartoris) made with some lines beginning:

Good-night — ah, no, the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite.
Let us remain together still —
Then it will be *good night!*



SOUTH OF THE LINE

BY

F. J. LOURIET

I HAD been watching the Fiji stevedores discharge cargo from the *Moana* for nearly an hour, when along came Lynch.

"Got a match about your clothes, Mr. Gray?" he asked.

"Take the box," said I, handing it out after a moment's search. "I've more."

"I will," says he, "with thanks; and, what's more, if you've no objections, I'll seat meself here and help you watch them niggers bust up Rogers' lime. It's little the sugar-mill's goin' to get out of that lot, I reckon."

"She'll be away to-night, I suppose," I remarked.

Something in my tone seemed to strike him, for he glanced sharply at me.

"Not goin' in her, are ye?" he asked.

I laughed. "Not me," said I. "I'm not through with Suva yet."

"How's Mother MacDonald the day?" he asked quizzically.

"Oh, same as ever," I answered. I was a cheerful liar those days.

Lynch grinned. For a moment I was tempted to dump him from the stringpiece into the water. I had never cared much for the man, anyhow, what little I had seen of him.

We smoked in silence while the lime-barrels poured in a steady stream from the ship's side into the waiting punts of the Tamunua plantation.

"I've had an offer of a berth, meself," said he at last, puffing hard on his pipe; "only it's doubtful I am."

"For God's sake, man, haven't you had enough of Fiji yet?" I cried.

"Have you?" he returned shortly.

"That depends on circumstances," I replied, recollecting.

"The walkin' *is* bad," says he. "But, jokin' aside, I've had an offer, and it's a good one. Only it's no navigator I am, worse luck!"

"I am," said I, and I looked him straight in the face.

After a while, "D'ye mind walkin' a bit up to the Parade and takin' a seat?" said he. "We can look at the loadin' from up there, and talk things over quietly, what's more."

There was an empty bench under one of the trees that line Victoria Parade, and we made ourselves comfortable. The morning was hot and but few people were about, so there was little fear of interruption.

"D'ye mind them Fiji niggers on that bench?" asked Lynch,—"there, alongside the custom-house, I mean," he added, pointing.

"I see them," said I.

"And right over their heads, the other side o'

the wharf, that little schooner just openin' out clear o' the custom-house?"

"I've got her."

"Then keep her," says he, "for she's the one. Only, as I say, I'm no navigator."

"And, as I said, I am; so why not give me the chance?"

"That's another matter," Lynch answered slowly. "Not but what it's an all-right billet, for the pay's good, as pay goes; only, maybe you wouldn't like it. And, besides, I want to go meself."

"Oh, then we'll bother no more about it," said I, and I rose to go.

"Not so fast, Mr. Gray," said he; "not so fast. Perhaps this thing might be fixed for both of us. You're a navigator, you say?"

I assured him that my master's ticket was still as good as ever.

"Then suppose you go as master and take me on as mate," he suggested, with a wink. "How would that do? Only, mind you," he added warily, "I'm not sayin' it can be done at all, at all. But just supposin'——"

"What's the voyage?" I asked.

"Somewhere up the islands after a cargo of some sort. Divil a one o' me knows just what it is, but it's twelve quid a month, and maybe an advance."

Mother MacDonald's face rose before me as it had looked that morning when she had asked for a payment on account.

"I'd take it," said I, "if I could get it; and, what's more, I'd take you on as mate — and that's saying something."

His face darkened, but only for a moment.

"It's proud I'd be to sail under you, sor," said he. "I'll see the owners about it. The owners," he added, apparently as an afterthought, "the owners is Chinamen."

"They're *what?*"

"Chinamen," said he, "and white Chinamen at that."

"Then, for God's sake ——"

"Oh, hold on a bit," he broke in, "and I'll spin ye the whole yarn, and then ye can judge for yourself.

"You know that little Chinee restaurant up the hill where I get my chow? It's clean and it's cheap, and they ain't always askin' for shillin's when they know you're broke. The bossy man, Chee Ong, has a partner, a white man, he says, up on one o' the islands collectin' beechy-de-mar or sharks' fins or something of that sort, and he wants to send a schooner up and bring the crop home. He offered me the job o' skipper, knowin' I'd been to sea before. So there you are."

"Well, I don't know," I said doubtfully — only I did know that I'd jump at the chance in a minute.

"Anyhow, I'll see him," says Lynch, "and maybe I can fix it up; only, it's done that I go, too. Come, now, what d'ye say?"

Of course I said yes, and then we took a drink on it at the Empire Hotel, where my credit was still good.

After Lynch had left me I went back to face Mrs. MacDonald, but my story of prospective good fortune carried little weight with her. The old termagant had lived too long in Fiji, —or anywhere else, I thought,— and expressed herself so plainly that I cleared out to the bench on the Parade again, determined to wait there till Lynch returned.

He was back within a couple of hours, mopping his red face with a handkerchief.

"I've made it!" he called out exultingly. "Oh, I've made it! It's little the Chinese ll get ahead o' Michael Lynch. And, Cap'n," he added, coming close to me and whispering, "they'll pay you fifteen instead o' twelve a month, and a whole bally month advance. How's that?"

I shook his hand, and then we adjourned to the back room of the Empire for a further talk.

"Ye see," says he across the table, "it's this way. I filled old Chee Ong up on you and your navigation, and he bit like a hungry shark, and right off raises the screw to fifteen pounds a month, with a three months' job and the advance I spoke of. And you can order your own cabin stores, besides."

"That's fine, Lynch!" says I. "Fine! When do I handle the stuff? and when do we get off?"

"That's up to you," he answered, leaning back in his chair. "Old Chee Ong's ready any time, and he wants me to bring you up and fix the thing at once."

"Then come along," says I, and I reached for my hat.

"Hold on, though!" he called. "There's one thing I forgot. Chee Ong don't own that boat, as I thought; he's only going to charter it, and he wants the charter-party made out in your name, so he won't appear. That's easy, I told him."

"Now, what in hell's that for?" I asked, sitting down again. "It's queer, ain't it?"

Lynch laughed aloud. "Not a bit!" says he. "The old man's afraid the other Chinamen'll find out that he's got money and blackmail him, I guess. He's a sly old goat, all right."

That point of view hadn't struck me before. Anyhow, it could do no harm, that I could see. There might be a little rake-off on the side, too.

Chee Ong was waiting for us in a little room

with a red-covered table, just off the restaurant. He was an oily, fat-faced Cantonese.

"Cap'n Glay," says he, after placing a bottle and glasses on the table, "you all samee chartle boat; you ketchum sailor, sail tlee mont'; you cap'n, Misser Lynch he mate. You go my platner, bling flate he give you. Me pay fifteen pound each mont', all samee one mont' 'vance."

And he counted out fifteen sovereigns on the table. "You make leceet."

I never made out a receipt with better grace, and I told him so. He seemed a decent sort of chap for a Chinaman, and I told him that, too.

"Now, Cap'n," said he, after another dash at the bottle, "you go ketchum chartle-party, bling back and ketchum money. Fiji sailor-man can do more better as white man. Four man, I think?"

We argued it out, and I consented to take four Fijians before the mast; they would be cheaper, and I couldn't get whites, anyhow. Then I went up to the agent's and arranged the charter-party, just looking over the schooner to see if she was sound.

I found the *Viria* to be of about eighty tons, built in Sydney some six years before, and in fairly good condition. It puzzled me a little why Chee Ong needed a vessel of that tonnage to bring in bêche-de-mer and sharks' fins, but that was none of my business, so I made out my list of stores and left it with Lynch to get them aboard, while I hunted up some men.

I succeeded in getting four likely-looking young Fijians, through the Buli of Nausori, the next day. I put them aboard and then went up to Chee Ong's for final instructions.

"All ready to sail, Chee Ong," said I. "Let's have final orders."

"Whaffor!" exclaimed he. "All leady? Cap'n, you work like-a hell!"

But it seemed to please him, and he handed out the charts and some more cash like a white man.

"Look here!" cried Lynch, banging the table with his fist. "We're wrong, Cap'n! we're wrong! Do ye know we haven't got a bally cook? Damn me if *I'll* eat Fiji!"

"Damn me if I will, either," says I; "so here goes for a cook!" And I started for the door.

Chee Ong held up his fat hand.

"Hol' on, Cap'n," said he. "Me all samee got cook-shop; me ketchum cook. Ah Woon Ah!" he sang out, "wanchee you!"

When Ah Woon showed up, Chee Ong gabbled at him in Chinese for a few minutes, and Ah Woon gabbled back and then disappeared, his tail flying behind.

"China boy, he 'flaid," said Chee Ong disgustedly. "Ship all leady—no cook. I go cook myself, an' you bet me savee cook like-a hell!"

"But you're the owner," says I.

"All samee owner, all samee cook," replied Chee Ong calmly. "Me all samee owner this lestaulant—me cook; me all samee owner ship—me cook. Can do!"

"Then, s'pose you cook, you sleep in cook's place—in galley," I said emphatically.

Chee Ong's eyes narrowed for a moment.

"Me cook galley—me sleep galley," he said coldly. "You Cap'n, you sleep cabin. Then bimeby some day maybe you solly old Chee Ong no sleep cabin, too."

That settled it, anyhow. I only wanted it understood that I'd bunk with no Chinaman, owner or cook.

The schooner *Viria* of Suva, Fiji, Robert Stokes Gray, Master, sailed with the tide next day at noon, and Chee Ong was in the galley.

II

Two days out from Suva we ran into a bit of a blow, with heavy, driving rain-squalls. Except for the scare it gave my Fijians, little harm was done. Lynch had turned out to be a good sailorman, so my mind was easy on that point, and as for old Chee Ong, he surely could cook, and we lived like fighting-cocks.

This time I speak of, the squalls had all gone down to leeward, carrying the wind with them, and left us tumbling in a heavy sea. I went down into the little cabin to get off my wet oilskins, when what should I find but Lynch sitting there at the table with a glass and a square-face of gin before him.

"Hello, there!" says I, "what's this? Where did you get that, my man?"

"Just keepin' the wet out, Cap'n," he said, with a grin. "Them squalls was pretty heavy."

"But where did it come from?" I insisted. "There was no gin on my store-list."

"Chee Ong told me I'd better get some. Said probably you'd forgotten it. Shall I be after gettin' you a glass, Cap'n?"

I didn't exactly like Lynch's manner, but, seeing the owner had ordered the stuff, I shut up and took a drink myself. Lynch said he had put only a couple of cases aboard.

"Only!" says I, with a sneer.

"Only," he answered, with a grin.

The next day he tackled me about navigation—wanted to learn how to take sights and work them up.

"Suppose you should be lost overboard," says he, "we'd be in a nice fix, wouldn't we?"

That sounded reasonable enough, so every day after that I took him in hand. He was a poor fist with the sextant, though, and as for logarithms — Lord! but he made a mess of them.

One thing I didn't like was the intimacy I noticed between Lynch and Chee Ong. The Chinaman might be the owner all right, but, at the same time, he was holding down the job of ship's cook, and it didn't look well for the mate to be sitting on the sill of the galley door gossiping by the hour. I wouldn't have stood it for a minute if there had been a white crew aboard, but, of course, with only Fijians it was different. I spoke to Lynch about it one day.

"Oh, well, Cap'n," says he, "I suppose it ain't exactly shipshape, but the poor divil's lonesome, and that's God's truth. Ye know, I owe him a lot, after all, and it's only cheerin' him up I am."

I let it go at that, but when I caught him the very next day coming out of the galley with my track-chart under his arm, I got hot and waded into him.

He flared up this time. "The owner ordered me to bring it," says he, as bold as brass.

"You were showing it to the cook," says I.

"I was showin' it to the owner," he answered back.

"Now, that'll do, Mr. Lynch," says I, my blood boiling. "Cook or owner or Billy-be-damned, you'll leave my charts alone or I'll punch your ugly face for you! Now up on the poop with you, and you'll stay where you belong while you're on my ship or I'll know the reason why!"

Then I went for the Chinaman, for I was mad clean through.

"You Chee Ong, you're cook here, you savvy? Owner you may be ashore," says I, "but here aboard you're only the Chinee doctor. And you'll leave my mate alone, by God, or I'll put you in your own kettles and make long pig chop suey out of you."

Chee Ong trembled and his face went white, but he braved it for a minute.

"Me all samee owner this ship," said he.

"You're on the high seas, and you're the cook," snapped I, shaking my fist in his face, "and cook you'll stay till we reach your bally island and the mud-hook is down. Then you're owner again and I'll take your orders — not before. Understand?"

Chee turned away muttering to himself in Chinese, and I went aft and cooled off with a long gin-and-water. Since it was aboard, it might as well be used up. I was a little sorry afterward that I had let my temper get the best of me that way, but, to tell the truth, Lynch was getting on my nerves. Not that there had been a single act of his that I could lay my finger on, outside of that chart business, but he had developed a slackness in his duties and a rough-and-ready way about him with me that did not jibe with my ideas.

The way the gin was going was another thing. Here we were only a week out, and nine empty bottles in the opened case. I took the unopened one and locked it up in my state-room during his watch on deck.

The next Sunday was fine, as usual, with the last of the southeast trades blowing us gently along, and flying fish plopping about in all directions. I was sitting on the edge of the poop-house, in the shade of the mainsail, figuring out that we ought to make that island about Thursday, when up comes Lynch.

"Where's the rest o' that gin?" says he.

"I've got it locked up," I says, "and there it stays."

"Chee told me to get it, and it's mine," showing his teeth; "so you'll oblige me by gettin' a bottle."

"I said it stays where it is," answered I, getting on my feet.

He took a couple of quick steps toward me and let out an oath. With that I hit him fair on the chin. He went down, but was up in a second, and came at me with a howl — and then the fun began. The Fijians yelled and ran; Chee was on deck with a jump; the steersman let go the wheel, and up came the *Viria* into the wind, where she lay with her sails flapping and slatting and the booms crashing from side to side, while we punched and swore and punched again, till at last we were both down, half blinded with sweat and blood. They got us apart finally, and then Lynch got another basting — by tongue this time, and from old Chee. I was out of breath.

"You fool! You damn-fool Ilishman!" he shrieked, dancing up and down before Lynch in his rage. "You savvy sail ship? You savvy navigation? Speak me. Quick!" And then off he went into another spasm, but in Chinese this time.

"Take him away, Chee," I panted. "Teach him in Chinese and Irish and Pidgin that a captain's a captain — to cook or mate, either. And, if he wants more, just bring him back here to me."

Then I went below and washed the blood from my face, for Lynch was an ugly customer.

I must say, though, that he came up later like a man, and said he had been licked good and plenty and was sorry. I took no notice of the way he put it, but shook hands with him,

and, just to show my good will, I opened the other case and we took a drink together.

We picked up the island early on Thursday, as I had calculated. It turned out to be a fairish-sized place, hilly in parts, with a wide white flash of breakers over the reef outside. With my glass I could make out a little cluster of houses at the foot of one of the higher hills to leeward. The mouth of a lagoon showed up dark and cool just to windward of the houses.

It was well along toward three o'clock before we got through the passage and into the lagoon, which I found still and quiet, with about four fathoms of water at the upper end. There I anchored. The palms and mangos came right down to the strip of white beach, where three small boats were drawn up. A little wharf ran out a few feet from the shore just opposite, but not a sign of a human being could I see. Evidently Chee Ong's partner was not expecting us.

I was busy getting the gear coiled down, when the Chinaman stepped out of his galley and, looking around, came straight to me.

"Cap'n Glay," says he, cool as a cucumber, "you got 'um mud-hook down?"

I noticed he was dressed in a new blue blouse and looked cleaner than he had since we left Suva.

"I have," says I, going on with my work.

"Mud-hook down, me owner," said he emphatically.

"You are, sir," says I. "What's the orders?" for I minded what I had told him.

"I go ashore, see my platner," he said, with a peculiar sort of a grin. "Misser Lynch, he come too. You cap'n — you stop ship, keep sailor top side. No man go 'shore, only Misser Lynch. Bimeby we come back; to-mollow, maybe."

"Lower away that boat!" I sang out. "Here, Mr. Lynch, the owner wants you," and with that I walked away aft, leaving Lynch to get the boat over.

Then I went below and took a drink, for my work was done and I'd got my orders.

III

I must have dropped asleep on the settee, for the next thing I remember is darkness and my clock striking seven bells.

"Hello!" thinks I, jumping to my feet, "this won't do. How about supper?"

So I lit the swinging lamp and started for the pantry. I found that Chee Ong had gone off without leaving any supper cooked for me. That made me pretty warm, till I got some satisfaction out of remembering that we had the home passage still to make, when the Chinaman would be cook once more.

I dug up a tin of salmon and some other stuff, and had just seated myself at the table, when a hoarse whisper came down through the open skylight over my head:

"Misi Capitani! Misi Grasi!"

I recognized the voice of one of my Fiji boys, and stared up through the white shaft of light from the lamp, but could see nothing.

"Well, what do you want, Sakiasi?" I sang out.

"I want you, Capitani!"

It was the tone that brought me on deck flying. I thought maybe we had come adrift. For a moment I was blinded by the sudden change from the lighted cabin, but another whisper guided me to the foot of the mainmast. I stumbled over the coiled-up peak-halliards and fell into Sakiasi's arms.

"Hush, Misi Grasi," he begged, his voice trembling. "They kill you."

"They *what* me?" I yelled.

"Oh, hush! S-sh! I tell you true. They kill you."

"Go to bed, Sakiasi," says I. "You've got the nightmare."

"Misi Capitani," he insisted, "listen me one time. I say true; I hear las' night."

I saw he had something on his mind and I'd better let him get it off, though I took no stock in his crazy notion.

"All right; let's have it," said I. "Only, be quick about it; I'm hungry."

"I very hot las' night," he whispered. "No sleep. I get up, go lie top galley — no sleep there. Then stovepipe he speak. Fat Chinaman he speak; Misi Lynchi he speak. Stovepipe he tell me."

He drew a little closer and dropped his voice still lower. The black night seemed to close in round us thick as a blanket. Somehow, in spite of its absurdity, the thing began to grip me.

"Fat Chinaman he say kill man ashore firs'. Misi Lynchi he say take Grasi 'shore, kill him, too. Chinaman say no, wait; see how much got. Maybe need Capitani help get on ship. Misi Lynchi say no, Grasi no good, not wait; feed him sharks, all safe. Fat Chinaman he laugh, say very well — man 'shore firs', Capitani Grasi nex' day. Misi Lynchi he laugh. All done."

"Go on, you," I said, when he stopped.

"I go 'way then; I 'fraid. Stovepipe he tell me — I tell you soon I think nobody listen."

"All right, Sakiasi," I managed to say. "You go forward, and mind you keep your mouth shut."

He vanished, and—I tell you the truth—when I turned I felt my knees so weak under me that

I came near plunking down on the peak-halliards. I pulled myself together and went below and got my revolver into my hands, and then I began to feel a bit easier.

"Lucky I lied to Lynch the other day," thought I, "when he wanted to borrow this to shoot sharks."

But I didn't then see through all the man's devilment. In fact, when I sat down there in the cabin, in the lamplight, and thought the thing over, the whole yarn seemed too improbable — a bad dream of Sakiasi's and a blue funk on my part.

"But then," thinks I, "if it should be true, what about this fellow ashore, as well as myself?"

That brought me to my feet, for they had said he was a white man, and his time was set ahead of mine, and it struck me pretty forcibly that it was up to me to find him, if I could, and give him as much of a warning as I'd had myself.

So I looked to it that my revolver was full of cartridges, and emptied a box into my pocket besides. Then I went up and routed Sakiasi and Nodrovo out of the forecastle, and we got the other boat quietly over the side.

"You wait here," I said to Sakiasi.

"Me go too, Capitani," he whispered.

"No, you don't; just you do as you're told," I answered, and scrambled on to the black wharf.

For a few minutes I didn't think much of anything, only trying to find the path that led up to the settlement. At last I found a little clearance between two stunted cocoa-palms that seemed to lead somewhere, so I ducked my head and plunged in.

It was pitch-dark in a minute, with the uncleared bush crowding me close on either side and weaving overhead, but there was unmistakably a path under my feet, and it mounted the hill. It must have been raining a good deal there, for the path was slithery with mud, and the loose rotten palm-leaves, swinging low, swatted little showers of wet into my face. Dangling ends of spider-webs stuck on my nose and strung themselves across my cheek, and I knew by that that I was right, for it certainly was not a much-traveled road, yet somebody had been through not long before and broken down all those webs. So I pushed on, but I'm not ashamed to say that my heart was clean up in my mouth, for, of all nasty spots to meet two men that meant murder, that would be the devil's own choice.

I seemed to be over the steepest part of it, and the ground was getting level under me, when up the wind came a man's passing shriek, long drawn, then another, mighty short.

"My God! they've got him!" said I; "and I'm next!"

And, with that, I turned and ran.

Did you ever have that nightmare where some horror is chasing you and you go through all the motions of running for your life, and can't seem to make any headway? and the thing is gaining on you every second, and you try to run harder and harder, and just as it catches up with you, you wake up? That's exactly what it was like running down that black path, and I wasn't sure I was alive till I tumbled into the boat and Sakiasi and Nodrovo began pulling like hell for the ship, not caring how much noise they made. I suppose it was all imagination, too, about my being chased, for there was no sight nor sound of anybody showed up on the wharf.

I walked the deck all that night. Along toward three o'clock, a night-bird somewhere up in the hills set up a long, quavering note that gave me the shivers. After a while it stopped. Later on the fish began to jump, and then the east grew light. I was drenched with dew and chilled with the early morning air, but my plans were made.

The sun was about two hours high when I saw Lynch and Chee Ong come on to the wharf. They got into the boat and started for the schooner, I watching them through the glass all the time. Chee Ong looked as oily and impassive as ever; Lynch was talking away with his usual half-grin on his face.

As they came alongside, "I say, Mr. Lynch," I sang out, "where's the Chinaman's partner? Why didn't you bring him off to breakfast?"

"He ain't feelin' very well," answered Lynch readily. "You'll see him by and by, I guess."

Chee Ong looked up. "S'pose you like go 'shore after bleakfast?" he suggested. "All light; can do." And he smiled amiably.

"All right," I answered; "that suits me. Mr. Lynch, as soon as you've got that boat fast, will you come down to the cabin and sign up your log?"

And down I dived through the after-companionway, leaving him to come in from forward.

On the cabin table lay the open log-book, where I had written out a full account of what Sakiasi had told me and what I had done and heard that night. On a little side-table against the bulkhead stood a bottle of gin and glasses. An old cap of mine lay beside them, and above hung a small mirror. I pulled out my revolver and stuck it under the cap — if things opened peaceable, I didn't want to have him see me reach for my pocket.

As Lynch came in at the opposite doorway, I was picking up the gin-bottle.

"I wish you'd read over that entry in the log," says I, pointing to it, and doing my best to speak careless and offhand.

He leaned over the table, after a quick look at me, and began to read. I turned to the little side-table, shifting the bottle to my left hand when my back was toward him, and poured out a glass of gin, at the same time slipping my right hand under the cap. I hadn't taken my eye from the mirror.

Lynch was a slow reader, but by the time I had closed on the revolver I saw his muscles grow tense. He gave a sidelong glance at my back, and his hand stole toward his hip-pocket.

Then I swung around and fired, and a mangled horror grimaced at me. My shot had shattered the lower part of his jaw. With a cry, he came for me. I fired again, missed, and he was on me. I seized the gin-bottle and struck with that, and he went down with a horrid sound, and lay quivering on the floor.

And then, like a cyclone, the Chinaman rushed through the door, screeching, his blouse and pigtail flying, a butcher's cleaver waving over his head. I fired, but missed again, for I was sick, and dodged around the table as he came at me. He slipped on the bloody deck and went down; his cleaver flew out of his hand; he let it go and came on, his yellow eyeballs popping out of his head, his claws reaching for me. I was too rattled to shoot; all I could do was to try to keep away from him. Round that little cabin we went, slipping on blood, smashing into tables and benches, and stumbling over that bloody horror on the floor, till it actually got upon its feet and began staggering about, holding its dripping jaw with one hand.

I think it was that sight that set me above my own terror and straightened me up for a second. Chee Ong knocked into it as he made another rush for me, and I stood stock-still, aimed carefully, and fired at his breast, and as he went down I fainted.

When I came to again, Sakiasi was dashing water over me. His face was gray.

"Fat Chinaman he dead, he dead, he dead," he kept repeating, all the while sousing me.

I could see the heads of the other boys over the edge of the open skylight.

"And Lynch?" I asked, sitting up.

"I think he dead, too," answered Sakiasi. "I not look close."

I didn't care to look close, myself. He had fallen on the floor again in a muddled heap, and made no stir or sound. I put two more bullets through him on the off chance, rather than touch him.

That afternoon I went ashore, leaving two boys to clean up the cabin, and taking Sakiasi and Nodrovo with me. We went up the path, which was none too cheerful even by daylight, till we came to the clearing. There was a sort of plaza with one white man's house — nothing to boast of, at that — and half a dozen native huts. Not a soul to be seen, black or white. The house had two rooms, and in one of them lay a body, face down. I turned him over, and it was the white man, all right, and not such a bad-looking chap, either, though he was pretty seedy. He had been stabbed twice in the back. I called Sakiasi, and told him to find something to cover over him while I went round through the huts. They were all empty. I suppose the niggers took to the woods when they heard the fracas, and kept out of sight as long as we were around.

At the edge of the bush stood a largish house or shed built of galvanized iron. The door was padlocked, but Nodrovo and I broke it in. There was some fifty ton of pearl-shell piled up in there. Then I began to understand.

I went back and searched the body and the house thoroughly, but Lynch must have made a clean job of that. If there were any papers he probably burned them, but — then I thought of those two boys clearing out the cabin, and you can bet I made tracks for the ship. Luckily, all they had done was to lay the two bodies out on a piece of canvas in a corner of the deck. I didn't relish the business much, but it was no time to be finicky, and I went through both of them, and, sure enough, on each I found a little bag of pearls, pretty evenly divided — and that tells all I know of the story. Whether the man really was Chee Ong's partner, or only some poor devil he had heard of, I never found out.

We loaded up the shell — and, by the way, when we set about that we found a good, well-cleared path that led from the back of the pearl-house down to the lagoon at the point where we had seen the boats drawn up; it was a longer way round, but not so steep and hilly as the old path.

Well, I had to eat Fiji, after all, but I got back to Suva just the same. Of course, I reported the whole thing to the authorities, and they held a trial; but my boys stood by me nobly, and I was fully exonerated. As for the shell, the government may be holding that for an owner yet, for all I know. I considered that the pearls belonged to me as much as anybody, so I kept mum about them. I've got a few of them left still. I'm keeping them as souvenirs of the time when I was broke south of the line.

EDITORIALS

MRS. EDDY AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

THE Life of Mrs. Eddy and the History of Christian Science will be resumed in the February number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. In the February article Miss Milmine records the history of the revolt which occurred in Mrs. Eddy's Boston church in 1888, costing her nearly one third of her active workers in Boston and some of her trusted counselors and personal friends. The article touches upon the influence of the so-called "New Thought" school upon Mrs. Eddy's following, and discusses the work of the Christian Science "healers"— the missionaries who were pushing the work in the field so vigorously that no disaster in the Boston church could shake the loyalty of the converts, East and West, who held themselves subject to Mrs. Eddy's word and wish.

JUDGE LINDSEY ON OUR NEXT GENERATION OF CITIZENS

WE print below a letter from Judge Lindsey, the founder of the Juvenile Court of Denver, which was evoked by an editorial entitled "The Moral Cost of Robber Government," published in the November McCLURE'S, pointing out that the direct loss of hundreds of millions of dollars was but a small part of the price which communities pay for criminal government, and that there was a far greater loss in private moral character. It was also prophesied that if there is a continuance of those systems which make an exploitation of vice possible, there is bound to be a deterioration of future generations. Judge Lindsey is preëminently qualified by experience to speak upon this subject; no man in the country, perhaps, knows better the character of the coming generation in our cities. His letter follows:

TO THE EDITOR: That one-page editorial in the November number of McCLURE'S upon "The Moral Cost of Robber Government" is one of the best things I ever read. It describes the situation here in Denver exactly. I am sure it was not written by any one who had Denver in mind, but the significant thing is that it fits my own city so perfectly, as it must equally apply to other cities, and is simply evidence of its absolute verity. . . . For seven years, from my position in a busy court watching the inner workings of a machine, the truth of all you say has become perfectly luminous to me, but somehow it seems not to be grasped by the people who are being robbed and whose morals in the city are being debauched. The bottom of the whole trouble is a kind of selfishness that in this country is exalting money above manhood, and no business is ever going to be permanently successful so long as it is based upon an iniquitous doctrine like that. I have had newsboys, arrested in the street for petty gambling known as "shooting craps," brazenly defend themselves on the ground that the city administration protected and permitted public gambling. This defense of lawlessness in childhood by childhood is, I am sorry to say, not limited to just that kind of lawlessness that is tolerated by the public official in order to obtain franchises and other special privileges and rights to tax the people. It extends in other directions. I was talking to some high-school boys recently, and in trying to get the moral tone that existed among them I was simply amazed to see the effect of the lawlessness of men upon the moral welfare of the youth of the community; and, as you well say, this "moral cost" is, in my judgment, the most appalling price that is being paid for the indifference of the average citizen to the looting of the people by those special interests composed of so-called respectable business men, who are in politics to loot and exploit the people by embezzling the powers of government, to be used to this end, rather than to serve any patriotic purpose. It fairly makes my blood boil when I see and know the real facts, and find such an apparent indifference on the part of the people who are really suffering, apparently without knowing it. I know absolutely that many a young girl debauched and ruined and brought to this Court, that many a youth who has robbed his employer, are the direct products of certain so-called respectable business men, who support the churches and the universities; and, if I live and have the strength, I only ask for one more opportunity, and that is to help the people see that it is all true— to help them see just how it works and how we all suffer in the end.

I rejoice in your editorial announcement. You can do what seems almost impossible to many like myself.

Sincerely yours,

BEN B. LINDSEY.